THE CARMELITE REVIEW

Vol. III. - 1895

Compliments of

The Publisher

A. J. Kell

Armistead Sayers

. . . THE . . .

CARMELITE REVIEW,

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

PUBLISHED BY THE CARMELITE FATHERS OF NORTH AMERICA
WITH THE HIGHEST ECCLESIASTICAL APPROBATION.

"*Flos Carmeli, ora pro nobis.*"

VOL. III.

FALLS VIEW, ONTARIO,
1895.

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Carmelite Review.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, ONT., JANUARY, 1895. NO. 1

TO LEO XIII.

On the 57th Anniversary of His First Mass.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY JANET C. MELLON.

STRONG, as thy great name betokens.
King and priest and saint so true,
Leo, as the admired of nations
Thou dost stand before our view!
With great wisdom thou thy sceptre
Sway'st, God's power to display:
Centuries have passed, and Solomon
Rules again o'er us to-day.
Earthly crown from thee was wrested
Monarch, chained in thine own court;
Copying Him, who is the Master,
Thou art Faith's most firm support.

Seek ye sceptics, seek all over,
Probe ye youth, or grand old age,
Can ye find another figure
Nobler than Rome's holy sage?
Though the fire of youth has left him
Feel the fierce heat of its spark:
How it brands the feeble body
With its bright, indelible mark.
Rulers may pass to their resting,
Lost, and swift forgot their fame,
Not so our illustrious Pontiff's,
His will aye live in his name.

Leo! All the world of Christians
Wafts with us, thy children dear,
Prayer's incense from our censers:
Long may'st thou be spared us here.
If perennial fountains could be
Drawn by prayer from old Time's rock,
How, to quaff it, we would beg thee,
Shepherd thou of Christ's own flock!
Yet, it would be selfish sorrow
Heeding our loss, not thy gain
To forget, thy tired spirit
Would be free from earth's dull pain.

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,

Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.

Edited by REV. MARKS. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER IV.

JAMES. A. McMASTER'S LOVE OF HIS COUNTRY.—AN UPHOLDER OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.—AN UNIONIST AND DOUGLAS-DEMOCRAT.—THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL ATTACKS MORE VIOLENTLY THE EXTREME DEMOCRATIC BOLTERS THAN REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.—FIRING ON THE FLAG DENOUNCED AS TRAITOROUS.—McMASTER'S LOYALTY TO THE INTEGRITY OF THE UNION.—HIS ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT.

JAMES A. McMASTER was an upholder of the federal constitution. If anyone should ask us, "What has Mr. McMaster done for the upholding of the federal Constitution?" we answer: To uphold the constitution Mr. McMaster combatted for the reform of the ballot box, for christian education and religious liberty.

"Our ancestors, who imbibed principles of civil and religious liberty, fled to America to escape persecution: and when Britain attempted to encroach upon the free exercise of those principles, our fathers hesitated not to dissolve their oaths of allegiance to the mother country, and declare themselves free and independent: and exulting millions of freemen yet bless their memories for the deed. A new theory of government was reduced to practice in the formation of the American republic. It involved in its structure principles of equal rights and equal privileges, and was based on the eternal foundation of public good. It protects the weak, restrains the powerful, and extends its honors and emoluments to the meritorious of every condition."

It was the pride of Mr. McMaster to labor to preserve this noble structure in all its beautiful symmetry and proportion. Hence in politics Mr. McMaster was from the beginning independent of everything except of the American federal constitution. No party nor political leader ever dictated to him a single word that he ever uttered. When Bishop Grace was appointed to the See of St. Paul he gave out, in his first pastoral, words of gold. He advised all Catholics to be slaves to no party, but, while faithful to the laws and traditions of the Revolutionary Fathers, to guard the purity of their vote, that highest privilege of an American citizen, as a woman should guard her virtue.

"Acknowledge vassalage to no party."

"Never consent to sacrifice or sink rights in the interest of any political organization."

"Hold your right of suffrage as a something sacred to be exercised conscientiously for the common good—for the good of the country."

As the civil rulers in the United States are elected by the people, every citizen should vote for such a candidate as, for good reasons, he believes will conscientiously keep up and protect justice, peace, property, virtue and religion, and punish injustice, all violation of right, all wrongs caused to citizens, not only in their temporal goods, but also in those of their souls, by public scandals, by the corruption of mind, heart, principles and morals. Hence it is not right for a Catholic not to vote in the elections of presidents, governors and other civil magistrates.

"If Catholics are idle in such public affairs," says Leo XIII, "the reins of power will easily be gained by persons whose opinions can surely afford little prospect of welfare. Hence, Catholics have just reason to enter into political life; for they do not enter it, nor ought they to enter it, for the purpose of sanctioning what, in our times, is vicious in the character of public affairs; but for the purpose of turning this very character as far as possible into honest and genuine public profit, having in mind the purpose of introducing the wholesome life-blood of Catholic wisdom and virtue into the whole system of the State. The action of Catholics in the first ages was not different from this, for the habits and tendencies of the pagans were as far as possible removed from the habits and tendencies of the gospel: yet christians could be beheld incorrupt in the midst of superstitions, and with courage and constancy ever penetrating whenever a way was open. A model of fidelity to princes, obedient, as far as was not sinful, to the laws, they cast about them the splendor of sanctity in every direction; they sought to be of aid to their brethren, to call others to the wisdom of Christ, while prepared with fortitude to

withdraw and even die when unable to retain without sin, honors, magistracy, power. In this way they bore christianity speedily into private houses, into the camp, the court and the very palace. 'We are of yesterday, and we have filled all your lines, your cities, your islands, your towns, your municipal bodies, your councils, your camps, your tribes, your decuries, the palace, the senate, the forum.' And thus when it became lawful to make public profession of the gospel, christianity was not an infant crying in the cradle but grown up and firmly established in a great part of the governments.

"It is suitable to these times to recall these examples of our forefathers. All Catholics who are worthy of the name must, first of all, be and wish to appear most affectionate children of the church; reject unhesitatingly whatever is inconsistent with that encomium: use popular institutions, as far as virtue permits, for the protection of truth and justice; see that the liberty of action does not pass beyond the bounds fixed by the laws of nature and of God; work to the end that every State be made conformable to the christian model we have described.--Encycl. 1, Nov., 1885."

Into the mere strife of party politics, therefore, McMaster never cared to enter. Selfishness largely enters into politics.

There is a candidate for the office of president. He has a political creed. He believes in turning politics into a business for his own profit—in taking public office in order to make himself useful to capitalists and corporations in those various channels in which a legislator or an executive officer can be serviceable to men who wish to control legislation and the appointment of public functionaries. He believes in distributing the offices within his control among the people who will best help him in his speculations. He believes that all who disapprove of such a scheme of public service are dudes and Pharisees. Here is a creed simple, clear and comprehensible. An honest American citizen who cares for the welfare of the country will not give his vote to a man of such a political creed.

Here is another candidate for the office of president. He believes in turning politics into a business—for the benefit of the people. He believes in carrying on the government as any honest business should be carried on—as well and economically as possible, with the aim of securing the best results for all interested. He believes in putting to practice what he has solemnly professed before the people. This is also a creed, and one which McMaster held and defended in politics. He was a strict constructionist of the constitution.

With the issue of January 15th, 1859, McMaster began in the *Freeman's Journal* a series of vigorous articles in advocacy of ballot-box reform. He was nearly solitary at that time in the recognition of the evils arising from the abuse of the franchise by corrupt men. Upon the virtuous exercise of this first prerogative of the citizen rests the whole fabric of our liberties and securities. With the foundation rotten, the structure above could not hope long to rear aloft its proud and imposing columns. Hence it was that the evils incident to such corruption were forcibly pointed out and remedies suggested by McMaster.

For the union of the States, consummated with such a loss of blood and treasure, and the safeguard of our liberties, he has been first, last, and all the time. Therefore, when the machinery of party politics was sought to be used, first, by the anti-slavery men of New England, and then by the Secessionists of the South, in order to disrupt the Union, McMaster denounced the promoters of such schemes in words that stung like the lash of a whip. So, too, whenever an attack has been made upon those rights and privileges which the constitution and the laws have placed beyond the power of parties to effect, such as an abridgement of religious freedom, it mattered not whether the proposed victim was a Catholic, a Protestant or a Jew, McMaster has considered it to be his part to speak out with emphatic protest.

It has been alleged that the *Freeman's Journal* in 1860 was a strong secession paper, and that it was for this offence finally suppressed on August 31st, 1861. Such, however, was not the case On the contrary, this journal was one of the strongest Union papers in the republic, and gave its support to Stephen Douglas because he represented that principle. It attacked the Breckinridge kickers of the Democratic party with far more vehemence than it did the extremists of the now Republican party. Of Lincoln personally it always spoke as better than the party which edged him into power, after he became the head, not only of the country, but also of that wider and more liberal party, formed by the gradual accession of old Douglas men, whose confi-

dence was daily gained by the wise and patriotic course of the president. Mr. McMaster had opposed William H. Seward before the war in State matters and continued his opposition when Seward became Secretary of War under Lincoln. It was for denouncing the calling out of 90,000 men and promise that the war would be ended in sixty days with these troops, that this paper was suppressed and its editor placed in prison. His words were hot, and they stung. Queer as it may seem to some, Mr. McMaster was for calling out every available man and crushing the rebellion at once. Had this been done then the seceding States might have been subdued in the promised sixty days.

The Breckinridge seceders were, on their side, just as jauntily confident that the "unpleasantness" would end in sixty days, and to them this journal sought to act as a terrible but truthful Cassandra, though in vain. Men were mad! Thus, in its issue of November 10th, it told them:

"LINCOLN MUST BE SUSTAINED."

"Lincoln, elected according to the constitution and the laws, must be inaugurated, and will be entitled to the loyal support of every good citizen in the execution of the laws, within the limits of the constitution. Whoever talks of resisting his inauguration is a traitor, and, if he attempt resistance, ought to be hanged.

"The constitution, by which the general government and the Government of South Carolina are alike tied, makes no provision for secession, on any terms. South Carolina and each other state have no way of secession, except by REVOLUTION—a revolution which the general government is under oath, before God and man, to put down. James Buchanan may make light of tampering with his oath to support the constitution and enforce the law made under it; he may prove still further the pliant tool of Southern disunionists—but *the country* will not hold him guiltless, and there has been no public functionary in this country whose death by the rope, for felony, if proven, would have met so little compassion as his would do. A perilous crisis has fallen upon us. We must meet it like men, not shrink from it.... The South must bear the ungracious results of the wrongdoing of her own factionists. As to resisting Lincoln, while he abides by the constitution and enforces the law of the country—that is nonsense.

"Every citizen who keeps a good conscience owes allegiance to the United States government. At the North there will be no two opinions. The division, the contest, the *war*—if war, alas! must be—will be at the South. It had better not be begun. The South, certainly, can deeply wound the North, but it will more deeply wound itself. Lincoln, within the constitution and the laws, will and must be sustained."

BEDLAM IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

When South Carolina formally seceded, and other states were preparing to follow in its wake, this journal, in its issue of January 12th, 1861, spoke as follows:

"Disunionism, for the sake of disunion, rules the day there. A Charleston contemporary not long ago said that a man advocating such a thing must be sought in a lunatic asylum. Bedlam, however, has broken loose, and lunacy is epidemic in Charleston. Under such circumstances how can we argue? Intellectually, we cannot respect either the would-be leaders or the docile tools of South Carolinaism. In law, in morals, in policy, in good faith, South Carolinians have not a leg to stand on—not even a lame one. Their cause is not the cause of the South—it is the cause of a population so corroded by false principles that they cannot keep faith, and do not know the meaning of loyalty."

From its issue of April 27th we select another specimen of the warnings uttered in these columns:

"A lying spirit has persuaded the Revolutionists of the South that they might fire on our flag, and even assail the capital of the country, and yet find a divided North. They have passed the Rubicon. If we had forbearance, it was while forbearance had a virtue. They have this day to meet the stern resolve of a *united* North."

WAR FOR THE UNION.

"War! War for what?" it asks on May 4th. "On the side of the South we forbear to speak. From first to last—from the bolt in the Democratic convention in Charleston, in April, last year, down to the despicable act of Jefferson Davis and Major Beauregard in opening fire on the United States flag in Charleston harbor in September, we have had but one sentiment and but one expression of condemnation and execration for the conspirators who pretend to set up, over the heads of the Southern people, and without consulting them, a revolutionary Confederacy.

"But for what is the North in arms?.... It is not to sustain a party, but to vindicate an outraged country. It is not to uphold an *administration*, but the *government*. Largely circulated papers, which did their part to elect Lincoln, may now, like the New York *Daily Times*, call for superseding him by some military dictator; but the call falls dead and finds no echo in the American heart.....This war is for maintaining the existence of the country on the old and recognized basis."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A New Feast of Our Lady.

The new feast, which has been established by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, to commemorate the apparition of the miraculous medal to Sister Catherine Tabouri, a Sister of Charity, which occurred at the mother-house of the order in Paris, on November 27, 1830, was celebrated for the first time last November.

It is not an uncommon thing for the readers of the Carmelite Review to write us, asking for one or more of the "miraculous" medals. Most of Catholics are acquainted with the medal referred to, but its history is not so generally known, and it may be opportune that we recall the circumstances which gave rise to that wonderful little medal, the use of which has spread throughout the Catholic world.

The apparition of the medal occurred in November, 1830. Whilst Sister Catherine was at prayer in the chapel, she had a vision. She beheld as it were a picture suspended in the air representing the Blessed Virgin, standing clothed in a white robe with a mantle of silvery blue, a bright rose-colored veil and her hands stretched out towards the earth. From her hands there shot out, as it were, rays of ravishing brightness, spreading themselves over the world. At the same time the sister heard a voice saying to her: "These rays symbolise the graces which Mary obtains for mankind, and that point over which they flow most abundantly is France." Around the picture the following invocation was written in letters of gold: "*O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee.*" In a few moments the sister saw the medal reversed, and on the other side she saw the letter "M" surmounted by a little cross, and beneath it the holy hearts of Jesus and Mary. Sister Catherine gazed attentively, and again heard a voice commanding that a medal should be struck representing the vision, and further saying that whoever should wear the medal when indulgenced, would enjoy the special protection of the Mother of God.

The following day Sister Catherine related the vision to her director, who said it was merely imagination, and dismissed the sister with an admonition. The obedient religious endeavored to dismiss the thought from her mind, but the vision soon occurred again. She again told the director, who once more told her to pay no attention to it. The vision appeared a third time, and a voice was heard saying, that the Blessed Virgin was displeased because the medal had not been struck as commanded.

The director was embarrassed. On the one hand he did not wish to contradict the will of the Blessed Virgin, and on the other there was a possibility of the apparition being only an illusion. So the priest related everything to Mgr. De Quelen, the Archbishop of Paris. The Archbishop saw no objection to striking off the medal, since nothing appeared in the vision that was opposed to Catholic faith or morals, on the contrary, everything in it seemed suitable to increase devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It was, therefore, determined to have the medal made, but the cholera which then broke out, prevented this from being carried out until June, 1832, when the medal was struck in honor of the Immaculate Conception, which has since been constantly used by the devout clients of Mary.

In 1836, a holy religious at Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, had visions repeating and confirming what had been revealed to Sister Catherine; one of these visions was symbolical of the four classes of persons who wear the medal. During a retreat the religious referred to saw the medal constantly suspended in the air; at first very high and burning like the sun: then with a radiance of light: then somewhat lower in the air, and shining like silver: lastly it descended close to the earth, becoming dim as if only of copper. A voice then asked: "What medal do you prefer?" The religious replied that she preferred the brightest one, and the voice answered, "You do well, for that is the one belonging to those faithful Christians who, carrying it, honor Mary perfectly, and help to spread her glory; the golden medal is theirs who have a tender and filial devotion to Mary: the silver medal is of those who respect and honor Mary, but do not try at all times to imitate her virtues: lastly, the dim copper medal is of those who are content if they say an occasional prayer to

the Blessed Virgin, and neglect to please her by their virtuous lives."

That the medal of the Immaculate Conception deserves the name of "miraculous," and has worked wonders of grace, has been often proved.

In 1834 there lived in Paris the wife of a poor mechanic, named Peron. For eight years she had suffered from a grievous illness. Loss of blood had reduced her to extreme weakness, and the physicians pronounced her incurable. She gave up the doctor, and resigned herself to a lingering death. The woman was induced to engage a Sister of Charity as her nurse The sister (called Sister Mary) soon changed things in the house of suffering. She brought comfort and encouragement to her patient. "Happiness," said Madame Peron, "entered my house with that good sister." A physician now declared that the sick woman would soon die, and ought to be removed to an hospital. The sister thought it opportune to prepare her patient for death. But her words had little effect on Madame Peron. She had not led a bad life, but was an indifferent Christian: years had passed since she had been to confession, and now she refused to see a priest. "I will confess when I am well," she said, "I do not like being persecuted in this manner; when I have recovered I shall go to confession." At length towards October, 1834, Madame Peron seemed on the point of death, and she could hear the attendant talk of saying the prayers for a departed soul. Although the end seemed near, she revived sufficiently to converse with Sister Mary. "Do you love the Blessed Virgin?" asked the sister. Madame Peron replied that she did, for careless as she had been, she had always retained confidence in our Holy Mother. "Well, then," said the sister, "if you do love her, I will give you something that will cure you." "I think we had better talk of death," said the woman, "for I feel that I am sinking fast." Not discouraged, the sister showed her a medal saying, "Take this medal of the Blessed Virgin, it will cure you, if you have great confidence." The sight of the medal caused a sensation of joy in the dying woman, who took it and kissed it fervently. The sister placed the medal around the neck of the patient, who then repeated the ejaculation: "Mary, conceived without original sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee." "At that moment," said Madame Peron, "there passed within me something new and strange over my whole body. My flesh thrilled all over me. It was not painful, on the contrary I felt moved to tears of joy. I was not cured but felt that I *could* be cured, and I possessed a confidence which did not come from myself. My husband then said to me. 'Put all your confidence in the Blessed Virgin. We are going to make a novena for you.'"

The faith of these good people was rewarded. Towards evening Madame Peron was able to raise herself in bed. She continued to improve, and the next day was able to take some food. Her strength returned, and she felt that she was cured. In two days more she insisted on going to church to offer thanks to the Blessed Virgin. The family opposed her going, but she nevertheless went, unaccompanied by anyone. "On my way," she said, "I met Sister Mary. She did not see me, so I went up to her, and caught her hand. 'What! Is this you?' exclaimed the astonished sister. 'Yes, Sister, and I am going to Holy Mass; I am cured.' 'What has cured you so soon?' 'The Blessed Virgin and I am now going to thank her.'" "From that time," concludes Madame Peron, "I have felt no more suffering, I now enjoy good health; I can work hard every day and I owe all this to our Lady's Miraculous Medal."

P. A. B.

Wearers of Our Lady's Livery.

Names have been received for the Scapular Registry at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., from St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.; Sacred Heart Church, Salina, Kas.; Potosi, Mo.; St. Charles' Rectory, Newport, Mich.; St. Dominick's Church, Parsons, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Dixie, Ont.; St. Patrick's Deanery, St. John's, Nfld; Franciscan Monastery, St. Louis, Mo.; Sacred Heart Church, Parkston, S. D.; St. Joseph's Church, Olney, Ill.; Galt, Ont.; St. Columba's Church, Iona, N. S.; Immaculate Conception Church, Truro, N. S.; St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa.; Washington, Ga.; Dundas, Ont.; Bessemer, Mich.; St. Joseph's Convent, Washington, Ga.

The Jesuites and the Neutrals

BY VERY REV. W. R. HARRIS.

IN the August number of the REVIEW was published the remarkable letter of Father de la Roche Dallion, the first priest that trod the Niagara peninsula, crossed the rapid rolling river and bore the message of salvation to the great Neutral Nation, whose hunting grounds stretched from the Genessee to Detroit. Fourteen years after his return to France two Jesuit priests, John de Brebeuf and Joseph Marie Chaumonot, started in the fall of 1640 from the shores of Lake Huron, and after a fatiguing journey of four days, reached the first village of the Neutrals. During their stay of five months they visited eighteen towns, and made heroic efforts to instruct the people. They reaped but a harvest of barren regrets, and after a season of disappointments and dishearteneings they bade good-bye to the Neutrals and retraced their path to the Huron villages. It was good-bye forever, for in less than ten years the Iroquois had burned Brebeuf at the stake, driven Chaumonot with a handful of Huron converts to the ramparts of Quebec, and swept out of existence the Neutral Nation. So awful and complete was their annihilation that a few burial mounds and the name of their great river* are all that is left of this once brave and numerous people. On the return of the priests to their headquarters, near Penetanguishene, they wrote a very interesting and graphic account of their experiences with the tribe. This remarkable letter we now publish for the first time in the English language, and as it deals with an unknown and forgotten race of savages, who once peopled the land now tilled by our farmers, and dotted with our towns and villages, it will have, especially for the people of this peninsula and Western New York, a fascinating interest. It was probably written by Father Chaumonot and signed by Father Lalemant, the acting Superior of the Huron Missions.

* Parkman is of the opinion that the word is of Iroquois origin, but as the river flowed through the lands of the Neutrals and their town, Oughiarra, was near its banks, it is more probable of Neutral origin.

From Relations des Jesuites.

VOL. I, YEAR 1641.

An account of what happened at the Mission of the Angels among the Attiwindarons or the Neutral Nation. Addressed to the Reverend Father James Dinet, Provincial of the Society of Jesus in the Province of France.

My Reverend Father:

Christ's peace be with you

THIS is the new mission that we have begun this year in one of the most numerous nations of this country. It is a long time since this land was visited, according to the testimony of many people. But many acquainted with strange languages are not easily found, if the Holy Ghost does not give extraordinary grace, particularly when one is deprived of the assistance of masters, teachers, and interpreters to instruct them, as we are in this locality.

Moreover, it is not customary to go to the extreme end without passing the centre or engage in the work of civilizing the farthest nation before having attended to the nearest. This having been done we found ourselves in a condition at the opening of fall to devote two laborers to this mission without doing any injustice to those now in our care. The lot fell upon Father John de Brebeuf, who first introduced and established us in this country. God having endowed him with a special grace and gift for languages. It would seem, that when it is a question of becoming acquainted with a strange people differing somewhat in language, he is always chosen for the work. It is our intention, if it be pleasing to God, to build in this new country a permanent residence, such as we have here, which will also serve as a house of retreat for missionaries.

His companion was Father Joseph Marie Chaumonot, who came from France last year, and who has a natural gift for languages.

This nation is very populous, settled in about forty towns. The first and nearest town to the Hurons is about four or five days' journey,—that is to say about one hundred and twenty miles keeping straight south. According to the last and most accurate observation that we could make, if our new house of St. Mary's, which is in the centre of the Huron country, is in north latitude 44 degrees and 25 minutes, then the beginning of the Neutral territory from the dividing

line of the Hurons would have an elevation of 42½ degrees. It is impossible for us to think of making a more exact survey or observation in the country for the present as the sight of an instrument is all that would be necessary to carry to extremes those who cannot look upon an ink bottle without emotions of awe and fear.

The first town of the Neutral Nation at which we arrived, following the road south or south-east, is about four days' journey from the mouth of the celebrated river of this nation which empties into Ontario or Lake St. Louis. On the west side of the river, and not on the east, as marked on some charts, are most of the towns of the Neutral Nation. There are three or four villages on the other side running from east to west towards the Cat Nation or Eries.

Into their river the great lake of the Hurons discharges itself, flowing first into Lake Erie or Lake of the Cat Nation, and then through the Neutral country, taking the name of Onguiaahra; thence it flows into Ontario or Lake St. Louis and, finally, into the river which passes Quebec, known as the St. Lawrence. If our people (the French) were masters of the shores of the lake nearest the Iroquois country, we could ascend the St. Lawrence without danger, reach the Neutral Nation and go even farther.

It is the opinion of the Fathers who have been there, that there are, at least, twelve thousand souls in this country. They can call out five thousand warriors notwithstanding the wars, famine and pestilence which for the past three years have desolated them.

But, I am of the opinion that those who claimed for this nation an incredible number of souls and an importance out of all proportion to their merits, included with the Neutrals, all the other nations which are south and south-west of our Hurons but who in the beginning were scarcely known, and thus became associated with their name. The knowledge which we have obtained, since those early days, both of the language and the country, has furnished us more accurate information. Moreover, of the different nations with which we are now acquainted, there is not one among them that does not trade with others at a distance. This convinces us that there is yet a great multitude of people to be visited, and before we can reap an abundant harvest, there are yet mighty fields to sow and till.

Our French, who were the first to visit the country, called this people the Neutral Nation, and for a good reason; for through their forests overland is the ordinary route by which the Iroquois and Hurons, sworn enemies, pass and repass and with whom the Neutrals are at peace. Sometimes the Hurons and Iroquois met each other in the same town, and even in the same cabin, but they gave pledges that they would not violate the peace; but, of late, the hatred of one against the other is so great, that no matter where they meet there is no security for the weaker party, particularly if he be a Huron, for whose people the Neutrals seem at present, to have little love.

Our Hurons call the Neutral Nation Attiwindarons, meaning people with a slightly different language. They call the people who speak a tongue which they do not understand, Akona Ake, meaning a strange nation. Those of the Neutral Nation also call the Hurons Attiwindarons.

We have every reason to believe that it is not long since they all, Hurons, Iroquois and Neutrals were one people; that they descended from the same family or from some primitive stock dwelling in these lands but that, in the course of time, they became separated from each other, influenced more or less by localities, self-interests and choice; so that some have become enemies, others Neutrals and some brought into relations of friendship.

This nation which remained Neutral in the wars between the Hurons and Iroquois, enter upon cruel campaigns with some western tribes, and particularly with the Atsistaehronons, or Nation of Fire, of whom last year they took one hundred prisoners, and having this year renewed the war, they have captured already more than seventy, whom they treated with the same cruelty as the Hurons do their enemies. At times when the number of prisoners is very great they burn the captive women as well as the warriors which the Hurons do not, for, instead of putting the women to the torture, they are satisfied with slightly mutilating them.

The clothing and manner of life of this people seem little different from the Hurons. They possess Indian corn, beans and citrons in equal abundance. The fishing here is as good as with us, certain kinds being found in one place that are not found in another.

These people are very expert in hunting deer, moose, wild cats, wolves, bears and other animals, the hide and fur of which are very valuable. Flesh meat is plentiful this year, for the great quantity of snow which has fallen helped the hunters in the chase. Rarely does snow fall in this country deeper than one foot and a half, but this year there has been three feet. In the fields and woods are to be found many flocks of wild turkeys.

The crab apples are larger and chestnuts more plentiful than among the Hurons; other fruit is about the same in quantity and quality.

They go about covered with skins, like all savages, but with less regard for decency than the Hurons. Many of them, indeed, observe very little modesty in their apparel; however, the women are always covered at least from the waist to the knees. They seem to be more shameless in their lasciviousness than the Hurons.

They tan skins with much care and labor, and study to adorn them in different ways, but still more so their own bodies, on which from head to foot they make all sorts of figures with burnt charcoal picked into the flesh. Formerly they traced their descent on their bodies, so that sometimes from the face to the abdomen they were completely tattooed.

In their customs and manners they are very much like all other savages of this land, particularly in their superstitions and forms of government, whether political or economical.

But they differ in some other respects from our Hurons. They appear larger, stronger, and better formed than our people. Again their affection for the dead seems to be greater. The Hurons, immediately after death, carry the body to the cemetery, and do not return again except for the Feast of the Dead: the Neutrals do not take their dead bodies to the cemetery until putrefaction renders them insupportable. Hence it happens that the bodies remain sometimes the whole winter in the cabin: and having been put outside on a scaffold, they then collect the bones, after the flesh has rotted away, and expose them, arranged side by side in their cabins until the Feast of the Dead. Their reason for preserving the bones in their cabins is to continually remind them of their dead. At least they so state. At intervals during the day the women in a plaintive chant utter doleful lamentations and give expression to their grief in sorrowful accents. Unlike the Hurons, they tolerate a great number of pretended fools or maniacs, whose antics are grotesque. Everywhere are to be met with these impostors, who are permitted every license lest their protecting *okies* should take offence. They throw and scatter the coals of the hearths, tear and break whatever they meet as if they were mad, when in fact most of them are as much masters of themselves as people in their proper senses. They act in this manner to please their Okies who, they claim, exact their performances from them, speaking to them in dreams, promising them success in the hunt and the fulfilment of their desires.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HE ENNOBLES LABOR.

"The Saviour of mankind never conferred a greater temporal boon on mankind than by ennobling and sanctifying manual labor and by rescuing it from the stigma of degradation which has been branded upon it. The primeval curse attached to labor is obliterated by the toilsome life of Jesus Christ. Ever since He pursued His trade as a carpenter He has lightened the mechanics' toils and has shed a halo around the workshop."—Cardinal Gibbons.

A SWEET TEMPER.

No trait of character is more valuable to a woman than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition. It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy and the cares of life are forgotten.

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Mary Angela Spellissy.

LAST March I attended the death bed of my mother's old friend, Aunt Hilda. I was informed, in due time, that she had requested me to examine her papers, and dispose of them as I deemed proper.

The various claims of life in town prevented my inspection of the treasure, until, during my vacation, a favoring northeaster gave me the desired opportunity. Betaking myself to the loft, I was soon absorbed in my congenial task. Many papers in the portfolio will be highly appreciated by our Catholic Historical Society. The heading of one, "A Scapular Story," suggests to me the propriety of forwarding to you a box of manuscript, that I am confident, has never appeared in print.

I write amidst the tumult of the storm-driven rain. As I lift my eyes, the roaring breakers are before me, the house rocks, and the windows rattle; my thoughts go out to those "who go down in ships." Petitions for the dying share my prayers for the soul of loving Aunt Hilda. I ask the same remembrance from the readers of Aunt Hilda's Portfolio.

MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

I.—A SCAPULAR.

The afternoons are very short in November, and afford but little time to the shopper. Mrs. Baizley was horrified when, on turning out of Bargenseller's grand depot, she found the street lamps lighted. As she hurried home she was vexed by the remembrance that she had forgotten the very articles most urgently needed. Miss Judith's well filled shop window attracted her attention as she drew near home, and promised a solution of the difficulty.

"Have you men's woolen undershirts?" she inquired at the counter.

"Indeed we have," replied Miss Judith, "as nice as you'll find in the city: look at these."

"They are nice. I forgot to get them at Bargenseller's, but yours are as good as I could find anywhere; give me two."

"You save twenty cents by taking mine, and by coming first to me you would have saved the time and strength you spent in making the journey. Another thing, it is always decent to trade with a neighbor, when you can do so just as well, rather than take the money to the monopolist, who is crushing out the small dealer. I don't know who you are, but your face is familiar in this neighborhood."

"Indeed I'll come to you another time, Miss Judith. I often found your store very handy last spring, when I was at my daughter's. She was ill then, and I was with her for a month. Her husband is down sick now with a bad cold. I don't think he can get over it; he had an awful hemorrhage last week."

"What is his name?"

"Alexander Craig."

"Isn't he the man who was so determined to have the baby christened last spring?"

"Yes."

"My blessing on him. And now he is ill; has he seen a priest?"

"No indeed, he never goes to church: he is scarcely ever sober."

"Is your daughter a Catholic?"

"She turned with him when they were married."

"Your name is?"

"Baizley."

"Well Mrs. Baizley it's a mercy of God that you came here this evening. I know that you have good common sense, and will help your son-in-law to meet his God. I can see that you are not an ignorant bigot and for that reason I will ask you to do a favor. Take this little Scapular and slip the strings over his head: This way: he knows well enough what it means, and it is likely he will not refuse to let *you* do it. It will remind him of the days when he was an innocent child, and loved God, and the Blessed Mother Mary. Should he object to receive it just walk off and leave it with him, say a friend heard he was ill and sent it to him. Put this glass of jelly in your satchel, it is made from Irish moss, he will find it very soothing."

"You are very good, Miss Judith. I have

often heard of your kindness to the sick, about here. I will tell Alex what you say. I think he knows he's pretty sick. He was a good fellow until he opened that saloon."

"The old story," muttered Miss Judith, fiercely.

"Lose no time in putting the Scapular on him. I'll sew a little medal on it, that will tell him of his Mother."

"His mother was a very good woman."

"No doubt of it," and a whimsical smile puckered Miss Judith's expressive face, as she muttered "Little you know of the Blessed Mother."

"Try to have a priest call on the sick man immediately."

"I will."

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" whispered Miss Judith, as the door closed on the retreating figure of Mrs. Baizley.

"I don't forget my lady, how you raged against the christening, when you bought the baby's cap here. I sewed a medal in the crown of it."

"Now girls," turning to her assistants, "you've got to save that man's soul. Here, Kitty, you run off to Benediction. This is first Friday. Write the intention, and hand it to Father Dominic. Tell him Miss Judith asks him 'to request the prayers of the league members for a very sick man who has neglected the Sacrament.'"

Ten o'clock p. m. found Miss Judith's trembling hands closing her store. She was a prematurely old woman. Devotion to creed and country were her characteristic traits. She was never too weary to listen to her neighbor's sorrows, and as sin is often the radical cause of the troubles of this life, she frequently found herself the confessor, as well as the consoler. A long life of business contact with humanity had given her a wonderfully keen perception of character. She was no respecter of persons; fervent in her admiration of virtue, she was alike eloquent in her scornful denunciation of the petty pride peculiar to the worldly. Twenty-five years a Sunday school teacher had put her in touch with the Catholics of her city. She was particularly fond of teaching boys, and watched with interest the career of her scholars, as they grew to manhood. An absentee was sure to receive a call from Miss Judith, and if unsuitable clothing prevented attendance, the deficiency was supplied by her before the following Sunday.

When the rich came to pour their vexations into her ear, she knew well how to introduce the wants of her protege.

"What did you pay for that ring, Annie?" she asked of one of her former pupils.

"Ninety dollars."

"Well, it is very pretty, but don't forget the tithe to the Lord's poor."

"No, indeed," Miss Judith. "it was that brought me down here to-day. I know you are preparing the children for first communion, and I brought you a trifle."

"God bless you, child, this ten dollars will do wonders. Go to the 8 o'clock Mass next Sunday, and the sight of those children receiving their Lord for the first time into their innocent hearts will fill your soul with a satisfaction deeper than that of the owner of the most wonderful jewels on the earth."

When Miss Judith found herself in her sleeping-room that night, her first act was to kneel before her shrine and offer a decade for the sick man.

"He must have good in him, blessed Mother, when he was so determined about the christening of the child."

The following day brought many callers, and found Miss Judith very testy. The great disproportion between her benevolent intentions, and their satisfactory execution, usually wrought in her a condition akin to pious rage. Nowhere could she find a sympathetic messenger in her dealings with the sick. At the minute we look in on her, she is decanting the vials of her wrath on the red head of heedless Kitty Crowley, who had just returned from depositing *with Aunt Hannah* the dainties intended for poor Craig. Now, Aunt Hannah's appetite needed not the seductions of white grapes. She was to-day as black, as fat, and as jolly, as when she cooked for "Miss Hayes, the president's lady." Rheumatism had brought her within the circle of Miss Judith's dependents, and faithfully, from that lady's back door, went out plethoric baskets to Hannah's neighboring sky parlor.

Absorbed in the lingual castigation of Kitty, the proprietor failed to observe the opening of the shop door, and as she turned from Kitty nearly fell over a man's foot.

"Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon." Miss Judith's reply was very crisp, the man's manner was hesitating—he was probably a petitioner, and she was quite worn out and ready to drop.

"I called to see you, Miss Judith."

"Well, my friend, take a good look; this is all that's left of me."

"Perhaps I have come at the wrong time. I can call again when you are not so busy."

"No time like the present. Who are you?"

"My name is Craig; I called to thank you for the Scapular."

Speedily sprang Miss Judith's hands to clasp those of the speaker, while her fervid "God bless you," told her friendly interest.

"Come right in Mr. Craig." In a moment the sick man found himself comfortably seated in the tiny back room, which a good fire made a welcome resting-place. The visitor's eyes rested in the corner, lighted by the one window. A large bracket held a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in front of which burned a votive taper. Statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph formed the guard of honor.

On the wall hung a picture of St. Patrick, protecting those of Archbishop Kenrick, the bishop of Miss Judith's childhood, and Ryan, whose faces looked out from a lower line. Daniel O'Connel, with his wolf dog, completed the diamond outline. On a shelf lay the Imitation of Christ. This was Miss Judith's santification corner, in a room otherwise devoted to her business property.

"Now, don't speak Mr. Craig, until you are rested. Drink this cup of good beef tea This is not trash, it is made by an old saint, who sends it to me every day."

Pouring into a dainty cup the lauded concoction, which, with her yet untasted dinner, simmered on the stove, the hospitable lady left her visitor for a few minutes to enjoy the timely refreshment.

On her return the cup was empty, and tears where rolling down the hollow cheeks of the invalid.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Let us accept the duties to which God appoints us, however humble and however obscure, not choosing great things for ourselves, but having our minds drawn to the things that are lowly.

St. Cyril of Alexandria.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY PHILIP A. BEST, O. C. C.

CHARLES KINGSLEY in *Hypatia* would have us picture to ourselves the great patriarch of Alexandria as one given to violence, ambition and intrigue, a "man of blood and iron" of the fifth century. But the search-light of history shows us in true colors the great saint who was the glory of his own city and ornament of the whole church. Fourteen hundred years have elapsed since the death of St. Cyril, but the Church of God preserves his memory. Following the custom of centuries she again in this present year—on January 28th—commands her children throughout the world to honor the name of Saint Cyril.

Our thoughts at present revert to a well-known monument — Cleopatra's needle—situated in the public park of the American metropolis. What an object lesson on the vanity of human greatness? This relic from the ruins of the old Egyptian city is what remains of earthly grandeur. The proud Ptolemys wished to perpetuate their names. But these remaining memorials shall likewise perish. The day will come when they can no longer withstand the ravages of time. But how glorious is the memory of God's saints. "*In memoria aeterna erit justus!*" The place of his birth may fade from memory, but the name of St. Cyril shall outlive time.

The great city of Alexandria gave birth to our saint. He came of a very illustrious family. He received his early education from his uncle, Theophilus, the Patriarch of Alexandria. When of sufficient age Cyril was sent to the famous school at Athens, which was then in its most flourishing state. On his return to his native city he gave much of his time to the study of the holy scriptures and works of the fathers of the church. He read most of the profane authors, as can be inferred from the numerous quotations he uses when writing against Julian the Apostate.

In order to make advance in an ascetical and spiritual life, St. Cyril went to live as a monk on Mount Carmel. That he was a monk cannot be disputed, for it was a cus-

tom among the Greeks at the time to seek all their candidates for the episcopacy in the monasteries.

The old writers of the Order of Mount Carmel bring forth innumerable arguments to show that St. Cyril was a member of their order. The missals, Breviaries and other liturgical books of the Carmelites approved by the Holy See, mention St. Cyril as a Carmelite. Father Peter Thomas Saracenus, in his book (*the Menologium Carmelitarum*, published in 1627), which we have now before us, says that there exists an old chronicle of the councils in the French national archives, where it is written that "the Council of Ephesus was celebrated in the year 431 by 200 bishops, who were presided over by the blessed patriarch and doctor, Cyril, a brother of the Order of Carmel."

In 412, Cyril was called from his retreat on Mount Carmel to be raised to the patriarchal dignity. One of the most important events during his term of office was the schism stirred up by one Nestorius. The latter, a priest and monk of Antioch, was made bishop of Constantinople in 428. The retirement of his life, his hypocritical veneer of virtue and fluency in words made him somewhat prominent in the world. But he was a very conceited and weak-minded man. He was no sooner made bishop but he began to persecute certain sects of heretics whom he banished from his diocese: he likewise made his house a refuge for those whom the pope and emperor had exiled from their country. Nestorius and his followers preached new errors, teaching that there were two persons in Christ which were joined only by a moral union, by which God only dwelt in the humanity as in a temple. Hence was denied the Incarnation or that Christ became a man. People were shocked at such doctrine, and pastors and people separated themselves from the communion of the heretic.

"The Blesssed Virgin ought not to be styled the Mother of God" said Nestorius, "but of the man who was called Christ." What effect such a saying had on the holy patriarch Cyril, who had learned on Mount Carmel to love and venerate Mary, can easily be imagined. He could not be silent when the honor of our Lady was at stake. St. Cyril admonished and tried to reason with Nestorius, but the latter heeded it not. The third general council of the church was finally convened at Ephesus in which the errors of Nestorius were condemned.

Then it was that those words, "*Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death*," were composed and added to the "Hail Mary," by the pious monk and patriarch St. Cyril. Then it was that the mighty crowd of worshippers took up and with one voice repeated those words, "Holy Mary Mother of God" etc., which now have been on Catholic lips for nearly fifteen centuries, and will continue as long as the nations shall call Mary blessed. In repeating our *Aves* at Mary's shrine let us not forget the great saint, who in the early ages of Christianity so valiantly championed the cause of our Mother.

Sufferings, too, fell to the lot of St. Cyril. He was sorely persecuted by the friends and defenders of Nestorius and was even on the point of being exiled. However, St. Cyril, trained in Carmel's school of virtue, triumphed over the heresiarch by his meekness and courage, thanking God for his sufferings (as he wrote to a friend) and professing himself ready to give up his life for the holy gospel's sake.

St. Cyril spent the remainder of his days in promoting peace and union among the faithful, and in the zealous discharge of his pastorial duties, until his death on the 28th of June in 444. The Greeks keep his feast on January 18th. The Roman and Carmelite martyrology fix his feast for January 28th.

Many of his beautiful sermons have come down to us. In them he shows his great devotion to the most Blessed Sacrament and tender love for the Blessed Virgin whom he never tires of saluting by her glorious title of "Mother of God."

Father de la Rue, of the Society of Jesus, relates that one day being admitted to an audience by Louis XIV. he found the monarch saying his beads. The priest could not help showing his surprise. "You appear surprised to see me saying the Rosary. I glory in saying it: it is a pious custom which I learned from my mother, and I should be sorry to pass a day without discharging this pious duty."

The man who loves God and admires the works of His hand, will detest the things that are evil.—Ven. L. de Blois.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, Jan., 1895. No. 1.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN 1895, Ash Wednesday falls on Feb. 27th; Easter on April 4; Corpus Christi, June 24th.

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"SUMMER schools and reading circles should work together to give the force of unity to the whole work."—BISHOP MESSMER.

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TEN thousand sick persons, hoping to be cured, came to kiss the forehead of the as yet uncanonized dead Emperor of Russia. No cures are reported.

***

WE cordially wish all our friends, benefactors and readers a full share of God's blessings, temporal and spiritual, in this New Year of Our Lord.

***

TALKING of blessings, how often do we hear of now-a-day Catholics inviting their pastor to their newly built houses? The custom should be revived.

***

THE creation of an Episcopal Archbishop is being agitated in New York. If a visitor to the metropolis should inquire for *the* Archbishop's residence, he is not apt to be misdirected.

***

SOME amiable Christian ladies have graciously presented a copy of the Holy Bible to the Empress of China. If her royal highness was asked if she understood that book she might answer in the words of the Ethiopian to Philip: "How can I unless someone show me?"

"WE may sometimes fall on the way, but this serves to increase our humility, which assists us to recover, and to watch more strictly over ourselves for the future."—*Spiritual Combat.*

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AT the opening of an annex to an art gallery in New York the Archbishop was invited to invoke a blessing. It was indeed quite proper, too. His Grace represents the Church which has enabled art to be what it is to-day.

***

AT the requiem services for the dead Czar, lately held in Washington, the chief magistrate stood for an hour holding a wax candle in his hand. If the affair had happened in a "Romish" church how shocked would be the president's co-religionists.

***

INTEREST in Our Lady's Shrine at Lourdes never lessens. Scoffing novelists cannot weaken the loyalty of Catholics to God's Holy Mother. Bishop Keane, of Washington, says an unusually large band of American pilgrims will visit Lourdes in 1895.

***

THE days have not yet passed by when kings and queens come to lay their offerings at Mary's shrines. The pious Spanish Queen Christina lately sent a rich opal ring to Our Lady's Chapel at Almudeada. May our Blessed Mother never want royal clients in St. Teresa's land!

***

THE days of Christian martyrs are not passed. The number of saints in God's Church increase daily. As usual the Catholics suffered during the late war in China. According to the reports of the missionaries a large number of Catholics died because they *were* Catholics.

***

HEADS of families should not forget that they can gain one hundred days' Indulgence each time they instruct their children, or servants, in Christian doctrine. Children should be told that one hundred days' Indulgence can be gained by those who devote themselves for half-an-hour to their Catechism. These Indulgences were granted by Pope Paul V, on October 6, 1607.

"Habit is everything," once remarked that famous statesman, Sumner. It is especially true in a Christian life. You can't put on a religious appearance at will on every occasion. You must practice piety at all times and in all places. Don't put it all aside for the half-hour you are to spend in church on Sunday.

***

It is refreshing to see how effectively the *Union and Times*, of Buffalo, has torn away the mask from that unholy alliance, the A.P.A. In the "exposed" minutes of one of the lodges, one of the members said that A.P.A. literature was too filthy to bring into their own homes. What a true, but humiliating confession!

***

The last Irish mail brings the news that the Carmelite friars, aided by the generous laity, are making great efforts to complete the new church of the "White Abbey," at Kinsale. The new church is a magnificent piece of Gothic architecture, and is built on the site where the Carmelites founded their first monastery in Ireland, 600 years ago.

***

Persons who have a habit of going to early Masses on Sundays and holy days, in order to avoid sitting out the sermon, deprive themselves of great spiritual advantages. Pope Benedict XIV. on July 31, 1756, granted an Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for every time that a person assists at the sermon preached in each parish on Sundays and the more solemn feasts of the year.

***

A Mr. Gandhi, a Hindo scholar, has lately been telling American audiences that the "Christian missions are a failure in India." That is a rather sweeping assertion. If Catholic missions are included, it is not true. Anyone who reads the unadulterated annual reports, given in the "Catholic Missions," knows what effective, albeit quiet, work is being done by zealous missionaries, including the Carmelites in the far East.

***

A farmer, named Ladislaus Varge, in Kaschangin, Austria, gave shelter to one Joseph Nowak. At each flash of lightning Varga's wife made the sign of the cross on herself. Nowak laughed at this, remarking, "it has always been my desire to die by a stroke of lightning." He immediately had his wish fulfilled. He was killed and others in the house were frightened or slightly injured, but Frau Varga escaped unhurt. There is a moral to this.

***

Devotion to Mary strengthens the heart in time of danger. Now we are told that in that awful ride for life through devouring flames at Hinckley, Minn., the engineer and fireman of the seemingly devoured train called upon the Blessed Virgin for aid. That prayer was heard. What a consoling and moving sight to see brave Engineer Root and Fireman McGowan kneeling in the cab of their engine with outstretched hands which held the Holy Rosary and Sacred Scapular! The "Ave Maria" has done a good service to faint-hearted Catholics by bringing this episode to light.

***

The history of Brook farm and other Utopian schemes is to be repeated. A model community is to sprout up at Santa Rosa, in California. It will, as usual, die a natural death. Humanity ever yearns after the ideal and the perfect. The nearest approach to it can be found in the religious life as practised under the auspices of the Catholic Church. The rules and constitutions of religious orders are about as near to perfection as we can expect to reach. Herein the wisdom shown in the governing and working of communities, although as old as Christianity, would be new to those would-be social reformers, who grope around in the dark for new systems.

***

A gentleman, who is not a Catholic, wrote to the New York *Sun*, complaining of the present way of naming new vessels. He thinks to "christen" a ship is a meaningless affair, a hodge-podge of Christianity and paganism. Referring to the last christening of the new boat, "St. Louis," the writer referred to says:—"There is as much sense in saying 'I Christen thee Saint Louis' as if the wife of the president had said 'I unite thee St. Louis to the Delaware river and declare thee man and wife.'" Let us have a clergyman for such occasions—are we not a

Christian people? In Catholic countries it is a custom for a priest to bless every new boat. There is a formula for such a blessing in the Roman ritual. Although Columbus was a few centuries behind this great age he was too enlightened to have his boats dedicated by a smashing of wine bottles. His ships were put under the protection of the Saints and the Queen of Saints, not Bacchus or Neptune.

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The sudden death of Sir John Thompson, the Premier of Canada, at Windsor Castle, England, is felt as a great loss by all Canadians, irrespective of party or creed. His honest and upright character was recognized by his political opponents, as well as by his partisans. His great gifts of mind, his thorough knowledge of law, and his high political principles were the pride and safeguard of Canada. It is an almost irreparable loss. He was a devout son of the Catholic Church and a living proof, both in his private and public life, of the fact that true Catholicity fosters noble manhood, incorruptible patriotism, and eminent statesmanship.

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Demetrius, the goldsmith, was not pleased to see St. Paul preaching Christianity. He was afraid his craft would suffer, and that people would abandon the temple of Diana. History repeats itself. It is not long since that one of the Paulist fathers gave missions to now Catholics in Michigan. Previous to that everything there went serenely. Now there is a danger of the Protestant temples being abandoned and the preachers injured "in their craft." So the jealous Apaists have been inspired from below to wipe out papacy by putting a tax on church property and other mean things, which Demetrius would not stoop to do. Great is Diana of the Amoreans!

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The high altar in the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadaloupe (near the City of Mexico) was dedicated on the 12th of December last, 1894, over the altar a magnificent canopy had been erected. The pillars supporting the canopy are each of a solid block of Scotch marble highly polished, and weighing seven tons. The diameter of each pillar is three feet and the height twenty feet. There is also a solid silver altar-railing weighing twenty-six tons. Many generous donations find their way to Our Lady's Shrine from Mary's many clients. It will yet take about a year to complete the Guadaloupean Church, which, when finished, will be one of the most notable edifices on the continent.

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Our Holy Father has written a letter to the American bishops on the subject of Peter's pence. He says that he does not need to urge the American faithful to this practice, as they have given proof sufficient in the past of their generosity towards the Holy See. But to facilitate the transmission of the Peter's pence and, if possible, to increase the amounts collected in the various dioceses, he orders that the Peter's pence shall henceforth be forwarded to the Apostolic delegate, Mgr. Satolli, residing in Washington. We have no doubt that this new arrangement will serve to increase the collections for the support of the Holy See, and the many institutions depending on it.

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"Your handsome uniform should remind you of your high calling. You have the honor of serving under my own eyes." Those words, doubtless, inspired enthusiasm in the soldier breasts of the few men whom the German Emperor addressed last month: but how far above this earthly calling is the vocation of the child of Mary. We are soldiers too. But we fight for a nobler cause—not for a bit of martial glory—but for God and His Mother. We fight under Mary's eyes and her banner cheers us on to victory. We are proud of Mary's livery, feel secure in the double garment of our heavenly princess, and care more for those two little precious pieces of brown wool—the Scapular—than all the glare of gold and scarlet.

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On October the 29th last the foundation stone of St. Peter's New National schools, Whitefriars street, Dublin, Ireland, was blessed and laid by His Grace Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin. The ceremonies were fully described in the *Freeman's Journal*. A detailed account is also given in the same paper of the proceedings at a meeting held immediately after the ceremony, at which

His Grace presided. We would have gladly given our readers the full report of His Grace's speech, full of praise of the good Carmelite fathers of Dublin and replete with good sense and Irish humor—but we cannot make room for it. At the collection taken up during the meeting His Grace subscribed £400 towards the good work, undertaken by the Carmelites, at a total cost of £8,800, about $44,000.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Ceremonies of Holy Mass Explained, by Rev. F. S. Schouppe, S.J., the third revised edition of this useful little book, translated by Rev. Father O'Hare, of St. Anthony's Church, Brooklyn, has just been published by Fr. Pustet & Co., New York. The furniture of the altar and parts of the mass are illustrated. We are glad that this third edition has been called for, and hope that many another will follow it. Our average Catholics know that the mass is the most august sacrifice, and their devotion is satisfied, but about the beautiful symbolical meanings of the vestments and ceremonies, and the strong convincing reasons underlying them, they know almost as little as the bewildered Protestant. No wonder that so many of our younger Catholics are so indifferent about this most august act of worship. If they knew all that this book teaches they could not be so cold about it. It would be a great blessing if this book could be made a schoolbook to supplement the ordinary Catechism. If this is not practicable, parents should, at least, give copies of it to their children, and insist on their reading it. A Catholic who hears mass intelligently in his early youth, will not lose his taste for God and God's worship as readily as one whose taste was never cultivated in that direction.

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Meditations for all the Days of the Year by Rev. M. Hamon, S.S., is a work published by Benziger Bros., New York. It is in five volumes, cloth, gilt top, and sells at the reasonable price of $5.00. Each volume has a steelpate frontispiece and contains over 400 pages. This admirable work is extremely popular in France, where over 92,000 copies have been sold. Mrs. Anne R. Bennett (nee Gladstone) has translated it into very good English, and it is this translation which is now offered to English-speaking Catholics. The meditations are adapted to all classes. They are not only suitable for priests and religious, but they are especially useful for the laity. Each volume begins with morning and evening prayers, so that no other book is required for morning or evening devotions. Besides, the volumes are so handy in size, that they can be conveniently carried in the pocket. We are confident that this work will have an immense sale. Every day the number of our educated Catholics is increasing, and all these, from their college and convent training, know the value of meditations. Here they have the very thing they need. We had never seen any books of meditation, which were not more or less written with a view to their use by clergymen or religious communities. All the more do we hail the appearance of these meditations for people in the world, whose souls are so much in need of that spiritual food, which can only be found in meditating upon the laws of God.

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Characteristics of True Devotion is the name of another dainty volume, bound in cloth, gilt top, sold for the small sum of 75 cents, by the same publishing firm. This book was written by Father Grou, S.J., about a century ago, and went through forty editions in France. It was translated by four different persons into English, and is now edited by Rev. Samuel H. Frisbee, S.J., in a fifth translation better than any of the preceding ones. For, although the editor says that he follows Father Clinton's translation, there is so much difference between the two, that it amounts virtually to a new translation. Nor are we sorry, for by this means we have now in excellent English, one of the most masterly treatises on a subject, that requires careful and delicate handling. Only a master in spiritual doctrine, an adept in spiritual life, and a most prudent and experienced director of souls could have written these profound pages. Profound, and yet so simple and plain, that any ordinary mind can follow him. The treatise is short, but it is written in a terse style, which suggests as much as it expresses. We consider it a far more useful book than even that

charming "Introduction to a Devout Life by St. Francis of Sales."

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Explanations of the Gospel and of Catholic Worship (New York, Benziger Bros.), is a brief treatise for the various Sundays and holidays throughout the year, from the Italian of Angelo Cagnola, by Rev. L. A. Lambert, L.L.D., the author of the famous "Notes on Ingersoll," which has had such widespread circulation, not alone in America, but Europe. To which is added an explanation of Catholic worship from the German, by the Rev. Richard Brennan, L.L.D. There are thirty-two page illustrations. The explanations follow the gospels in catechetical form. The book is bound in limp cloth. It is thoroughly instructive for the laity.

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The Means of Grace (same publishers), is a voluminous work, completely explanatory of the seven sacraments, with comprehensive discourses on prayer, especially the Our Father and Hail Mary, adapted from the German by the Rev. Richard Brennan, L.L.D., late pastor of the Church of the Holy Innocents, New York. The first attraction on opening the work is a very rich chromo frontispiece, representing Our Blessed Lord in the act of blessing bread. This picture is copyrighted, and with the exception of a rather hectic flush on the countenance, is well executed. The work bears the *imprimatur* of Michael Augustine, Archbishop of New York, and in the original has the approbations from one cardinal, two archbishops and twenty-three bishops. The introduction treats of the end of man, then follow instructions and reflections upon the grace of God in general, actual grace, and the grace of justification. The seven sacraments are well and clearly explained both in general and particular; whilst prayer, especially the Our Father and Hail Mary, is lucidly explained, each particular sentence of those beautiful petitions being enriched by copious notes and instances of the efficacy of prayer from the lives of the early fathers and saints. At page 126, the passages having reference to the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament in their moments before the tabernacle are exceedingly interesting. Throughout, the work is well and liberally illustrated, fully one half being of the continental border design cuts. The paper and printing are excellent and the whole work is bound in heavy green bevelled boards, with richly designed cover, blocked in gold. Altogether it is a superb volume, admirably adapted for presentation, and should command a ready sale.

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Little Lives of the Saints, (same publishers), is a book well calculated to please those little people, for whom it is chiefly intended. The lives are arranged for every day in the year, and the examples of the many virtues set before the mind of the juvenile readers must undoubtedly make a lasting impression even upon adults. The oft repeated phrase that "a book must not be judged by its cover," does not hold good in regard to this edition: for not alone is it beautifully bound in red cloth, blocked in black and gold, with chaste designs thereon, but it is also illustrated in good style throughout. No better birthday souvenir or holiday present of its kind could be purchased.

HEAVEN'S QUEEN.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY HENRY COYLE.

The Mother-maid of Bethlehem
Was pure and spotless as a gem;
Her heart was full of peace and love,
As meek and gentle as a dove.
Hail Mary, Heaven's Queen!

No jewel in the mine so rare,
No lily in the field so fair,
No planet gleaming in the night,
No star in yonder sky so bright
As Mary, Heaven's Queen.

Those who voluntarily commit sin show a contempt for life eternal, since they thus willingly risk the loss of their soul.—St. Gregory the Great.

The joys of the world cost much, and yield no profit, and the more a man partakes of them the emptier he becomes; he seeks enjoyment, and finds nothing but sadness. —St. Catherine of Sienna.

In the service of God the higher one rises the higher grow his aspirations; and the more one knows of the greatness of God the more he despises the things of the world. —St. Joseph of Cupertino.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

"Some time ago, you incidentally mentioned to me, Mick, that the people in demanding free coinage of silver, or at least an increased coinage, slapped their own face, but could not be convinced of that fact. Now, after thinking the matter over, and reading up the question, I must confess that I also belong to those who believe that the more money a man has got, the better he is off in the goods of this world, and I cannot see how any man can successfully contradict this principle."

"Please, Sam, tell me what you mean by money."

"Any kind of money, of course, gold, silver or greenbacks."

"This is no answer to my question, which referred to money in itself, without regard to the shape in which it presents itself."

"Oh, in this sense, money is merely a medium of exchange."

"Very well, what do you exchange for it?"

"Of course, the commodities of life, property, food, clothing, comfort and the like."

"Now, will you get the same amount of commodities for the same face value of money, no matter whether you pay in gold, or silver or greenbacks?"

"Certainly. You will never be asked in making a purchase, in what kind of money you intend to pay, and the price of the article remains the same, too."

"This is true, if you buy at home, but is it likewise true, when you buy abroad?"

"I never heard of a distinction being made. If I buy $100 worth of goods in England, I owe $100, and cancel my indebtedness by paying that amount in any kind of legal tender."

"True enough, as far as the figure mentioned goes. But there is a point that ought to make you wary, if you considered it properly. All the countries of Europe are mono-metallist, whilst we are bi-metallist. Don't you think that there is some reason for this, and that it will one way or the other reflect on us?"

"Yes, I know, Europe discarded silver. But President Andrews, of Brown University, says: 'The ostracism of silver began in ignorance, not at all in that circumspection and deliberation which must have marked it, had it been a true instance of economic evolution, like the discarding of stage-coaches or the abolition of slavery.'"

"Be it so. It will not change the fact, that Europe counts by a gold standard, whilst we try the impossibility of running business on a double standard."

"Why an impossibility? What have we got to do with Europe? Is not our country large and wealthy enough to have its own standard of coin, without following in the wake of Europe?"

"Allow me to tell you that this reply is a piece of American conceit. What have we got to do with Europe, you ask. Our very existence depends on Europe, I tell you."

"Now, now, don't say too much. Is there anything necessary for man that this country does not produce? And are we not in this way perfectly self-supporting? Can we not consequently do without Europe? I am very much afraid the conceit is on your side, not ours."

"Well, Sam, if our country could preserve an even balance between supply and demand, your argument would hold good. But it does not. In some articles our supply greatly exceeds the home demands: hence we are bound to export, whilst in other articles we are compelled to import from abroad, since our demand is larger than our own supply. Therefore we need Europe."

"Good enough, but Europe needs us likewise. Where would it be without our breadstuffs, our cotton, etc.?"

"Let us take it for granted that Europe really could not get its supplies any where else, and would be bound to buy from us and sell to us. This will just bring us to the point. The more we sell there or buy from there, the more we lose on account of our silver coining."

"This statement is simply paradoxical. The more we have to sell, the richer we get."

"Not at all, if the standard of money is a different one, as I shall prove to you. When Europe had yet its double standard, the ratio between gold and silver was there 1 to 15, whilst in America it was 1 to 16, that is

to say, 1 pound of gold equalled in market value 15 or 16 pounds of silver. But, as the market value of gold remained pretty stationary, the value of silver fluctuated very much, and hence the face value and bullion value of silver coins hardly ever agreed. This consideration induced the European powers to abandon the silver standard altogether, whilst we, through the scheming of owners of silver mines and their henchmen, continued it, and even compelled our government to buy large quantities of silver above their market value. As no one wanted to be burdened with such heavy coin, the government kept the bullion in its vaults and issued silver certificates, redeemable nominally in silver, but really in gold, as there was no other means of upholding the credit of the country."

"Well, and by doing so we upheld the credit, and who is the worse for it?"

"Have a little patience, Sam. I am not through. In consequence of the action of Europe, silver, at all times unsteady, was depreciated more and more. Our silver dollars were worth in 1890 eighty-seven cents, in 1892 sixty-seven, 1893 sixty, 1894 less than 50 cents, that is, one half of their face value."

"Supposing so, it makes no difference as long as it is legal tender, because it remains convertible into gold."

"Yes, amongst ourselves. Then it is the general government that loses the millions and imperils its credit. But in international transactions the blow strikes home directly to the individual. For instance, you buy a $100 worth of goods in Europe. There, owing to the gold standard, everything is payable in gold or its equivalent. In order to pay that bill you have to buy gold, which at present costs you $200 in silver. You pay $200 for goods worth $100, and, in order to save yourself, you sell these imported goods at twice their nominal cost, since your customers may pay you in silver or equivalent greenbacks. On the other side a European buys from you a $100 worth of corn and pays you in your own silver. It costs him only $50 of his gold. He defrays all the expenses of shipment and sells your goods at home at a lower figure than he paid for them, thus underselling you and killing your competition. In other words, our exports bring us 50 per cent. of their face value, our imports cost us 200 per cent. of their face value. Everything in the markets sells for far more than its comparative value, and our profits are lost. The balance of trade is against us."

"I never thought of it in this light before, Mick, and it is not a pleasant outlook."

"Yet this is not all. We are a nation of debtors. A great many of our boasted improvements were made with European capital: we owe Europe about 7,000 millions of dollars in railroad bonds, mortgages, etc. This capital and the interests thereof are payable in gold. Thus our gold reserve is constantly drained, and the depreciated silver remains at home. What will the consequence be? In a short time our gold will be all gone and we cannot satisfy our obligations to Europe except at a ruinous price. It is this that stagnates business and brings about the hard times. And supposing Europe, distrusting our financial policy, calls back its money, takes these thousands of millions from us in short order, will this not paralyze all business and leave us bankrupts?"

"But what about the seignorage, which intended to equalize the two standards?"

"It could not and would not equalize them. Under seignorage we understand the difference between the cost of a mass of bullion and the face value of the pieces coined from it. At present $1,000 of bullion would give us 2,000 buzzard dollars. Now, it was proposed by the patrons of free coinage to partly indemnify the government for its losses, by allowing it to retain 20 per cent of the difference. It is an attempt to make the government an accomplice of a swindling scheme, under which the national credit becomes hopelessly involved. Up to date, the financial misrule of congress entailed a direct national loss of some one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and it is hard to say, when and where it will stop."

"So you are against the coining of silver?"

"Absolutely so. The stoppage does not entail any real losses. It only prevents speculators from acquiring millions at the expense of the nation. We will have to give up our conceit, and march hand in hand with Europe."

"But in such a case wages and every

article in the market would get lower, and the common people would find it impossible to live decently."

"Not at all. This is all moonshine, put before the people by cunning rogues. If a man can buy more with $100 then, than he can now with $200, a dollar's wages then is worth more than $2 now. Not the face value of the coin decides the standard of wages, but the purchasing power thereof. It is just this which the people cannot seemingly understand, because they are told that the more money a man gets, the richer he becomes. This would only be true, if the standard and purchasing power of the money remained the same. Otherwise it is a fallacy. During our civil war, the Confederate States paid enormous sums for the commodities of life. Did any one get rich by it? What was the difference between a man who was paid $100 a day and had to pay $600 for a pair of boots, and a man working for $1 a day and buying his boots for $6? I cannot see any."

"Neither can I."

THE PEOPLE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE catechism has been justly styled the people's philosophy. Jauffray, one of the representatives of infidel philosophy, could not deny it. These are the words he made use of when addressing a numerous audience of the Sorbonne on the resume of Catholic doctrine contained in the catechism: "There is a little book which children are taught and about which they are questioned in church; read this little book, which is the catechism, and you will find therein the solution of all the questions that I have treated, of all without exception. Ask the Christian whence comes the human race, he knows; whither it goes, he knows; how it goes, he knows. Ask this little child why it is here below, what will happen to it after death, he will give you a truly sublime answer which he does not understand, but which is none the less admirable. Ask him how the world has been created, and for what purpose; why God has placed animals and plants thereon; how the earth has been peopled, whether by one family or many; why people speak in divers tongues, why they suffer, why they struggle and how will all this end—he knows the answer. Origin of the world, the origin of species, questions of race, man's destiny in this life and in the next, man's relations to God, man's duty to his fellow-men, man's rights over creation, he is ignorant of none of these things, and when he grows older he will not hesitate about natural law, or political law, or international law, for all that flows with clearness and is of itself from Christianity. That is what I call a grand religion: I recognize it by this sign that it does not leave unanswered any of the questions that interest humanity."

The Star of the Sea.

Have you sailed on the summer sea,
When the radiant day is done,
And the light in the face of the waters,
Fades with the sinking sun?

Have you looked toward the western sky
And seen (like a glow-worm's ray)
Enter the gleam of a star,
Soft o'er the good ship's way?

It is but a star in the west,
That we know as the Evening Star;
But to pious hearts it serves
As a lamp on an altar far.

And 'tis said of the Portuguese,
That wherever on the deep they be,
They greet with the prayer, "Hail Mary!"
This fair, sweet Star of the Sea.

GOD chooses those whom the world treats with contempt, because ordinarily this contempt turns man to Him.—ST. GREGORY.

WE are exhorted to lead a life of austerity during the days of Lent, to make reparation at this holy season for the negligence of other times.—ST. BENEDICT.

CHASTITY without charity is a lamp without oil. Take away the oil and the lamp goes out. Take away charity and chastity has no charm.—ST. BERNARD.

A FERVENT charity is the powerful battering ram with which we shall beat down those proud walls, those material elements, within which men would confine us.

IT is a serious thing to die, it is a more serious thing to live. So as it is a great and glorious thing to die, it is a thing greater and more glorious and god-like to live a resigned, active and blessed, if not happy life.

THOMAS a KEMPIS.

BY P. A. B.

For the Carmelite Review.

In September last Kempen, the birthplace of Thomas Hamerken, (better known as Thomas a Kempis) celebrated the six hundredth anniversary of its existence as a town. The village received all the old-time rights of a town in 1294 through Siegfried von Westerburg, Prince-Archbishop of Cologne, in which diocese Kempen is situated. The chief feature of the celebration lately held was a procession with allegorical floats on which different groups showed the historical happenings in the little town and represented the chief celebrities of the place. The festivities were closed by a grand display of fireworks in the evening. A souvenir album containing the biographies of thirteen famous writers whose birthplace was Kempen was also gotten up for the occasion. Of these writers the foremost of Kempen's great sons was Thomas Hamerken, known throughout Christendom as the author of the "Imitation of Christ."

Very few Catholics can be found who have not read or heard of the "Imitation," still the life of the author is but little known. Thomas Hamerken of Kempen was born in the year 1380. He was educated under celebrated masters at Deventer. He entered the Augustinian Order at Agnesburg in 1407, and was ordained priest in 1423. He led a very holy and retired life and spent many years in the education of youth. He was a prolific writer. His works include sermons, biographies, moral essays, etc., but all of these are obscured by the little book which has made him famous and so endeared him to us all. No book outside of the bible has been so widely circulated, nor has any publication been translated into so many languages. There has been some dispute as to the authorship of the "Imitation," but Thomas a Kempis will be always considered the author. Thomas a Kempis died May 1st, 1471, in his ninety-first year.

A strong devotion to the Blessed Virgin was one of the most noticeable things in the life of Thomas a Kempis. He had a pious custom of saluting the Mother of God with the angel by the words "Ave Maria." Whenever he passed a statue of the Blessed Virgin he always saluted it with a "Hail Mary." By this practice he obtained many favors from Mary. Nevertheless, some companions, with whom he was not sufficiently on his guard, by little and little turned him away from his devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He had no longer the same ardor for prayer and holy communion. He was brought back to his old devotion in a miraculous manner. One night in a dream he said he saw Mary, who was pleased to shed a thousand graces on several of his fellow students. He anxiously awaited his turn to receive the same favors, but the Blessed Virgin presenting herself before him said in a stern voice: "What do you expect, you who have ceased to salute me? What has become of those *Ares* you used so often to address to me? Go, you ungrateful one, you no longer deserve my protection." Thomas awoke and immediately resumed his accustomed prayers. He long wept over his past tepidity, and shunned, with particular care, the company of those who had no devotion to Mary.

A Common Error.

The most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought, and never will be while the world stands: and the sooner the truth is learned the better for everyone. If you doubt the proposition go around among your friends and acquaintances and select those who have the most employment through life. Are they idlers and pleasure seekers or the earnest workers? We know what your answer will be. Of the miserable human beings it has been our fortune or misfortune to know they were most wretched who had retired from useful employment to enjoy themselves.

As God sent us into the world with hands and brains to provide for our bodily wants, so He gave us prayer as the grand means by which we may supply all our needs in the spiritual order.—St. Chrysostom.

LOVED BY TWO MOTHERS.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY MARY CECILIA CHOMEL.

IT is the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The vesper service has just ended in the pretty village church. With the exception of a few who linger in adoration before the tabernacle, as if loth to leave the Unseen Dweller therein, the worshippers have departed.

The last rays of the sinking sun linger on the softly tinted window, as if their last caress were for the Divine Child depicted therein. And as it sinks lower, lower, wavers, then disappears, a last gleam rests for an instant, like a halo, on the statute of Our Lady.

Many persons are entering the church, among them the worshippers, who but recently quitted the Divine Presence. A young and happy-faced man leads the party. As the threshold is crossed, a reverential manner replaces the air of suppressed excitement that pervades the assemblage.

The venerable priest advances from the sacristy. Many years has he officiated in the little church; it is the pride of his heart. And, though a younger man is there to assist in the more arduous duties of the priestly offices, no ceremony of importance can be conducted without the ministration of the aged and beloved pastor.

Father Joseph had married the parents but three short years ago, and he alone may make of their first-born a child of God.

Marie Lassere was the prettiest, as well as the sweetest-tempered girl in all the village. And, as on the day of her marriage to Jules Vernon, all the people from far and near hastened to the church to participate in her happiness, so they now came to assist at the baptism of her child.

After the ceremony all would return to the home of the parents, and join with them in the thanksgiving for the treasure confided to them by heaven.

Everybody said Jules and Marie were specially favored in the possession of such a child. And certainly he was an uncommonly handsome little fellow. Nobody could remember to have seen such a remarkably bright pair of eyes, and such a mass of curly black hair on one so young. So good, too: he seemed actually to smile when the kind father placed the salt on his little tongue. "Oh! the little darling:" whispered the old ladies.

To be sure he was a little older than most children are when they receive baptism: but Marie had said he should be baptized on Our Lady's Feast. "He shall belong to the Blessed Virgin."

"But he might die," objected the old pastor.

"No, the Blessed Mother will take care of him." So she had her own way.

"God bless and keep him," whispered the old priest, as he pressed the father's hand in parting. "God bless him," reiterated friends as they left the church. "God bless him," shouted the children as they scrambled for the candy scattered along the way by the happy god-mother.

"God bless my precious darling," fervently prayed the young mother, as she received her child at the door of her home. Then, turning to an image of Mary Immaculate, she raised her boy towards heaven, and supplicated the Blessed Mother to receive him as her very own. "O Mary, help me to make of him even what you would wish him to be. To you I consecrate his life."

* * * * *

"Mary, I love you," lisped the baby lips before the dawn of reason. "Sweet Mary, good night," whispered the child at the mother's knee each night.

"Good morning, Mother, dear Mother," joyously exclaimed the eager boy each morning as his first awakening glance rested on the image of Mary Immaculate by the side of his little bed.

"I love you, dear Mother;" and the curly head bows reverently as the sweet tones of the Angelus break the stillness of the quiet village.

Why did he love that unseen Mother more than his own darling earthly mother? Why did he constantly murmur endearing words and practice little acts of devotion, the meaning of which was incomprehensible to the uninformed mind? It was enough for him that his mother loved. She it was who taught him. His love for his heavenly Mother was incorporated in his

very being; it was inseparably united to his love for his earthly mother.

"I love you, dear Mother," placing on the altar clusters of fragrant flowers. He is older now, but not too old to throw the same baby kisses to her whom he loves above all things.

"I am so sorry I have been naughty, dear Mother," as he knelt at Mary's altar on the evening of his first confession, "Naughty!" The white-haired priest found not in that pure soul sufficient stain for absolution.

"I told the Blessed Mother how sorry I am for being naughty, mother," slipping his hand into hers on leaving the church, and continuing with a pleading look, "won't she love me just the same as ever."

"Yes, my darling."

"And does it grieve her so much for any one to offend Jesus?"

"Yes, my child, more than anything else possibly could. Those who love Jesus are assured of the favor of Mary."

"I love Jesus, O so much, and every day I ask Mary to make me love Him more truly. Would He be displeased, mother, because I love His Mother so much?"

"No; He loves best those souls who honor His Mother."

"Good night, dear Mother, I love you more than ever." The last waking thought is of Mary, and in his dreams he receives her caresses.

* * * * *

Friends are again assembled in the village church. This time other boys are with him. He is to receive for the first time the dweller in the tabernacle.

Handsome, manly, in comely dress, yet alike unconscious of admiring glances and the "God bless him," so oft repeated as on that other day. In humble reverence, with a heart aflame with love, he awaits the coming of his king. "Jesus, Mary, I love you," repeated again and again. "O Mary give Him to me; from your hand I expect Him." And the voiceless prayer, as the time for His coming draws near, becomes an intense longing, a consuming love.

For long months he has prepared. He knows his Christian doctrine perfectly. He was easily taught, said priest and teacher. They prepared him for months; his mother began on that Feast of the Immaculate Conception long years ago.

The Scapular is given him: to the foot of Mary's altar he goes. "Sweet Mother, may it be ever my privilege to wear your livery in life, and at the hour of my death I will deliver it to you."

That night five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys, the prayers of the Scapular, were added to the usual devotions. "And mother, not a single day will I omit them."

"Mother," he said, as he bade her good night, "I am glad you called me Joseph. St. Joseph was nearer Our Lady than anybody else on earth, was he not?"

"Yes. To him was given the privilege of guarding her and the Holy Infant."

"I cannot guard her as St. Joseph did: but, perhaps he will obtain for me the grace of true devotion to his holy spouse."

"My child," said the mother, "God has given you a mission as noble as was St. Joseph's. He has implanted in your heart a great love for His Mother, and He imposes on you the obligation of ever so guarding this treasure that it may never be wounded, but that Mary may have the constant devotion of a sinless heart."

"I will try to perform my sacred duty as did St. Joseph. You will pray for me, mother, that I shall never fail."

* * * * *

A few years later, and he is conducting a business of his own. For him school days were but a short period: he was never idle. He studied too hard, so said his teachers.

He is handsome, his manner is winning, genuine is the admiration of his friends. And yet so unspoiled is he, that the parents fear nothing. A brilliant future is predicted for him.

Each evening, at the hour when the last rays of the sun form a halo, he kneels at Mary's altar for the "Good night." "She will protect him," say the father and mother.

* * * * *

A brilliantly lighted apartment, in a distant city. The appointments proclaim a lavish expenditure of wealth. The throng, composed of men, is great. They are faultlessly attired. Diamonds flash, but their light is rivalled by the fire and intense excitement that glow in the eyes of their owners. The low murmur of conversation is incessant. Many of the men are seated

at small tables—green covered tables, and it is a gambling hall.

Not the resort of the lowly players, but the palace where men of wealth and fashion congregate: where princely fortunes are made and lost—for the stakes are in keeping with the magnificence of the surroundings. No son of toil enters here: he must be content with the common resorts. But for his master the vulgarity of vice must be concealed by the glamour of wealth. The excitement becomes more intense, the voices are raised, the click of the money grows louder.

A handsome young man is seated at one of the tables. His face bears an expression of innocence that ill accords with his occupation. There is something familiar in his face and figure.

Another scene, a village church, a young man kneeling at the altar of Mary. Yes they are the same. The rapt expression that then denoted tender love is now a consuming passion for play.

But how came he here? The client of Mary in the stronghold of her bitterest enemy; the village youth in the haunt of men of wealth. They are there by reason of money, he by a superior knowledge of the game. Men crowd around his chair. Even here his personal magnetism is irresistible.

When did he learn that he possessed that fatal power? One day a companion brought a pack of cards. It was dreary: would Joseph play with him for awhile?

Good naturedly laying aside his book, Joseph permitted himself to be instructed in the intricacies of card-playing, of which he knew nothing, but had always considered an uninteresting pastime.

Astonished at the facility with which he handled the cards, the friend came again. Then he brought others with him. None could win a single game. Still Joseph cared not for his skill, nor did the open admiration of his friends make any impression. He simply played for the pleasure it gave to others.

One day the father proposed that Joseph visit the city. He deserved a little recreation. Not without many misgivings did the mother consent to the proposal. The great city was to her a place of unknown terrors.

"But what harm can come to the boy?" demanded the father, and as she could give no satisfactory reason for her fear, it was decided that he should go.

"Don't forget 'good morning and good night,'" she whispered when he came for her farewell kiss.

"Never fear, little mother," he answered. "Every evening until you return to go yourself, I shall kneel in your place at Mary's altar, and say it for you."

"And I will tell my angel to bring my 'good night' while you are there."

The great city was a wonderland to the village youth. Whole days were spent in sight seeing. Sometimes a day in one of the parks, another in the wonderful mazes of the city streets.

Returning to the hotel later than usual one evening, he was attracted by the sounds of music issuing from a brilliantly lighted building. Having no idea of the character of the place, and seeing others enter he followed in their wake. Passing through several hallways and illuminated chambers, he presently found himself in a splendid apartment. Attracted by a group of men surrounding one of the tables he drew near and observed that they were engaged in a game of cards. After watching them for some time, one of the players requested some one to take his place: Joseph took the cards from his hand. The spectators and players smiled pityingly at the country boy, but ere long they were lost in wondering astonishment. Never had they seen one so young play with so much skill.

All night long the play continued, and when at last the dawn broke, Joseph, pale and trembling, arose from the table. His winnings were large. Carelessly thrusting the money in his pocket, he left the place and sought his hotel. Only then did he realize what he had done. Overcome with sorrow, he threw himself on his bed, nor did he rise until near set of sun. Then he made his way to Mary's altar, and with a heart of anguish, he begged for pardon and protection.

Long and earnestly he prayed, for the passion for play was now almost stronger than he. The money was still in his pocket: it was like a weight on his heart. What should he do with it? A voice whispered, "Ask the advice of the priest who has just entered the confessional." No, he would return it to the gambling house.

then he would come again for God's pardon and Mary's "good night."

Leaving the church, he made his way to the brilliant salon, and approached the man surrounded by stacks of gold. He is greeted with smiles. They had expected him. His partners of the night before crowd around him: he is drawn to a table. No, he will not play. They insist, and he hesitates and yields.

Once more it is morning as he makes his exit. This time no repentant thoughts accompany him to his couch. Physically unstrung, his mind in a whirl, he sleeps the sleep of utter exhaustion. But suddenly he starts up; his hand clutches at something—it is a Scapular. He kneels by his bed, and five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys, the prayers of the Scapular, are recited. Then he sleeps again.

Home, parents, friends know him no more. But one idea possesses his mind—the gambling table. Handling large sums of money, it has no value for him except as a means of gratifying his passion. In the gambling hall it is won, there it goes. Among men he is known as generous-hearted. The unfortunate never passes him without help. Outside of the gambling hall he spends his time in solitude. Pleasant to all, he is familiar with none.

* * * * *

The nervous strain is telling on him. His face is pale, his eyes shine with unnatural brightness. At times he trembles as if with palsy, and his now feeble frame is often racked with a painful cough. The mind, too, is less brilliant.

More attenuated he grows, more haggard his face. A wild restlessness in his eyes. "He will not live long: his mind is gone;" says the physician.

His passion for play has abated: the gaming table sees him no more. The once irreproachable dress is uncared for. For former associates he has no word. Phantoms trouble his sleep. "Lost, lost," they whisper in his ear until he springs up in agony. An insupportable weight presses his head. Drink, drink to still the pain. And yet the voices of the phantoms whisper insidiously day and night. Those who have admired him personally, but execrated his mode of life, are tender with him, those whose sufferings he has often relieved give him watchful care.

During all this time the Scapular, the livery of Mary, has never left his neck. In his wildest moments he parts not with it. With unfailing regularity, when the poor brain knows not the duty it performs, five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys ascend daily to heaven.

There came to him one day the memory of the village home, the church, his parents, and Mary, his own sweet Mother. How long since he has said "Good night." "O God," he cried, "how have I treated my parents? My mother, lives she still? Does she know the life I have led?"

"O God, O God, I cannot endure the thought of my parents: it drives me wild."

At last he becomes calm. The thought of his Mother in heaven has moved his soul. For hours he prays to her as of old. Once more his happy guardian angel bears aloft his greeting to Mary. Reason has returned; he calls for a priest. It is but a short time, to him it seems hours, until a priest kneels by his bedside, and his soul is rendered as stainless as it was on that feast of the Immaculate Conception, long years ago, when the white-haired pastor of the village church administered a similar sacrament. The Dweller in the tabernacle comes to him once more, and for the last time.

"Mother, sweet Mother, I am so sorry. Tell Jesus for me. Your livery I bring, Moth—," the lips murmur inarticulately—the heart is stilled.

The look of heavenly peace on the dead face is awe-inspiring. A face as innocent as a child's. One hand clasps something at the neck: it is a frayed piece of brown cloth, a Scapular.

It is the hour when the mother kneels in the village church to send greetings to Mary for her son. When will not a mother's love, the mother on earth, the Mother in heaven, triumph?

OBITUARY.

Our readers are asked to remember prayerfully the souls of the following: Patrick Deloughery and Mrs. James Deloughery; for the soul of Mrs. Madigan; Thomas Murray, lately deceased in Michigan; of Ven. Sr Elizabeth, I.B.V.M., whose soul took its happy flight to heaven at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont., Nov. 18th; of Mrs. Elizabeth Mittler, who died Nov, 15th, at Buffalo, N. Y; of Miss Lucy Cosgrove, who died at Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 22nd; for Mrs. Mayberry, of Trenton, Ont., who died Sept. 7th. R. I. P.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Miss Matilda Cummings.

LET us begin the glad New Year with the roundelay of the children,—

"Over and over again,
This is the song we sing."

Another year! Its echo is from the chime of Auld Lang Syne, "soft, gentle and low," even as the voice of one's mother. Its coming finds us up and doing, bright with hope, and full of generous resolves, our lips framing the word sweeter than honey and the honeycomb, whose utterance blesses the New Year. Jesus! the joy of angels and men! Surely 'tis our beginning and our end, the fulfillment of all our hopes and the completion of all our joys. No wonder that St. Bernard found in it such wells of honeyed sweetness as to make him as it were inebriated with its essence. Oh! be it the strength of the coming year with its hidden scroll of joys and sorrows. May this Holy Name be burned into our hearts with the hot iron of a glowing love. May it be to us, one and all, as a soothing balm for hearts that grow sick and sore as the years roll on and the iron of sorrow enters our soul. Oh! for the heart of a little child to greet the glad New Year. How delightful the zest with which the young enter upon a new era in life—so be it with us all—for why should the heart grow old? There's nothing like the faith for keeping fresh and young the field of the soul. So let us all quicken our lagging steps—press onward to the goal, almost in sight for some of us. Heaven is so near, and its pathways of earth are *not* all through the sandy desert, or the treeless plain. So many suffer their courage to waver and their buoyancy to die out because of an overstrained vision which *will* sight the coming storm, overlooking in their eagerness the patches of bright blue in the sky overhead. Why not deceive one's self into spreading them out far and wide. Why not let the delusion be on the side of a bright unfaltering hope. We all begin the year with new resolutions—not a score of them. Experience has taught us that 'tis well to be very chary of those promises made in the heat of a sunny day. No, let them be passing few, but oh! let us write in great round characters: *I will take heart of hope!* 'Tis the sore pressing need of our day and our souls. Oh! for a St. Francis de Sales to come among us who need him as much as those of Geneva, whom he saved from the perils of heresy, low spirits, and disloyal views of God, and faint reliance on that Providence, devotion to which we would do well to cultivate. These are the evils of well-meaning souls. These are the wounds of which our dear Lord complained that He received them in the house of His friends.

"What *can* I do but trust thee Lord?
That trust my heart will cheer;
And love must learn to live abashed
Beneath continual fear."

There is no alternative. We are in His hands—the dear Baby hands that are stretched out to us now at the beginning of another year. Why not yield to His infant wiles so full of a winning love? Surely there is nothing in the sweet Babe of Bethlehem to intimidate the faintest heart. And let us strive to keep Him as the Infant God, whose eyes speak only low, whose heart knows only tenderness, who beckons us to come nigh to His Mother Mary and ours. Why, near His crib we may sport with Him in the sweet familiarities of a childish love. Mary will give Him to us when our hearts plead for Him, because they are cold. With Him comes delicious warmth and sweet rest. So let us press Him close to our breasts, this darling of Mary's heart, dear Brother of our souls. Let the year '95 know no thought of Him save that of a childish confidence, an abounding trust, an all embracing hope. Hope!—Let our every prayer be for it. Why distrust Him who fairly yearns to do us good? What a joy it is to trust those we love, and our hearts go out to those who confide in us poor, weak, helpless creatures as we are. What then shall we say of our dear Lord? Words are empty things, let our hearts speak in the one silent strain. "In thee have I hoped, let me not be confounded forever." And now before the lamps are lighted, and we leave this first "Twilight

Talk" of the New Year, let us say one word of the apostle of confidence in God. The sweet St. Francis de Sales, of whom St. Vincent de Paul said he was the most perfect imitator of Jesus Christ that ever lived. His feast falls on January 29, and so he is a fitting patron for the glad New Year. Listen to him as he gives us a maxim for it:

"We have to deal with a Master who is lavish of His great mercy on all those who invoke it. He will quit us of a debt of ten thousand talents, if we beg it of Him."

Let us take it to our souls and feed on its comfort. The gentle Bishop of Geneva, he who delighted in being called a Savoyard, so great was his simplicity, he will teach us this lesson of eternity. To trust our Lord in all, and for all, and so we will begin in time the eternal years of God, full of peace and sweet security. How could it be otherwise? His will is our sanctification. Let us do it and this year will work miracles. 'Twill make us saints.

PETITIONS.

Mr. L., Taylor's Isle, Md., prays for a conversion; M. T., Detroit, Mich., asks a special favor; I. H. T., Boston, a husband's return to the church; Sr G., Louisville, desires prayers for divers intentions.

Thanks are returned for favors received through Our Lady by D. Z., N. Y. City.

Prayers are asked for a mother that her health may be restored; for brothers that they may reform, attend to their duties and get good situations; for the prosperity of a young man in his profession; for the successful sale of some property and that stolen money may be restored.

The prayers of our readers are also requested for one who is in danger of becoming totally blind.

Our kind readers are requested in their charity to pray for the following intentions: Miss K. A. W.'s special intention; for Mrs. H. F. G., of New York City, to obtain restoration of health; for the brother and his family of Rev. D. L. M., grace of happy death to a young man; conversion of the lukewarm of a certain parish; for conversion to true faith of Mrs. J. C. W.; also for another conversion; for mother of T. F. S., to obtain relief; a religious asks prayers for a relative, who was instantly killed, also for the distressed family; Mrs. J. L. asks prayers that her eye may be restored, also asks prayers for her son, Jno. J. L.; for the aversion of hog cholera, which threatens to destroy means of living of benefactors in the West; Mrs. P. C. asks prayers to obtain a cure from eczema; a mother and wife asks prayers for her husband's conversion to his religious and family duties, and that he may give up drink; prayers are asked for two persons to obtain work, for a mother's health, that a member may quit drinking, that another may go to his duty, and that a young lady may gain health in Colorado; for Mrs. J. McC., to obtain relief in suffering; M. E., Pittsburg, Pa., asks prayers to be cured from nervousness, also that the members of the family may obtain steady work; for recovery of a mother and four children; Mrs. M. W. asks that her husband may be restored to her; Miss F. W. asks for grace of a cure or a happy death; three conversions; a temporal favor; R. N. asks prayers for a friend who has not yet made first Communion, for a situation for her brother and for particular intentions.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

"I wish to have thanks returned for a singular favor obtained through the Scapular of our Blessed Lady. Not long ago the straw stack near my cousin's barn burned down; it was almost as large as the barn and as near it that it was, as many remarked, 'a miracle that the barn did not burn down with it.' I threw a Scapular into the water used to quench the fire, and soon after the wind turned from the barn, and the barn was saved.

"Miss M. Sch., Wis."

Prayers of thanksgiving are asked in honor of Blessed Gerard Majella, C. S. S. R., for eyesight preserved.

Favors Received for the New Hospice.

We gratefully acknowledge cancelled postage stamps received from R. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss A. M. N., Lisbon, N. D.; Miss E. M. O'B., Manchester, N. H.; Miss K. C., Philadelphia, Pa.; Ven. Srs. St. M., Waco, Tex.; Miss M. B. McD., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; B. S.; M. S., Montreal, P. Que.; Miss M. M. O'D., Admaston, Ont.; Miss L. J., Ellaton, Ont.; M. W., Beechwood, Ont.; Miss S. M. F., Clarksburg, Ont.; Miss M. St. A., Wallaceburg, Ont.; Mrs. H. G. D., Latrobe, Pa.; Ven. Sr. M. B. McE., Parkersburg, W. Va.; Miss E. D., Antrim, Pa.; K. McD.; Miss N. H., Lyndon Station, Wis.; Miss K. C., South Framingham, Mass.; M. McC., Stratford, Ont.; D. M., London, Ont.; M. M., Port Credit, Ont.; J. P. S., New York City; Mrs. F. T., Arnprior, Ont.; Ven. Sr. M. B., Buffalo, N. Y.; Niss N. J. M., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss T. W., Centreville, Ont.; Miss R., Galveston, Tex.; J. S., Findlay, Ohio; D. McS., Canton, Mass.

We also acknowledge, gratefully, having received other favors from Ven. Sr. M. B. McE., Parkersburg, W. Va.; Miss M. D., Niagara Falls, Ont.; Miss T. W., Centreville, Ont.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, ONT., FEBRUARY, 1895. NO. 2

Flowers For Our Lady's Altar on Candlemas Day.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY SISTER B.

THERE are ways, our Lady knows them,
And her children all should know
How to find a flower for Mary
Underneath the deepest snow.

How to weave a lovely garland,
Winter though it be, and cold,
How to buy the rarest offering
Costing something, but not gold.

How to buy, and buy them dearly,
Gifts that she will love to take,
Nor to grudge the cost but give it
Cheerfully for Mary's sake.

Does this seem so strange an offering,
Nay, indeed, 'tis something new:
All can give her noble presents,
Shall I tell you of a few?

What were those the Magi offered,
Gold and myrrh and frankincense?
They, you say, were saints and monarchs,
That makes quite a difference.

Well, 'tis sometimes hard to listen
To a word unkind or cold,
And to smile a loving answer:
Do it, and you give her gold.

Thoughts of her in work or study
Are small grains of incense rare:
Cast upon a burning censer,
Rise in perfumed clouds of prayer.

Here are sometimes bitter fancies,
Little murmurs that will stir
Even a loving heart—but crush them,
And you give our Lady myrrh.

Give your little crosses to her,
Which each day, each hour, befall;
They remind her of her Jesus,
So she loves them best of all.

Some seem very poor and worthless,
Yet, however small and slight,
Given to her by one who loves her
They are precious in her sight.

One may be so hard to carry
That your hands will bleed and smart;
Go and take it to her altar,
Go and place it in her heart.

Check your tears, and try to love it,
Love it as His sacred will;
Thus you set your crown with jewels,
Make your gift more precious still.

There are souls, alas too many,
Who forgot that Jesus died,
Who forgot that sin forever
Is the lance to pierce His side.

Ah! poor sinners, Mary loves them,
And she knows no royal gem
Half so noble, or so precious,
As the prayers you say for them.

Then resign some little pleasure,
Give it her instead to win
Help for some poor heart in peril,
Grace for some poor soul in sin.

Flowers! I should never finish
If I tried to count them too,
If I told you how to know them,
In what garden plot they grew.

Yet I think that each one guesses
They are emblems, and we trace
In the loveliest and the rarest,
Acts of love and gifts of grace.

And such flowers will never wither,
They are not of mortal birth,
And such garlands given to Mary
Die not like the gifts of earth.

Surely now you cannot tell me
That you have no gift to lay
At the feet of our dear mother,
Any hour, any day.

Give her now, to-day, forever,
One great gift, the first and best;
Give your heart to her and ask her
How to give her all the rest.

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,

Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUED.

MR. McMASTER did not usually soften his words in writing on any subject in which a principle was involved that he strongly believed. He had freely exercised his privilege of criticising the military preparations of the War Secretary, and hence he soon came in conflict with the Lincoln administration, and, in one of those arbitrary fits in which Secretary Seward used to indulge, Mr. McMaster was arrested by the United States marshall in 1861, and the publication of the *Freeman's Journal* was suppressed. The affair created a great sensation, not only in New York, but all over the country, which was intensified by his incarceration in Fort Lafayette, where he was kept confined for eleven months without any charge whatsoever. Many of the papers allowed to stand—for this journal was not the only one Mr. Seward suppressed—expressed themselves warmly in regard to this particular case, the unanimous sentiment being this generous utterance of a journal, in some sense this paper's rival then—the Boston *Pilot:*

"We can speak for the *Freeman's Journal*. And we can say, in all truth, that no journal of the North has denounced the treacherous doings of the South more sternly and more strongly than did Mr. McMaster's paper. Its language has not been ungentlemanly or abusive, but firm and dignified."

McMaster, after his release, spoke several times of his imprisonment in Fort Lafayette and described the horrible battle that raged within him at what he considered the outrageous treatment to which he had been subjected. For twenty-four hours, he declared, he had but one thought, one desire—to escape by any possible means and fly to Washington and wreak a summary vengeance on the man responsible for it, and then calmly await the consequence. The reason of the strong, fierce man won the victory, and throwing himself on his knees he protested that he would not jeopardize his salvation by stealing the prerogative of the God of vengeance. For the sake of justice, for the sake of upholding the constitution and Union, McMaster suffered this unjust imprisonment.*

On his release the publication of the paper was resumed on April 19, 1862, and although its criticisms of the government were none the less outspoken, it was not again molested.

In August, 1863, occurred the famous draft riots in New York. We need not indulge in any extensive description of those terrible days and weeks, for the record of them can be found in the history books. What should be noted is the fact that the workingmen and Irish people were charged by the daily papers with being not only concerned with the riots, but also with the destruction of private property and the cold-blooded murders which disgraced the city. It was an undoubted fact that many of the honest people of the city were growing tired of the war, with its weary years of bloodshed, and, in view of the fact that President Lincoln was even then negotiating for a healing of the breach between the States, were disinclined to submit to what seemed an unnecessary drafting into the army. We can now see how wrong they were, but people then can be excused for short-sighted views. They protested and resisted the drafting officers, thus precipitating the riot. Upon this, as in all public troubles of a similar nature, the thieves and toughs emerged from their dens and began stealing and destroying private property in the general confusion. There was no clearer duty than that of putting down the mob at all costs, but the daily papers went too far when they charged the Irish and the workingmen with being thieves and murderers. This journal, true to its name and purpose, took up their cause and

*When McMaster was arrested the soldiers put manacles on his wrists. They hurried him into a carriage, but from its window McMaster thrust out his manacled hands to the public view of New York City as the conveyance hurried him to prison.

repelled the insults of the daily press with vigor and decisiveness.

On August 8th the columns of the paper contained a letter, dated October 18th, 1862, on the American War, from Pope Pius IX to Archbishop Hughes, deploring the awful fratricidal strife among a people dear to his heart, and praying Catholic prelates to exert themselves for peace.

If all American citizens were as loyal to the constitution of the United States and to all just laws of the State as McMaster was, our Republic would be the happiest in the world.

END OF CHAPTER IV.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

TAXATION AND CUSTOMS.

"Well, Mick, I am really curious to hear what you think of our system of taxation."

"Before I answer you, tell me what kind of taxation you have reference to. Is it federal or state taxes, direct or indirect ones?"

"Of course I mean any kind of taxes, levied by the authorities for any purpose."

"Taken in this comprehensive way, I answer that in my opinion our taxes, for the most part, are unjust in themselves, unjust in regard to apportionment, and unjust in the general system."

"Dear me! I was prepared to hear you object, but I confess I was not prepared for such a wholesale condemnation. It will be impossible for you to prove your assertion. How, for instance, can taxes be unjust in themselves? Has not any government a right to taxes, and was there ever a government carried on without them?"

"You are mixing up taxes and taxation. Certainly the right to taxation is an inherent right of any government, because those that enjoy the benefits of a well-established and well-conducted government, should also bear the burdens of the same. But the government, whilst using the right of taxing, may abuse its power in the practical execution in many ways. How far, according to your idea, Sam, does the right of taxation extend?"

"Naturally as far as the wants of the government."

"Well enough, but how far do the wants of the government extend?"

"That is a question more easily asked than answered. The wants of the government, as I look upon the matter, comprise all the expenses necessary for an efficient administration, proper representation, and the defense of territory, life, limb, and property of its subjects."

"Quite correct. Now, in the case that improvements, so called, are neither necessary nor in any way useful to these purposes, would you grant the right of taxation all the same?"

"No, certainly not. The government is, in justice, bound to refrain from raising more taxes than are necessary, and we Americans are constantly condemning Europe for raising millions to keep up the superfluous splendor of royalty and kindred matters."

"Yet we Americans are paying yearly millions of dollars for things just as superfluous as the splendors of royalty, and even more hurtful."

"I am not aware of any. What are they, pray?"

"We need not go far to find them. We fit up the White House annually with an expense of thousands, whilst the furniture, carpets, etc., might be used for years. We establish government or national parks, and spend thousands in beautifying them, though the nation, as such, receives no benefit from them. We squander millions every year in useless and unmerited pensions: we spend millions for high schools, which do not benefit the people, but the chosen few in easy circumstances, who could well afford to give their children a higher education at their own expense. The nation threw away millions of acres on railroads."

"This is not a tax."

"It is a tax, indirectly, because, depriving itself of this source of income, compels the government to resort to taxation for other purposes."

"But railroads are a public benefit, and would not have been built but for these government grants."

"Perhaps not by the same company, or at that time, but they certainly would have been built. Companies do not build rail-

roads to benefit the public, but themselves, and their profits, though smaller, would have been ample enough to induce them to build. The same holds good in regard to street cars. Cities gave away the most valuable franchises and taxed their citizens almost to confiscation for their misgovernment. How many thousands of dollars annually could and would have been saved in taxes, if simple justice had been done. Now, these are only a few examples to prove to you that a great many of our taxes are unjust in themselves, since they are not levied to defray legitimate expenses, but to enrich rings and combinations formed for the precise purpose of fattening at the public crib."

"I am well aware how much thieving and cheating is going on in these matters. But where is the remedy? People change party, they elect entirely new tickets, but the affairs remain the same. It is a change of names, not of system."

"This is the consequence of voting a ticket in the way it is done. Most of the voters act like ruminating animals: they chew the cud prepared for them by professional politicians. But as soon as they commence to disregard party, and on purpose refuse to vote for any one suggested by the politicians, but select their own upright and trustworthy candidates, matters will improve, and millions hitherto paid in useless taxes will be saved to the taxpayers."

"I am afraid, Mick, this day dream of yours is too beautiful, even to materialize with us. But I am anxious to hear what you have to say to your second charge, that our taxes are unjust in the apportionment."

"Well, Sam, do you really think that the taxes are imposed on the people on terms of fairness and equality?"

"As a rule they are, though, no doubt, there may be cases open to just complaint."

"I beg to differ from you. I am convinced that, as a rule, they are not, because of the system of assessment in vogue. It leaves the door open for any kind of favoritism or malice, and gives an opportunity to schemers to raise a much higher sum than the one sanctioned by the representatives of the people."

"How?"

"In this way: There is a city, the budget of which was put to the council and sanctioned. Some sums in it were purposely kept far below the real demand, in order not to awaken opposition. The council agreed to levy a tax of so many mills to cover the expenses. It naturally was calculated according to last year's assessment of property. But the board of assessors assess the property anew. A house, considered worth $2,000 last year, is worth $2,500 to the great surprise and dismay of the owner, who cannot imagine what change of circumstances rendered his possession more valuable. He complains, but in vain, because 'he does not know how to pull the wires.' Favoritism lowers the value of property, malice increases it. The sum aggregate exceeds the budget by thousands, which are used to hoodwink the taxpayers, and carry on public works at ruinous figures."

"This often enough happens, I grant. But in one way or the other the property has to be assessed."

"Certainly, but this could be done at stated periods of, for instance, five years, and it should not be left to the individual caprice of irresponsible men, and it should be done for all the property at once. Then, again, property has often a more or less fictitious value, and to determine the exact practical and taxable value of this fiction is a matter of great difficulty in which there is a good deal of sinning."

"Do you refer here to location in business centres and the like?"

"Yes, but not only. There are mines, railroads, steamboats, iron mills, fancy manufacturers, etc., which are never taxed in just proportion to the owners of little tumbledown shanties. They hardly pay a tithe of what they ought to pay, and thus burden the small holder, whilst they swell with riches."

"That may all be, but I cannot see how this can be avoided, since the profits derived from such enterprises depend as much on personal skill and business qualifications, as upon their net value."

"Certainly: hence both ought to be taken in consideration when assessing them. The same rule applies to any kind of business whatever. There is yet another matter I take exception to. Street-openings and improvements are charged to the owners of contiguous property, on the assumption that they are principally bene-

fited by them, though indirectly the whole city benefits. I consider this unjust."

"How can it be unjust? A man's unimproved property certainly gains in value by these improvements."

"And hence you think the city has a right to mulct him to the whole amount of this gain or even beyond it?"

"It never goes beyond it: it hardly ever reaches it."

"I beg again to differ from you, for I know cases where the owners of lots had to pay from $709 to $800 for improvements which did not increase the value of their property by $500, and I know a case where a city opened a street through a cemetery, rendering it hereby useless for its purposes. The city gave for the confiscated part of the property the sum of $1,800, and charged the cemetery for street improvement $1,788, thus confiscating an acre of property for $12. No, Sam, I think that the value of such improvements is real only to the city as such, but problematical to the owner of property, and therefore the city ought to pay for its streets."

"But don't you see, Mick, that it finally amounts to the same thing, as the same rule applies to all."

"This is a mistake. It does not amount to the same thing, for one street is wide, the other narrow, one level, the other rising, one clay, the other stone, and consequently the improvement is much more expensive in one case than in another, whilst the practical gain is often in an inverse ratio."

"Let this pass, Mick. But you attacked also our general system of taxation. What do you mean by this?"

"Well, we have two kinds of taxes, the direct and the indirect, or internal revenue. As to the direct taxes, I told you how I consider the taxes unjust in their apportionment, and I may add that some parties are working hard to commit a new outrage by taxing church property."

"An outrage? Why, I consider it perfectly just. Is church property not a marketable property? And why should I pay for my humble cottage, when a congregation owning a palatial building worth thousands goes free, simply because they use this building for religious worship?"

"This is the very reason why churches, etc., ought to be exempted. A building devoted to worship does not belong to man, but to God, and will you dare tax God for His own property?"

"I do not see how you can call God the owner, since every denomination or part of a denomination claims its religious buildings as theirs. You would not be willing to abandon your church to others, not even to co-religionists. Does this not prove that you consider the building as yours to the exclusion of others, and this is the very definition of property?"

"This is true only in regard to its use, not in regard to its title. Those who contribute to the building of the church do not thereby become shareholders. Their contributions were donations to God, they became God's own, and will remain so."

"Yet we hear of church trustees selling churches."

"Yes, but what becomes of the purchase money? Is it given back to the original contributors, as if the congregation was a joint stock company? At least, as far as Catholic churches are concerned, such a thing never happened. When a church is sold, because it is inconveniently situated, or the space too small, the money obtained by the sale is used for building a new church, and thus spent again in the service of God. In a word, it is God's, and remains God's. Now, when a crowd of infidels or fanatics levy taxes upon churches, they levy upon God, to whom the whole country belongs, and this is an act of impiety, an outrage, that will certainly not bring any blessing upon us. Not even the rudest pagan nations ever dared do such a thing."

"However, these churches are not dead property, but sources of revenues."

"Revenues for whom? For God again. The money obtained is not distributed amongst the people, but used in divine worship, and hence does not alter the case."

"And what have you against our internal revenues? Are they unjust, too?"

"Decidedly so, and more so than the direct taxes. There are certain articles singled out for this revenue, and taxed beyond all proportion."

"I suppose you allude chiefly to liquor and tobacco. But in this case the government not only intends to raise a revenue, but also to repress these vices, by rendering the articles expensive. Besides, these are

not necessary articles, but luxuries, and I think it but right to put the chief burden of taxation upon the shoulders of those whose means allow them luxuries."

"Well, Sam, at present we will pass the question over, as I may have a chance hereafter to tell you what I think of these luxuries. But granting for the sake of argument, that they are luxuries, does that give the government a right to tax them more heavily than other matters? The question is not, whether the consumers of liquor and tobacco can pay the tax, but whether they can be asked *in justice* to pay it. Otherwise we might simplify matters a good deal by simply saying: We have so and so many hundreds of millionaires. Now, let each one pay $100,000 a year of each million he owns, and we let the others free. The millionaires can afford to pay it."

"You are always running our principles to the absurd."

"Yes, because they are absurd in themselves, else I could not do it. Taxes are to be levied in such a way, that all those that share in the benefits of government, partake of its burden, and granted, that rich people as a rule benefit more than poor ones, it follows that the revenues of each man ought to be the basis of his taxes, and the government should not even ask how he spends his revenues, else we may bury our vaunted liberty."

"But what about the repression of vice?"

"If liquor and tobacco are intrinsically bad, the government becomes an accomplice of crime by allowing their sale at all, and if not, the action of the government is an unwarranted interference with private rights."

"I suppose you condemn our custom laws likewise?"

"Partly. However, we shall speak of this at our next meeting. For to-day we have been talking enough."

No labor is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.—QUARLES.

How often it happens that a great sorrow or great joy, or the slow passage of years, makes sayings clear which were dark before.

Heard Between Stations.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY P. A. B.

NOT long ago, whilst traveling towards the Sunny South, I quite unexpectedly met an old friend of mine who was likewise bound in the same direction. We were soon engaged in a lively conversation. We mostly spoke of old acquaintances.

"One person I shall never forget," said my traveling companion, "and that is, as you may well guess, dear old Father V—. When, in those early days, our family went to seek a fortune beyond the Missouri, we found little chances of living up to our religious duties. We had neither priest nor church. Our good old mother, who kept piety alive in the family, told us to say a little prayer to the Blessed Virgin daily, in order that she might send us a priest."

"Mother's word came true," he continued. "The school mistress came over to our house one day to see one of my brothers, who was ill. She was curious to know what kind of a charm was that around the neck of the little sick boy. It was a Scapular put on him by mother, whose wonderful memory at this moment enabled her to recall an instruction she had heard years ago in Ireland, by a Carmelite friar at Kinsale. Mother repeated this explanation of the Scapular for the benefit of the school ma'am, who knew a great deal about everything except Catholic devotion.

"The school mistress was always able to give us the latest news of the surrounding country, and on this occasion she had reserved the most interesting bit of gossip for the last. As she pulled her shawl about her she remarked: 'Our hired man says, the last time he was down to the postoffice, he heard a drummer tell the wife of the blacksmith, that a Catholic priest was coming here all the way from Palestine, to look after you people. I tell you what, that will be a sight for my bible-history class. They will be curious to see a native of the Holy-land.'

"For the next few days we all anxiously awaited the coming of 'his Reverence.'

"On the next Saturday afternoon, we were all on hand as usual to see the local train come in. One passenger alighted. He was a tall, portly gentleman, arrayed in a manner foreign to us. He wore under his overcoat the brown habit of the Carmelites, with which I have since become better acquainted. The strange clergyman was naturally an object of curiosity to all, and caused a terrible shock to the nervous system of the parson's wife, who was well informed [illegible] about Romish priests. Our doubts as to whether the new-comer was to be our pastor, were put to flight by the voice of the conductor (a Catholic) who, as he swung onto the car steps, supplemented his stentorian cry of 'all aboard,' with a hearty 'Good-bye, Father,' at the same time making a graceful salute to Father V——, who walked towards the station house. Having introduced himself, and warmly shaken the hands of those of his new flock who stood in his immediate vicinity, he was conducted to the old log cabin which for the nonce was to serve as the church.

"Father V—— came to us many a time after that.

"It would be impossible to do justice to the missionary life of Father V.—— Perhaps he will have no biographer to detail all the hardship and labors he underwent for the salvation of souls. But all is record'd in heaven.

"We couldn't afford to build a house for the good father, so he was content to accept the hospitality of our family. After his hours he used to occupy grandfather's chair. When not engaged in his devotions, we used to crowd around him and listen to his many interesting details of missionary life. Besides this, we were anxious to know something of the great order of which the Father was a member. His explanations were always eagerly listened to. We became thereby much attached to the Order of the Blessed Virgin after that, and understood what a privilege it was to wear the Scapular. On one occasion one of my little brothers, who six years previous had been baptized by Father V——, and received the name of Carmelus interrupted the Father by exclaiming: 'When I grow up I'll be a Carmelite.' The look on mother's face seemed to say that she had received an answer to a prayer.

"By degrees the people, even non-Catholics, got used to seeing the attire of the brown-robed friar. At first it seemed strange, but we get accustomed to everything. Even on the trains the monastic garb of Father V—— attracted little attention, except perhaps of some new-comer into that section of country.

"One day I accompanied Father V—— to his next mission. On our way to the station we passed the teacher I spoke of. She bowed slightly, but her looks betrayed suspicion and confusion. I told the Father who she was, and related how she had forestalled his first arrival by the announcement that he was coming from the Holy-land. He laughed, saying, 'that impression probably got abroad from the fact that our order had its origin there, and even today has a monastery in Palestine.'

"When we got on the train, Father V—— sought out a quiet corner where he might peacefully recite his divine Office, whilst I curled myself up into a seat and commenced to feast my eyes on the grand passing panorama of prairie exposed to my gaze as the train rapidly rolled along.

"Father V—— wasn't to be left undisturbed. He was soon accosted by one of those persons who take the liberty of making every fellow-passenger a boon companion. This man was evidently a Catholic—one of the weak-kneed variety.

"After the usual small talk about the weather and the like, the priest's new acquaintance broke the thread short by loudly remarking: 'By Jove, I can't see how you can stand that heavy robe, dress, or whatever you call it, during such broiling weather.'

"'You mean this heavy *habit* which I wear?' replied Father V——. 'It is not so heavy as it looks, and one gets used to it.'

"His unbidden guest who sat vis-a-vis to the priest didn't show any inclination to move, so Father V—— had to submit to the inevitable, and meekly answer the many questions put to him. His interrogator—I'll call him Thomas, for I forget his name—was loaded with questions which you would hardly expect to hear from a Catholic.

"I was in the seat behind the priest and Thomas, so I settled down and paid atten-

tion to what promised to be an interesting dialogue, and I must confess I got a lot of information about things of which before I had had but very vague ideas.

"'And what's that?' said Thomas, pointing to the long piece of brown wool which ran down in front of the priest's habit.

"'My Scapular,' replied Father V——.

"'S-c-a-p-u-l-a-r?' said Thomas. 'My wife has what *she* calls a Scapular, but it is only a miniature one compared to yours, and she sometimes complains that it is a troublesome thing to have about the body.'

"'The Church,' said Father V—, 'allows the laity to wear a small Scapular, but we Carmelites have one as you see, which reaches from the shoulders to the bottom of the habit.'

"'I don't know, Father,' said Thomas, 'whether I ought to be more inquisitive: I am, it is true, a Catholic, but I don't belong to the pious ones, still I have a love for my church and a high regard for monks and nuns. May I ask you a few more questions?'

"'I am at your service, ask any questions you wish,' said the priest, who was getting interested in his traveling companion, who then opened up again by saying: 'My wife is firmly convinced that whosoever continually wears the Brown Scapular, and dies with it on him, will not be damned. I have already said that I do not belong to the devout class of Catholics. Perhaps I was wrong in boasting of that, however. I am no religious scoffer. I see that my children go regularly to instructions and receive the Sacraments, and keep them from bad company, but you must excuse me if I tell you that I cannot understand how two little pieces of wool, worn on the breast and back, can be the means of preserving a person from hell-fire.'

"'With just the same frankness do I beg to answer your question,' said Father V——. 'I am entirely of the same opinion as your wife. My firm conviction is founded on two solid reasons. The first is the fact that the Blessed Virgin gave the Scapular to St. Simon Stock, and secondly, she herself said expressly: '*Whosoever dies wearing this garment shall not suffer hell-fire.*'

"'Now we come to visions and apparitions. Surely a man of your experience ought to know how deceiving is the imagination,' answered Thomas.

"'That is only too true,' said Father V——. 'The imagination deceives many. But bear this in mind. There are three kinds of visions, and the Church quickly decides which are true and which are false. Some apparitions result from a diseased imagination, or may be caused by the devil. Such visions the church condemns unhesitatingly.'

"'The Church does right,' said Thomas, 'and it would be a good thing if many pious people—yes, and some priests, too,—would follow her example.'

"'Wait a moment and don't be so rash in your conclusions,' said the priest. 'Let us proceed farther. There are what we might call tolerated visions, that is to say, apparitions made to persons whose virtue and sanctity strengthen the credibility of the revelations which these holy men and women claim to have had. The Church simply examines to see if these alleged visions contain anything contrary to faith and morals, if they do not, then she troubles herself no more about them, and we are at liberty to believe or not believe them.'

"'That is a very wise way of proceeding,' interrupted Thomas. 'I am sure many private devotions have had their origin in the visions of this or that holy person.'

"'Very true,' said Father V——, 'but allow me to proceed to the third class of visions. If you exclude those mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, which are matters of faith, you will find them to be very few. I might also tell you that even when the Church acknowledges the truth of such a supernatural vision, she does not even then make it an article of faith—that is to say—a thing which must be believed under pain of damnation. The Church simply says in such cases that it would be temerity to not agree with her opinion, or to disrespect that which is worthy of reverence. That's reasonable enough, is it not, Mr. Thomas?'

"'Yes, Father, but this doesn't concern the Scapular. I fear you have digressed.'

"'Not at all, my dear sir. I have just reached the main point. The institution of the Scapular of Mt. Carmel has its origin in a vision of the last kind which I spoke of. The Church has searchingly enquired into the truth of this apparition, and has found it worthy of credence. She gave ex-

pression to her opinion in the matter by causing a feast to be celebrated on July 16th each year, in commemoration of the vision vouchsafed to St. Simon Stock by the Blessed Virgin. (The writer begs to remark that only last year we had another instance of this when the Church instituted the Feast of the Apparition of the Miraculous Medal.) Furthermore, for the past six hundred years millions of Catholics, including kings and princes, popes, bishops, priests and laity, have worn the Brown Scapular. These persons were not devoid of sense. They were able to judge the genuine from the spurious. They wore the Scapular with confidence in Mary's aid, and they considered it a privilege to wear her peculiar badge. This would not have been the case if the devotion was founded on a myth. More than this, do you think God would allow a superstitious practice to flourish so many years in His church?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel,
Hear my cry;
In trouble and in sorrow,
Be thou nigh.

II.

When I doubt and lose my faith,
Be thou near;
To strengthen and console me,
And to cheer.

III.

From evil and temptation,
Keep me free:
Be my advocate and guide,
Pray for me!

LET the eye contemplate Jesus smiling sweetly on Mary.—ST. ANSELM.

ALL power has been given to Mary in heaven and on earth.—ST. BERNARD.

ALL education must be moral first, intellectual secondarily. Intellectual before—much more without—moral education is in completeness impossible, and in accomplishment a calamity.—RUSKIN.

Our Irish Correspondence.

Miraculous Escape of an Irish Bishop in the Penal Days.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY A. E. FARRINGTON, D. D., O. C. C.

MANY of your readers will be sorry to hear that the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, the saintly bishop of Ardagh, has, through age and infirmity, asked the Holy See to be allowed a coadjutor. He was for years professor and president of Allhallows College, later on rector of the Catholic University, Vicar General of Dublin, and Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise. He was consecrated by the present Great Pontiff, Leo XIII. He is a most learned, humble and holy bishop, a great friend of the Carmelites, and very much devoted to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. I am sure your readers will pray that God may prolong his days and give him every blessing. This bishop and diocese remind me of a wonderful and extraordinary miracle wrought through the intercession of our Lady of Loretto, and which is not generally known. It first came under my notice in reading an English version of the "Historia Lauretana," by Torsellino, published at London in 1608.

This holy house was guarded by the Carmelites for more than a thousand years in the East, and after it was miraculously translated into Europe it was committed to their care in 1490 by Innocent VIII. The famous Carmelite, Blessed John Baptist Spagnoli, was the superior and wrote its history to the year 1500.

The miraculous incident is as follows: Edmund, Bishop of Ardagh, went to Loretto to pay a double vow. He was driven into banishment from his See by that cruel woman, Queen Elizabeth. He went to Scotland with some of his trustworthy followers. In doing so he went into great danger. The Queen ordered the nobility to put him in prison. Knowing this, he set sail from Scotland and fell into greater danger. He fell into the hands of Admiral Drake on the feast of our Lady's nativity. One of his followers had a vision in his

sleep which gave them great hope. It was this: He seemed to fight naked with heretics in a great assembly of men, and being ashamed of his nakedness a lady of great beauty came and covered him with a cloak. He told this to the bishop. It was believed that the lady was none other than the Mother of God, by whose protection they should be defended. When the enemy approached, Edmund and his followers, seeing no means of escape, implored our Lady of Loretto to preserve them from danger, and that if they escaped from the hands of their enemies they would go to the holy house of Loretto, and give themselves to prayer for the space of three days. Their prayers and vows were heard. The captain of the ship was a heretic, but at that moment showed himself a friend of the Catholics. Seeing the ship of the enemy at hand, and believing it was the bishop and his companions whom they sought, he hid them in a most obscure place near the pump of the vessel. The ship was taken by the English and brought to England, and the servants of God lay eight days in their place of concealment, the chaplain bringing them secretly food each day. The Englishmen searched the vessel each day for eight days for the bishop of whose escape they had notice. At last they searched every place with candles, and even came to the place at the pump. The more they seemed to be in danger, the more the protection of our Lady seemed to be at hand. They found the priest who had the vision already mentioned, they brought him on deck and went in search of the others, but then they saw that the Almighty God protected the Catholics, for the priest escaped out of their hands and was never after found by them, and not being able to find the bishop, they gave up the search and allowed the vessel to go on its course. But on their way to France another danger befel them worse than the former. Another ship, by order of Elizabeth, sought Bishop Edmund for his destruction. They boarded the vessel, searched all the merchandise, and at last found the bishop. As they apprehended him, lo and behold! they were struck with blindness, and being frightened by the undoubted wrath of God, punishing them for their wickedness, they let the vessel go on its way, and by the help of our Lady it arrived safely in harbor. Thus the bishop and his companions ran these terrible risks within eight or nine days. The bishop and his companions arrived at Loretto in 1586. These remarkable miracles were written down in the annals of Loretto by the bishop. This is the account given in this old book written a few years after the bishop's death.

On the death of Archbishop Creagh in the Tower of London, where he was imprisoned, and, it is believed, poisoned by the keepers, Bishop Edmund McGauran succeeded him to the Primatial See, and was killed in 1598 whilst hearing the confession of a wounded man. He was a great prelate and patriot.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The "Leaflets of Loretto," published by the pupils of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, Ont., have put on a new and elegant dress for Christmas. There is an air of refinement about this number, both as regards the exterior form as well as the excellent literary work, which gives great credit to the superior Catholic training imparted to the writers by the Nuns of Loretto Abbey.

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The "Young Eagle," winging its flight through the bright skies of contemporary literature, for a moment perched on the lofty heights of Mt. Carmel, and found itself at home there. Another proof of the nobility of this "young bird." The visits of this young eagle from the Northwest of a new world to the hoary old Mount, makes us forget our old age and helps to renew the vigor of our youth.

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The Confraternity of St. Gabriel, established for the spiritual aid and consolation of the sick, and of converts who suffer from the isolation which their change of faith brought about—publishes an annual record of its work. "Sursum Corda" is the title of this pretty annual which now appears for the third time. There is a well written short story, showing the practical results of the Confraternity's work in a particular case: there are also contributions by Miss Sara Trainer Smith, Miss Emma Forbes Cary, and others. Write to Mrs. Isabel

Whiteley, secretary, 3803 Spruce street, Philadelphia, Pa., for particulars concerning this excellent work of mercy, and inclose five cents in your letter for a copy of "Sursum Corda."

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The "Sacred Heart Review," of Boston, Mass., has been purchased, and is now published by the Review Publishing Co. The first number of the year shows a marked improvement. A new outside cover and four additional pages make it a twenty page weekly, at the low price of $2.00 a year. This truly Catholic paper deserves success. It had come up to all the requirements of a religious weekly, and we could hardly imagine in what way it could be improved. A new department of foreign correspondence has been added, and distinguished writers are to furnish special editorial articles.

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The "New World," of Chicago, excels in its reviews of books and magazines. Lately it published a sound, though severe criticism on Marion Crawford by Maurice F. Egan. As Carmelites we were doubly enchanted with the clear and unhesitating condemnation of "Casa Braccio," as Marion Crawford in his uncalled-for attack on monastic life had singled out a Carmelite convent for his baseless fabrication, and a Carmelite Nun as the frail heroine. For Catholic readers of the century, this manly and christian condemnation of one who never was a genuine Catholic writer in spite of his creed, will serve as more than an antidote against the insidious poison of "Casa Braccio."

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The "Rosary" enters upon its sixth year, brighter and more prosperous looking than ever. From the pathetic little story by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, which forms the opening contribution, to the end of the Editorial Notes, there is not a dry page in the 112, which make up the monthly. There are two beautifully illustrated articles, one by Eliza Allen Starr, on the "Rosary in Art," and the other by Maurice F. Egan, on "The Church and the Stage." The whole number is superbly illustrated. Ittenbach's Holy Family, which forms the frontispiece, and Sassoferrato's Madonna of the Rosary, which illustrates Eliza Allen Starr's article, are gems of art. Portraits of Augustine Daly, Mary Anderson and Ada Rehan, adorn Maurice F. Egan's sensible and sympathetic tribute to the last winner of the Laetare Medal. The "Boy in the Moon," contains two pretty specimens of clever artistic photography.

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The Carmelite Review cannot be indifferent about the welfare of "The New York Freeman's Journal," the creation of the great McMaster. Since his death, and the subsequent withdrawal of his able associate, M. F. Egan, the "Freeman's Journal" lost much of its old prestige. We were, therefore, more than delighted with the news that Father Lambert had been summoned to the editorial chair of McMaster's paper. We know that he is an able controversialist—the whole world has admired his victorious onslaught on Ingersoll—we also know that he is a clever journalist, for we have seen him at work on the "Catholic Times," of Philadelphia, and we have reason to believe that he will increase in vigor and Catholic championship, aided by the inspirations of the "Freeman's Journal" of the past. He knows how to wield the tomahawk, and he seems to have a bright array of well-sharpened ones. Those he brandishes against domestic foes might wisely be buried, but let him keep those intended for outside enemies, furbished and trenchant.

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The "Popular Science Monthly," for January, opens with the second of a series of papers, illustrated with excellent star maps, which Garret P. Serviss contributes. He opens up many delightful vistas in the starry heavens for amateur astronomers, who are fortunate enough to possess telescopes of five, four, or three inches aperture. Mrs. H. M. Plunkett gives a history of sanitation in the United States for the past twenty-five years, containing statistics, which prove to evidence the consoling fact, that this branch of science—preventive medicine—is succeeding in its endeavor to stamp out contagious diseases. "Ethics in National Law," is the title of an essay by Dr. Lewis G. Janes, in which he criticizes Prof. Huxley's famous

Romanes address at Oxford, from the evolutionary point of view. Prof. Huxley says that "the ethical progress of society depends, not in imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it." Dr. Janes says this is not consistent evolutionism. He asks, "If that in us which is to oppose and correct the cosmic process, is not in itself a product of the cosmic process, whence does it come?"

As an evolutionist, Prof. Huxley can hardly accept the dogma of special creation, and "no other refuge is left him from the logic of that conclusion which he has so persistently ignored." There are many other instructive papers in this number. There are also "Editor's Tables," and copious literary notices. The editor calls Dr. Heinrich Hensoldt's account of his marvelous interview with the Dalai Lama, of Thibet aged eight years, "food for the gullible."

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It would be a mistake to suppose "The Catholic Reading Circle Review," on account of its title, to be merely a school paper: something a little better than an ordinary college journal, but far below the average magazine. Any intelligent reader of the January number will know better. It is an educational magazine, but then we all need education. And it teaches everything we ought to know, and, as a rule, don't know. "Walter Lecky," in the opening article on "Younger Catholic Writers," makes us acquainted with some of our living Catholic authors: that noble band of writers, who are at last, after three centuries of almost exclusively Protestant English literature, creating a genuine Catholic literature, equal, to say the least, to the models held up to us in school. Maurice F. Egan, one of the leading pioneers in this work, continues his beautiful sketches of women writers, and takes Lady Georgiana Fullerton as his subject for the present number. A lecture on the merits of Plattsburgh as a wholesome and health-giving educational resort, by the President of the Board of Health, of Yonkers, N. Y., Valentine Brown, M.D., is of special interest to those contemplating a visit to the next summer school. Rev. John Thein continues his scholarly biblical studies on the Genesiacal Days. Then follows a warm appreciative study of Adelaide Anne Proctor a portrait of her ideal womanhood, of sweet song, and of her noble Catholic heart, by H. T. Goessmann. Rev. John T. Powers begins his study of the Middle Ages in this number. Chapter first treats of the Renaissance of Woman. The study of Ancient Church History, by the Rev. Dr. Loughlin, consists mainly in furnishing the original sources from which history ought to be made. A most entertaining and interesting departure begins in this number, in a trip "through Merry England," by Anna E. Buchanan, under the general reading. "The Review Tourist Club." "Easy Paths to Bible Knowledge," by Rev. E. P. Graham, are so full of interesting facts and are so suggestive, that the study of the Bible is made most fascinating. And last, but not least, a new departure on Current History and Topics of the Day is begun in this number, in a most comprehensive and able manner, by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy. Then follow educational papers and news from Reading Circles. The number of pages has been increased to 96, making it one of the large monthlies of the day, without increasing the subscription of $2.00. We have purposely dwelt at length on the contents of this number, to show our readers what a mine of interesting, elevating and instructive reading is open to them in the pages of "The Catholic Reading Circle Review." Youngstown Ohio.

If the way in which men express their thoughts is slipshod and mean, it will be very difficult for their thoughts themselves to escape being the same.

God help us! it is a foolish little thing this human life at best: and it is half ridiculous and half pitiful to see what importance we ascribe to its little ornaments and distinctions.—Jeffrey.

I know of no higher attribution that can be given to man than that of unselfishness and dutifulness, recognizing that the law of his being does not spring from himself, but comes to him from God.—Erskine.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, Feb, 1895. NO. 2.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MANY of our readers are inquiring about the date of their subscriptions. We shall during this month send bills to all subscribers in arrears and enclose return envelopes. The easiest way to send us money is by money order, payable at NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

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THERE are about 50 working men employed in cutting stone and preparing material for the Hospice building. As soon as the building season opens the building will be continued, and very probably completed before next winter.

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ONE of our benefactors has made the Hospice the generous gift of a large stained glass window for the hall of the staircase. Those who contribute $75 for one of the four large granite columns of the Cloister, or $50 for one of the smaller columns of the doorway, are entitled to have their names cut into the base of the columns presented by them.

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THE article on Father Hennepin, which will be published in next month's REVIEW, is, (with the articles which have already appeared) from the advance sheets of the "History of the Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula," which will be on the market in a few months. We acknowledge ourselves deeply indebted to the courteous and talented author of the "History of the Early Missions of Western Canada." Our readers will be pleased to learn that we will be able to publish next month an interesting chapter on Father Hennepin, LaSalle, and the Senecas.

SAVE all the pennies thrown away on sensational sheets and subscribe for a decent Catholic paper. You will thereby confer a great benefit on your families, and, moreover, give a helping hand to some struggling Catholic editor who is anxious to give you something worth reading. But he is handicapped, if your money goes into the pockets of those who court your patronage, but hate your religion.

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WHAT a patent proof of the greatness and of the necessity of the Papacy was lately shown us when we beheld the military servants of a great republic and the princely messenger of the world's greatest autocrat, paying homage at the feet of Christ's vicar! Such was truly the case when the new Czar sent his felicitations to Pope Leo XIII. and the officers of the United States cruiser *Detroit* lately knelt in the halls of the Vatican.

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NOT long ago, in walking through an empty church, it surprised us to see so many prayer-books lying in the pews. This is significant. Is it because people have no time to use the litanies and other beautiful prayers during the week? It is not an uncommon thing to see non-Catholics whilst wending their way to a chapel of ease carrying conspicuously their Bibles and, perhaps, a hymn-book in the bargain. Are Catholics too lazy to take their books home with them, or is it that they are ashamed of advertising their religion?

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SINCE the awful year of '47 Ireland has hardly ever wholly escaped famine and its dread consequences. The present winter has seen misery enough in many a poor hut on the western portion of that unfortunate country. The children of St. Patrick, alas! seem fated to undergo an everlasting penance. But this does not dampen their spirits. You may crush, and continue to crush, the heart of Erin's sons and they will still remain the same cheerful and buoyant souls. In the olden days these down-trodden people were told to seek an asylum in Connaught or "some other place." To-day they have but two places whence they can expect aid—heaven or America—and big-hearted Americans will not be slow in answering the cry of distress.

The British heart is so lacerated by the accounts of Japanese cruelties perpetrated on the poor Chinese at Port Arthur, that the British government has instructed Admiral Fremantle, commanding the British fleet in Chinese waters, to prevent, by force, if necessary, the Japanese squadron from ascending the Yang Tse Kiang river—otherwise these barbarians might finally equal the atrocities committed by the British on the poor Sepoys in India at the time of their mutiny. England cannot afford to be outdone in civilization.

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One of the days on which Mary is disposed to obtain favors for her children is on the Festival of Purification. The Blessed Carmelite, Mary of the Incarnation, the companion of St. Teresa, fell into a dangerous illness brought on by her unusually severe mortifications. She had fallen into unconsciousness, when the holy Mother of God appeared to her, and assured her that she would arise from her bed on the morrow, and so it happened. The next day, the feast of the Purification, the holy nun found her health restored, and was able to join the community in their procession to the church.

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The bound volumes of the Carmelite Review for 1894 can be ordered now from us. We send them, postpaid, for $1.50. The book is bound in brown cloth, with gilt title on cover, and makes a good sized volume of 296 pages. Those who have preserved the copies of every month can send them to us, at their expense, and we will have them bound and return the bound volumes, postpaid, for 50 cents. We can supply missing copies (except November) for 10 cents each. The volume, as our readers know, is worth preserving, as it contains complete information about the order and the Scapular and many valuable articles.

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A gentleman of an observing turn of mind was lately telling of some of his experiences. "Last week," he said, "I made the rounds of several houses occupied by Catholics, and was greatly struck by the incongruous placing of pictures. For instance, in one place I noticed on the walls, in the order named, 'The Virginia Reel,' 'Christ before Pilate,' 'Negro Wedding,' 'The Widow,' 'Bathing Scene,' 'Death of a Martyr,' 'Love's First Whispers,' and 'Mater Dolorosa.' There were other pictures, I am sorry to say, but I am ashamed to enumerate them, and doubly ashamed to say that they disgrace the walls of Catholic homes. What effect must this not have on the minds of the young and innocent! A terrible responsibility lies at someone's door. Plenty good and cheap religious pictures can be had at any Catholic book store."

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Betting is rather out of place when something sacred is in question. So thought a friend of ours lately. We will call him "A." He contended that if he stood in the vestibule of a certain church, on a given Sunday, and there observed the incoming worshippers as they approached the holy-water font, that only fifty per cent of them would properly bless themselves, whilst the other half would perform a meaningless fillip. If he was wrong "A" was to recite five decades of the beads. If he was right "B" was to recite the beads. "A" won easily. He would doubtless be ten decades ahead if the question was also "How many genuflect properly?" The moral to this is that church-goers ought to act in such a way as to make these pious wagers impossible.

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In a certain sense Mary's maternity did not stop on that cold December night eighteen hundred and ninety-four years ago. She is still the prolific Mother. Her spiritual offspring is never on the wane. New children are born to her daily, and, instead of swaddling clothes, she clothes them in a double garment. This is true of those who are invested in the holy Scapular, and more particularly so of the members of Mary's own order. When we recall the fact that once again a privileged few received the religious habit of the Carmelite order last Christmas we have renewed causes of rejoicing. Such events give us reasons to salute Mary as "the joyful Mother of children." What more precious Christmas offering could be brought to the crib than the perpetual sacrifice of hearts that are still young and beating with filial devotion?

"THE last time I went across the continent," said a traveling man the other day, "I witnessed a glorious sunset in the Pacific Ocean. It actually moved me to tears. Is there really anything more beautiful on God's earth?" Oh, yes, for instance, a soul in the state of grace. If this enthusiastic lover of nature so admired God's creation what must not be the beauty of things in the spiritual world! "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork," sings the psalmist, but what grander air awaits us beyond the skies! We remember into what transports of ecstacy our own St. Teresa fell when for a moment she beheld but the hand of our Lord's glorified humanity. "No eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard," says St. Paul. Let us not lose all this future glory for a moment's indulgence in sinful pleasure.

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"DON'T abandon us!" was the signal of a recently disabled ocean steamer to another ship, when the cable connecting the two had snapped asunder. But it was an unheeded signal. "It was cruel," remarked one of the passengers. That is just about the way we often treat our fellow-travelers in the sea of life. As soon as life's cord is broken, we often forget our dearest friends. They are left to suffer in the depths of purgatory, and we pay no heed to them when they cry. "Don't abandon us!" It is cruel on our part. As an illustration of the growing indifference to our departed ones, we lately came across an up-to-date "Book of Etiquette,"—and the same had been put into the hands of Catholic youths. Here is one of the rules laid down therein: "Never waste much of your time thinking about the dead, they do not need your services!" This might be one of the canons of polite society. It is not Catholic teaching.

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LAST month some person announced to some Bohemian peasants that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to him in the forests near Prague. It was only a deception. But many of these simple people went out to verify the rumor with their own eyes. When a crowd had gathered some ill-disposed scoffers precipitated a fight. And now some of the papers are moralizing on the event, bringing it up as a result of ignorance and superstition. These people are not so easily deceived. Their keen instinct of faith easily enables them to distinguish true from false apparitions. They are as a rule more free from superstitious belief than many of our enlightened ? infidels, whose superstitious notions border on the ridiculous, as daily experience so often proves. The judgment of the faithful is guided by the Church, whose long experience enables her at once to point out what is spurious. It does not follow from all this that every apparition is a delusion and a snare. On the contrary, so many things go to prove the genuineness of some supernatural visions that none but a fool or his equivalent—an infidel—would endeavor to disprove them.

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THERE is danger of many among our rising generation becoming cowards. Too many examples are coming to light, which make the assertion too true. Fancy a boy twelve years of age hanging himself because, as the papers put it, "he had had a disagreement with his father." Parents are making the whips which will scourge themselves. Children are taught to shun anything like suffering, and before they reach their teens, with old heads on young shoulders, they begin to ask themselves "Is life worth living?" There is too much fear of hurting the feelings of children. Shame on such silly sentiments. Even school teachers who know better than the foolish parents can do nothing, because the law takes corporal punishment out of their hands. We will reap the reward of throwing Solomon's advice to the four winds. Teach the boy to suffer as soon as he can lisp, and when he has shed his petticoats he will laugh at pain. Our hardy forefathers, who had not the luxuries of the modern school-room, but were content, while wrestling with "Lindley Murray," to sit all day on a sticky bench without a back, put us to shame. They took hardships as a matter of course, and were none the worse for it.

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"I CAN'T stand this world," was the valedictory of a New Jersey youth who lately sought another world by the means of the ever-ready revolver. It is sad to hear

of young lives being so abruptly ended. But in some cases how can it be otherwise? Here was a boy who read everything, yellow-covered literature from Voltaire to Zola, and declared there was no consolation to be found in those writers. Who was to blame for this youth's untimely end? Assuredly his parents. He was his mother's pet, received the best possible public school education, but when a trial came it all availed nothing. The brain had received its food. Not so the heart. Religious reading and instruction are the means to lighten the heart when crushed with trouble. Take away religion and the world looks dark, and we are anxious to get out of it. Give a boy every chance. Give him physical and intellectual culture. Make him a lightning accountant, a skilled engineer, an expert mechanic or a polished professional man and you may have an ideal man, but no christian. At some time in life we all feel as if "we cannot stand this world," but we must grin and bear it. Give children something to read in their young days which will be a true consolation in after years and the troubles of life will seem light. What sunshine floods on us if in hours of darkness we can bring to our minds some consoling verse of the Bible or A'Kempis. Teach children self-denial when they are young, and when grown up they will be strong enough to stand the world and its concomitant miseries.

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After the death of Sir John Thompson, a Scapular, a Rosary and a Crucifix were found on his dead body. A man, so genuinely great in all things, was equally great in faith.

The admirable funeral sermon, preached by Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, over the remains of the late Premier, does full justice to the various causes which contributed to his greatness. In speaking of his faith, he says: "But there is another and a higher aspect of the life of the late Premier, which on an occasion and in a place of this kind, is deserving of serious consideration. Splendid as were his intellectual gifts and endowments of mind, of themselves they would never have enabled him to win and to retain the esteem and admiration of so many. It was the spiritual element in his nature which developed and expanded his intellectual attainments, gave consistency to his actions, strength and vigor to his reason, and won the confidence of those with whom he had to deal. Material as is our age, and set though the hearts of the multitude may be on the good things of life, still men can admire and appreciate a line of action which is moulded by a standard more noble than any to which they dream of aspiring. The words of the book of Wisdom: 'Love justice, you that are judges of the earth, think of the Lord in goodness, and seek Him in simplicity of the heart,' had sunk early and deep into the heart of Sir John Thompson."

In speaking of his religious practices, the eloquent preacher continues: "Both in public and in private life, at all times and under all circumstances, he fulfilled with regularity and exactness, not merely the essential duties of his religion, but likewise many of those which a busy man might well be excused for thinking supererogatory. This faithful discharge of his religious duties brought him into daily and close intercourse with his Creator, detaching his mind from the love of material things, causing him to see the emptiness of worldly honor and applause, and making him realize that a good name is better than riches, and the fear of God preferable to the acquirement of unjust triumphs. How faithful he was to the practices of devotion which he deemed profitable to the soul, can be gathered in an unmistakable manner from what was found on him after death. Amongst other things were a small picture of his Saviour, a Crucifix, and a set of Rosary Beads. Be it borne in mind that he could not have foreseen his death at Windsor Castle: consequently even his most bitter adversaries cannot accuse him of posing for the occasion. Such tokens of pious practices, of the utility of which we shall not here treat, but in which he fully believed, were ever on his person. He had gone to Windsor Castle at the command of his earthly sovereign: whilst bending the knee to her and swearing fidelity to her throne with a heart filled with a spirit of true loyalty, he wore, pressed to that same heart, the image of his heavenly King, both as a reminder of the homage which he owed Him, and as a consecration of the service of his soul to the eternal King. He

was to dine with the Queen, and then to remain for the night in her historic castle. He would offer to her every sign of respectful allegiance and ready service. But when he should have retired from her presence, he was prepared to salute the Queen of Heaven, and to commend himself to her care by devoutly reciting the beads in her honor. Have we not here a striking example of the fulfilment of the command: 'Fear God and honor the King.' The thoughtless may smile at such trifles being found on the person of a great public man: we maintain that without them he would have been shorn of half his greatness."

NEW BOOKS.

How DIFFERENT reality is from fiction! Marion Crawford, in "Casa Braccio," gives a false description of a fictitious convent, and a worse than false presentment of a nun. In "*A Story of Courage*," written by George Parsons Lathrop and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, we find the true history of a famous convent of this nineteenth century on American soil. Compare the two. One is a lie, the other the truth. One is evolved from the brain of a novelist, who, in his otherwise clever essay on "The Novel," maintains that there is no higher feeling of the human breast fit for the pen of a writer of fiction, than *human* love! The other is written by two gifted authors, who manifest their own grasp of the supernatural in their warm and enthusiastic admiration of the ways of divine love, and the sublime lives of the "Spouses of Christ." They have taken up the annals of the Georgetown convent of the Visitation from the Manuscript Records, and invested them with all the charms of an exquisite style: thus rendering the record of the inherent beauty of these hidden lives more palatable to the critical outsider, who might never have thought a "nun" worth a second thought. Nor do they seek to hide, or apologize for the marvelous and evidently miraculous happenings in the history of these favored religious. They calmly face them, and give the reason for the faith that is within them. Every Protestant in the country ought to read the second chapter of this book, "Introduction to the Convent," and remember, that the eyes, which saw all this, and the pens which describe it, were once the eyes and pens of Protestants.

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The opening chapter, "On the Threshhold," is a short one; the shortest one in the book, but it is one of the most eloquent tributes to monastic life ever penned. We need not dwell upon the story itself, nor on the introductory life sketches of St. Francis of Sales, and St. Jane of Chantal. We merely assure our readers, that in the whole range of fiction they will not encounter anything more fascinating than this true history, written not in the dry, statistical manner of the historiographer, but with all the beauty of style and charm of description of the highest class of modern literature. It is a handsomely printed volume, gilt top, of 380 pages, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Park street, Boston. The book is illustrated with pictures of the interior and exterior of the convent, and with portraits of persons connected with its history.

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"*Hints on Preaching*," by Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor, is a small book in size, but it is as full of valuable rules for the delivery of sermons, as an egg is full of meat. Archbishop Ryan, who certainly can be considered an authority on the subject, in his letter of approbation, says: "What Talleyrand said to a young author, 'that in his book there were many things new, and many things good, but the good things were not new, and the new things were not good,' I can reverse in relation to your 'Hints on Preaching.'" Starting with the fundamental law of vocal delivery, the author successively treats of "The Natural Manner," "Cultivation of the Voice," "The Style of a Sermon," "Gesture," "The Public Reading of Devotions," and "Hints for Daily Improvement." Under each heading, in the most practical and sensible way, he gives information which might be looked for in vain in more elaborate works. It is a book, which ought to be made a hand-book, not to be read once, but again and again. Any public speaker can, if he closely follows these hints, reach the utmost perfection of delivery of which he is capable. The book is well printed and bound. It is published by Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, Pa., at the net price of 50 cents.

A LETTER FROM INDIA.

CARMEL IN INDIA.

Very Rev. and Dear Father:

OUR very kind letter reached me in due time. I feel very happy indeed to have become acquainted with our affectionate brothers in such a distant country. Our congregation commenced in 1825 with two secular priests, successive secretaries to the Bishops of Verapoly, as founders. They were most renowned for their sanctity among the native priests of Chaldean Rite. It gives me great pleasure to announce to you that the bishop, who encouraged them and helped them to begin their work, was Dr. Maurellius, a Calced Carmelite, then Vicar Apostolic of Verapoly. He was present when the corner-stone for the Mother house at Mannanam was blessed in 1831, but as his lordship was unwell the ceremony was performed by Rev. Thomas Porukasa, one of the above mentioned priests. The other was Rev. Thomas Palaquel, malpan or rector of the then principal seminary for the ecclesiastical students at Pallipuram. The person destined by God to crown the work was Rev. Cyriac Charvara, one of the disciples of Fr. Palaquel, afterwards the first Prior General of the congregation and Vicar General of Archbishop Bernardinus, of Verapoly. Up to 1855 several of the principal priests of the vicariate joined them and were leading a community life with rigorous fasting, prayers, penances, etc. They had not a prescribed rule of life up to 1855, when Dr. Bernardinus, of St. Teresa, Discalced Carmelite, Archbishop and Vicar Apostolic of Malabar (Verapoly), the great reformer of the vast vicariate, much pleased with them, gave them the rule of the Carmelites and some constitutions, and the name of "Servants of Blessed Virgin Mary Immaculate of Mount Carmel." This worthy patron of our congregation was as a beloved father to us. He gave us his heart and body, which he devoted to the welfare of our congregation. He spent all his leisure time amongst our novices, conducting himself with us, not as an archbishop, but rather as a loving father of a family. The two beginners had gone to their reward rich in merits before that date. The first fathers under the rule, eleven in number, made their profession on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8th, 1855. Their only outward difference from the secular clergy was a Brown Scapular inside the vest, the skin girdle, and the use of sandals at the celebration of Mass up to 1885. Fr. Cyriac Chavara (Fr. Cyriac of St. Elias) was appointed Prior. They were invested with a white Scapular, Dec. 25th, 1859. In the year 1860 the congregation was approved by the Superior General of the Discalced Carmelites as the Third Order of them. After some years, in May, 1868, the capuce was also given, made of white cloth. Rev. Fr. Marcellinus of St. Teresa, Discalced Carmelite, Missionary Apostolic, afterwards Coadutor Bishop of Verapoly, taught them all religious customs from the year 1855, before which time religious community life was unknown in India. Rev. Fr. Leopold of St. Joseph, Discalced Carmelite, Missionary Apostolic, was afterwards appointed the first Novice Master, then Delegate Superior of the congregation under the archbishop. Fr. Leopold regulated everything: he translated the constitutions of the Carmelites into Malayalam in a brief and modified form, and with the assistance of the prudent and able Fr. Cyriac of St. Elias, he educated the novices according to the rule and spirit of the Discalced Carmelite Order. In 1665 religious life among women was instituted, and the exercises were carried out according to the rules of St. Teresa. Prior to that date convent life was unknown in Malabar. Our congregation is the first and even yet the only one in all India for religious fathers. The principal duty of the congregation was the education of seminarists for the priesthood, and giving missions in churches and retreats to secular priests in our convent. In 1877 a council of the congregation was held at Cooneman, at that time the novitiate of the congregation, in which the constitutions of the Order, taken from those of the Discalced Carmelites, were arranged according to the condition of the country, and then sent to Rome for approval. The approval was given by the Holy See in 1885, and confirmed for six years for trial. The principal changes were as follows: Election of

Superiors and the office of Prior for large convents, and of a Vicar for the smaller ones. Previously only one Prior General under the Bishop, and the Vicars, who were appointed by the Vicar Apostolic in the general chapter of the congregation every third year, ruled the congregation. On Sundays and festivals the use of flesh meat was permitted. Hitherto strict total abstinence from flesh meat had been observed. Rules for the government of the Order were also determined upon. The use of shoes during ecclesiastical functions was also commanded, instead of sandals, which had always been worn before. The first Prior General, Very Rev. Fr. Cyriac of St. Elias, Vicar General of the Vicar Apostolic, went to his reward full of merits on Jan. 3rd, 1870. Very Rev. Fr. Cyriac of St. Eliseus, succeeded him. When the constitutions were approved by the Holy See with the above changes made by the Carmelite missionaries of Verapoly, he was appointed Delegate Superior of the congregation under the Vicar Apostolic, the principal Superior. As the St. Thomas' Christians were separated from the Carmelite mission at Verapoly in 1887, and two new vicariates Koltayam and Trichoor were established for the said nation of Chaldean Rite of Malabar, the Holy See, by a decree of December 15th, 1887, appointed Mgr. Andrew Ajuti, Archbishop of Acrida and Apostolic Delegate in the East Indies, now Apostolic Nuncio at Munich, as Superior General of the Carmelites of this rite in both new vicariates. His excellency visited all the convents of the congregation in 1889, as the term of two years, for the space of which the constitutions were confirmed, was then completed. The Superior General appointed the four oldest fathers in the congregation to note what things were most necessary to be inserted in the constitutions. When this had been done he instructed his delegate, Fr. Joseph of St. John of the Cross, to convoke a general chapter to the novitiate at Amplakal, where the notes of these fathers might be considered. All the superiors of the convents in Koltayam and Trichoor, together with one socius for each, took part in this chapter. The result of their consultation was sent by his excellency to Rome, and the constitutions were, with some changes, re-confirmed June 1st, 1893, for the next six years. The following are the principal changes: The Prior General and four Definitors General are to be elected from the congregation every third year. Some articles, as the expulsion of a religious, and the selection of the place for the novitiate, are to be carried out only with the consent of the Delegate Apostolic in India, and when the votes for the election of the Prior General do not agree, the matter is to be referred to his decision. Some articles are also to be carried out depending upon the consent of the local bishop. The blue cape was added to our habits, in commemoration of the establishment of the congregation under the title of "Servants of Mary Immaculate of Mount Carmel." The title was afterwards changed to "Third Order of the Discalced Carmelites." The color and material of the garments were changed to be woolen material of a dark brown or Carmelite color. At the request of our congregation, the Very Rev. Bernard, of Iesu, Discalced Carmelite Missionary Apostolic, a Spaniard, was appoined Prior General of the Order by a special decree of July, 1893. We have at present five priorates, two vicariate convents, and four branch houses, 55 professed fathers, five professed students of Theology, 17 novices in minor orders, 15 professed and 11 novice lay brothers. Since the establishment of the congregation 19 professed and two novice fathers, six novices in minor orders and four lay brothers have ended their lives by a happy death. During these 10 years our poor congregation, the only one in all India, sustained many vicissitudes and great trials, but the merciful God preserved it and brought it to the present prosperous state, through the intercession of our dear Lady of Mount Carmel and the prayers of St. Thomas, the Apostle, and our Holy Patriarch, St. Joseph, on whose powerful patronage the congregation always depends.

Of the first eleven fathers who made their profession, December 8th, 1855, three fathers are now living, also one lay brother, aged 94 years. Of the three surviving fathers, Fr. Alexander of St. Joseph, is a great missionary, appointed by the Holy See a Missionary Apostolic for his great labors. He is known everywhere, and he, too, knows all the Christians exactly. He has visited almost all the churches in Verapoly, Quilon and Cochin dioceses, as well as Koltayam

and Trichoor vicariates. In several of these places he has given retreats, and he is continually occupied in giving missions, preaching and hearing confessions. It was he who first propagated the devotion of the Sacred heart, and he is even now local director of the Apostleship of Prayer.

Our Carmelite nuns are under the jurisdiction of the local bishops. Their rules are as yet not confirmed by the Holy See. Whilst our rule is the same as that given by St. Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, the nuns are taught the strict rules of St. Teresa and they have strict enclosure. One of their convents in Mutholy is very near our monastery and was built by us. A secular priest is their confessor. Their lives are very virtuous.

Now, dear reverend father, if God permits, I intend to send you, from time to time, some particulars about this country, especially things of interest to the order. Asking your reverence not to forget me in your holy prayers and craving your fatherly blessing.

Yours most obediently,

FR. STEPHEN OF ST. THOMAS,

D. C. T. O.

More Wearers of Our Lady's Livery.

Names have been received for registration in Scapular Registry from Parkhill, Ont.: Lake Ainslie Chapel, N. S.: St. Patrick's Church, Cato, N. Y.: St. Thomas' Church, Red Creek, N. Y.: St. Columbanus' Church, Blooming Prairie, Minn.: St. Martin's Church, Whitfield, Ind.: Wea, Kas.: St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S.: Buffalo, N. Y.: Watertown, N. Y.: Walkerville, Ont.: Calais, Me.

At Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa., from the following: Palmyra, Marion Co., Mo.: Louisville, Ky., St. Peter's Church: St. Paul's Congregation, Bloomer, Wis.: North Ridgeville, O.: Columbus, Ohio, Rev. R. Murphy: Ridgely, Maryland: Beaver Dam, Wis., St. Peter's Congregation: Columbus Hospital: Immaculate Conception Church, Trenton, N. J.: Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio: St. Mary's Church, Milford, Ct.: St. Alphonse's Church, Murrinsville, Butler Co., Pa.: Madelia, Minn.: St. Michael's Church, Buffalo: St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill.: Holy Family Church, Chicago, Ill.: Alverno, Manitowoc Co.: Holy Cross Church, Columbus, Ohio.: St. Mary's Church, Cleveland, Ohio.: St. Stanislaus Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.: St. Joseph's Cathedral, Columbus, Ohio: St. Nicolaus' Rectory, Zanesville, Ohio; Notre Dame, Cleveland, Ohio.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Miss Matilda Cummings.

THE Star of Bethlehem has set, and the day of the Purification brings us with the Christ Child and His Mother into a new atmosphere, very foreign to the forty days 'twixt the Nativity and the Presentation in the Temple. Peace, the heritage of Bethlehem, had hovered around the new born Babe and His fair, young Mother, as she pressed Him to her bosom in all the raptures of a mother's love. He was all her own—her very own. No shadow had as yet fallen on her or hers. 'Twas as if Eden had been renewed on earth, the days of perfect repose ere sin had cast its shadow on the new creation fresh from the hand of God. But now, strange flutterings as of a frighted bird come over her, as with ready obedience to the law she wends her way to the Temple. There is something quite incomprehensible in the devotion which our Blessed Lady had to the Temple of Jerusalem. One would think, that living as she did, in the close presence of the Incarnate God, gazing on Him with more than all the united ardors of the saints, as with eyes transfixed they gazed on Him beneath the Eucharistic veils, folding Him to her breast in a union nearer and dearer than that of the most fervent communicant, that she would have no yearnings for the Temple, vast and grand and imposing as it was. And yet we are told that it was one of the sorrows of the exile into Egypt, its isolation from the Temple courts. Why was this? So imbued was she with His spirit so full of His interests, hidden king of men as He was, that the most insignificant ceremonial was to her as a part of the momentous whole in this centre of the Hebrew nation, this sanctuary around which clustered the memories of her people, their hopes, their desires, their glory and their pride. So we see her going to the Temple gate as a simple mother in Israel. Unseen angels

throng around her, as with radiant face and quickened step she bears her precious burden. Now and then she turns her beautiful eyes from the magnet of her soul upon the gracious face of her holy spouse beside her. The meek, patient, silent St. Joseph, favored depository of the secrets of the Most High, chosen minister of the divine decrees. How we marvel at his silence—fitting companion of her who "kept all things in her heart." With an admirable simplicity, "the highest grace and the last attained," they bear with them the timid nestling dove's exquisite figure of Him who shall ever accompany the word made flesh. How beautiful this picture to the eyes of our souls, and how utterly inadequate do we find our feeble words, when we come to phrase the thoughts which well up in our hearts as we think of this joyous mystery. Strange are the ways of God, and inscrutable to mere human eyes His dealings with His own. Mary, with the old time humility which drew Him to take up His abode in her ivory palace, where He fed among the lilies, now presents herself to the aged priest of God, venerable in his patient waiting for the desired of nations. The light of life flickers dimly in his eyes, that have long been straining for the sight of Him who would come from the everlasting hills. And now as the modest trio ascends the Temple steps, the heart of the prophet priest is strangely stirred within him. His pulse is quickened, the vigor of youth reanimates his feeble frame, and with a mighty triumph his soul leaps out from his lips in the words of prophecy. Again he changes as he holds the wondrous Infant within his arms. Sweet, and soft, and low as a lute touched by some gentle hand, is his voice as he murmurs his "Nunc dimittis!" Oh! how tremulous are his lips as with a daring reverence and an awe stricken love he presses them to those of Him who will soon be his Judge. But oh! what of her who gave Him into the arms of Holy Simeon? How will the Eternal Father reward this faithful fulfilment of the law in the Child and the Mother? What fresh streams of joy will flood her soul as He comes back to her warm embrace, in all the beauty of His winning infancy? Her eyes see only Him, but oh! her ears are listening and she hears the minor chord that Simeon sings after his canticle of liberation.

Like an icy wind from the frozen north it sweeps over her soul. "Thine own soul a sword shall pierce," and instinctively she presses her Babe to her bosom as if her first thought had been the fear of losing Him.

What other sword could pierce her soul? Here is the lesson of the first dolor of Mary. When God sends sorrow, press closer to Him, "Even though He slay me. Still will I trust in Him." The Lenten days will soon be upon us. The twilight of the Church. The days of search lights into the grey mists of the soul. The days of darkness that precede the perfect day. What shall we do in the twilights on Lenten days? Sit at the feet of Mater Dolorosa and learn the lesson of her first dolor. In it she appeals to us with a tenderness and a pathos greater even than in succeeding ones. She was so young, so fair, so sinless, and yet the dark waters submerged her, and the night closed in upon her in a darkness compared to which ours is as the brightness of day. Young as she is, yet she will be as a tower of strength to us who lean on her in the days of desolation. Fair and sinless, yet will she be very near to us, because of a common sorrow. Sorrow knits hearts that joy would never reach. So will we spend the Lenten twilights with the beloved Mother of Sorrows, and implore her with our eyes, if our tongues be mute to teach us how to keep close to God even when He tries us.

> "Abide with me, fast falls the even tide,
> The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide,
> When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
> Help of the helpless, oh! abide with me."

"And entering into the house they found the Child with Mary, His Mother." Such the joy that awaited the three kings. Such be ours if we bear in mind the monition. "The Child, *with* Mary, His Mother. Let them not be separated, then if sorrow come, as come it must, we will bear it no ill-will, because 'twill be but the shadow wherein the Child and His Mother ever walked. Who would not be with them in the shadow, rather than in the glare of the hard, cold world?

Grateful shade, no matter whence it fall, if it but give us the peace of heart which we so wistfully seek.

We will find it even in Egypt with the Holy Family.

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Mary Angela Spellissy.

I.—A SCAPULAR.

CONTINUED.

"THAT broth has put new life into me. Miss Judith, how comes it you are so kind to a good-for-nothing like me?"

"Well, Mr. Craig, it's only neighborly, but it *is* true that I *do* feel very kindly to you. I chanced to hear that you were very determined about having your child christened last spring and when I found you were ailing I was very much concerned. I know that our men are oftener weak than wicked."

"That's a true word, Miss Judith. When Mrs. Baizley brought me that Scapular you could have knocked me down with a feather. I was invested with the Scapular when I made my first communion and my mother always gave me a new one as the old wore out. She died a year ago, and I clung to the Scapular she gave me last. I was very sick last month, after a spree, and when I got better I found my Scapular was gone. I suspected that my mother-in-law had done something with it, but I knew her better than to ask her for it: I suspected that she knew I missed it. When she brought me your message I was very much astonished. The first Scapular that I ever wore, you gave. I was in your first communion class, and I always remember how earnestly you told us never to lay it off and that, in wearing it, we announced ourselves as the children of the Blessed Virgin and that she would protect us. When I began to drink I often thought I would tear it off me. I felt myself a hypocrite, but the thought that she is the 'refuge of sinners' and I needed her prayers, stayed my hand and I held on to it because of my mother, and respect for the Virgin Mother."

"Blessed be God, Craig, His mercies are wonderful. How long since your last confession?"

"Well, I haven't been since I was married, that's four years ago."

"God is very good to you, and I see you are not ungrateful. I'll tell you what to do. There will be fewer at confession this afternoon because so many went for yesterday, the first Friday. Take the car and go down to St. Andrew's, tell the priest that you are a sick man, and that you wish to make a beginning. Remember there is more joy in heaven over the sinner that doth penance, than over ninety-nine just that need not penance. It is now two o'clock and you can be at home before sun-down: there is a little car-fare."

Craig would have declined the crisp note that Miss Judith pressed into his hand, but she cut him short with:

"Have sense, man, I know how sickness runs away with money, I don't forget the joy I felt one day, when lying ill, I found the five dollar bill some good soul had put between the leaves of my prayer book."

Pious aspirations for Craig bubbled from Miss Judith's lips as she waited on her customers, who came and went, until at eleven o'clock she closed the shutters she had opened at seven in the morning.

Midnight surprised her on her knees mingling her petitions with grateful thanks for "the sheep that was lost and is found."

Tuesday brought Mrs. Baizley.

"Craig had another hemorrhage Monday morning, and Mrs. Craig asked Miss Judith to come over."

Kitty was hastily despatched for the priest, and Miss Judith, carrying the basket sacred to such occasions, was soon in the sick chamber. To arrange a neat altar was the work of a very few minutes. The necessary articles stood ever ready in Miss Judith's room, and in her neighborhood were often in demand. Loving hearts kept Miss Judith supplied with the loveliest flowers. The donors knew well that Christ or His poor would be their destination. To the sick their fragrant beauty were promises of paradise. A bunch of rare roses lay beneath the crucifix. In a half hour the Sacred heart of Jesus lay lovingly within the sick man's breast, "and there was a great peace."

Extreme Unction was administered and the invalid left to repose. When Miss Judith

called next morning she was sadly disappointed to find that Craig was wonderfully better.

"Dear Lord," she muttered, "why didn't you take him? Don't let him live to wallow in the mire again." It was well that she knew not then, that nine months heroic suffering were in store for her friend.

"Did you get to confession that Saturday, Mr. Craig?"

"Indeed I did, and to a saint: he was not a bit cross. I had little left to tell the priest when you brought him that day."

As soon as Craig got about he closed his saloon. Miss Judith was a staunch supporter in this resolve, although it appeared to invite starvation.

A chance remark discovered to her the relationship between the dying man and a wealthy family in a remote part of the city.

To her note came a speedy response, in the arrival of his aunt and a cousin. A handsome carriage brought them to her door; the pompous footman attracted the admiration of the neighborhood during the conversation that ensued in the little back room.

Miss Judith's simple statement of the situation was met by mother and daughter very coldly. "Really, Miss Judith, I don't see what we can do. Of course, if a ten dollar bill will be of use, you are welcome to it."

"I think, Mrs. Craig, that the sick man was named for your husband?"

"Yes, but the two brothers saw little of each other after they grew up."

Miss Judith's toe began to prance nervously, but she reined it in and clutched her beads deep down in her pocket.

The next question was put very quietly.

"Was your brother-in-law named David?"

"Yes, he was much older than my husband."

"Quite true, Mrs. Craig, you see I knew David Craig when he saved all his earnings to pay for his little brother's schooling. Alexander was a handsome boy, and the girls thought him very fine, but I always cared more for David: his devotion to his brother was his one weakness. Alexander wanted to go to college, so Davie worked hard and saved every penny to educate his brother. Alec graduated at the end of four years and got a situation, thanks to the respect everyone had for Davie. Very soon Davie's ignorance became too much for Alec, who could not tolerate anything unrefined. Davie's clothes were not as elegant as Alec's unpaid for suit, and so the two brothers drifted apart. They are both dead now. Alec became very rich, but he was always in my eyes a poor man. No penny of his ever went to Davie."

Mrs. Alexander Craig had changed color many times during Miss Judith's remarks, which were uttered in a soliloquizing tone. At first the widow tried to give Miss Judith a hint to be silent, but the speaker persisted in looking down.

Miss Edith Craig looked from one to the other.

"You must have known them very well, Miss Judith?"

"Yes, dear, we were neighbors' children."

"And happy children, Judith," said Mrs. Craig. "I do not forget the old days, and many a time since my husband's death my heart has cried out for just such love as that of the old friends. Davie's son shall be attended to."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Margaret. Everyone is known and when the poor fellow dies, as he will very soon, it would be a sorry story if his own people knew nothing of him or his sufferings."

"Could you not spare me that, Judith?"

"No, Margaret," retorted Judith severely, "you know you always had a poor memory."

"My dear Edith," said Judith, "your mother and I have had many a tilt before to-day."

"And will have many another," replied Mrs. Craig. "I am coming to see you often and make better use of your lesson than in the olden times."

The dying man never knew how his aunt discovered him; his last days were made easy by the knowledge that he was not leaving his wife and child without friends. Faithful to the end, his piety was most edifying to Mrs. Baizley, who began to question Miss Judith of many things that came to her knowledge for the first time. In referring to the Scapular, Miss Judith read to the non-Catholic a part of the formula used in the admission of candidates.

How sweetly the words fell upon the ear of the sick man. "Almighty God, the

creator of heaven and earth, bless thee, He who hath vouchsafed to call thee unto the Society and Confraternity of Blessed Mary of Mount Carmel: let us beseech her therefore, that in the hour of thy death she may bruise the head of the serpent, thine adversary, and that finally thou mayst attain unto the palm of victory, and the crown of inheritance everlasting through Christ our Lord. Amen!"

"Indeed, Alec, I did not know that your Scapular meant so much. I took yours away because I thought Catholics wore those things, and thought they dared be as wicked as they pleased, and that they would not be punished if they wore those little bags, and it made me mad."

"Indeed you have good reason to think so, Mrs. Baizley, I was but a sorry Catholic."

"The promise the Blessed Virgin made to the holy man to whom she gave this devotion, was that she would show favor to those who wore her Scapular *devoutly*," said Miss Judith. "Alec here wore his Scapular with reverence. He had his weaknesses, and, perhaps, God knows that his craving for liquor was part of his disease; he neglected his religion but never denied it. God has been good to him, and Alec has every reason to hope in God's mercy."

Alec's death was peaceful and Miss Judith said "God's time was a good time."

* * * * * * *

As I finished reading "the story of a Scapular" the sun shone out glorifying the sky, which the ocean reflected.

Laying down Aunt Hilda's manuscript I remembered her old friend Margaret MacLeod and was convinced that she had furnished the inspiration for the character of Miss Judith.

Peace to their souls.

OBITUARY.

In your charity pray for the souls of the following: James Hanrahan, who died early in December last at Niagara Falls, N. Y.; John Rourke, who died at London, Ont., November 26th, 1894; Timothy Mulcahy, who was killed by a fall at Chicago, Ill.; Miss Maggie Tray, who died at Worchester, Mass.; Timothy Coughlan, Sr., who died at Hastings, Ont., December 19th, 1894, aged 88 years. R. I. P.

The Jesuits and the Neutrals

BY VERY REV. W. R. HARRIS.

CONTINUED.

THE Fathers learned that the Senecas, one of the Five Nations of the Iroquois, have a very different mode of government. Men and women conduct affairs alternately, so that it is now a man who governs them, but after his death it will be a woman who, during her life, will rule in all things excepting what relates to war: and after the death of the woman, a man will again assume the direction of affairs.

Some old people told our Fathers that they knew of a certain Western Nation with whom they were often at war, who lived not far from the sea; that the inhabitants of the place fished for large shell-fish—a species of oyster from the shell of which are manufactured the pearls of this country. Here is how they describe their mode of fishing.

When the sea rises they wait near the places where these shell-fish abound, and when the violence of the waves throw them towards land, they jump into the water and seize all they can carry. They sometimes find them so large that it is all they can do to hold one. Many assert that only the young men who are virgins can capture this fish, and, if they be not so, the fish disappear. I vouch not for the truth of this. They state that these same people hunt certain aquatic animals, larger and quicker than the deer. The young braves enter the water to tempt this animal to follow them on to dry land, and when the pursuit becomes dangerous, the young men turn and throw down pieces of leather, old moccasins and the like, which, exciting the curiosity of the beast, detain and amuse it till the hunter gains time. This device is repeated every time the monster gains on them, till they arrive at a place where a number of hunters are in hiding, who rush out and finally destroy it. We have been told these stories of this strange land. *

* Evidently this alludes to the alligators of the Mississippi

French traders have before now visited the country of the Neutrals, but we have not heard of any other priest than Rev. Father de la Roche Dallion, Recollect, who preached the gospel and passed the winter of 1626 among them. The French who were in the Neutral land at the time of his visit, returned, having heard that some of their companions in the remote places were roughly handled.

The above mentioned Father, who undertook this great journey, soon after his arrival among the Hurons, was not acquainted with their language, and, being without an interpreter, he endeavored to instruct those around him more by signs than by voice, as he himself related in one of his own printed letters. This ignorance of their language, joined to the lies which the Hurons, who feared to lose the profits of the trade they carried on with this people, circulated about him, prevented the Father from doing as much for the service of God as he desired.

Fourteen years after his return, two Fathers of our Society, who had charge of a Huron Mission, left St. Mary's November 2nd, 1640. When they arrived at St. Joseph's, or Tean Austajae, the last town of the Hurons, where they were to obtain provisions for the journey, and meet the guides, they learned that those who had promised to accompany them, failed to keep their word, so they had no other alternative than to address themselves to Heaven. After praying, Father Brebeuf met a young man who had no intention of making this journey. I do not know why the Father addressed himself to him, but he simply said: "Come with us and be our companion." This young man, without hesitating, followed them, and remained their faithful companion. Two of our Frenchmen went with them on their journey to assist them, and trade as merchants in the country, for, without this excuse, the doors of the cabins would have been closed against them, as, in fact, they afterwards were. They slept four nights in the woods, and on the fifth day arrived at the first town of the Neutral Nation, called Kandoncho, which they christened "All Saints."

As they knew something of the ill-will of these people, whose minds were poisoned with the lies and calumnies circulated among them in other days, they deemed it prudent to wait upon the Chiefs and Elders of the tribe, present their offerings, and make known their intentions. For this reason, it was necessary to wait upon the Chief who conducted public affairs, and who was called *Tsohahissen*. His town was in the middle of the country. To arrive there it was necessary to pass through other towns and villages, the doors of whose cabins were closed against the Fathers by reason of the fear which filled the people.

The name *Echon*, which is the Indian name of Father Brebeuf, was known everywhere as that of one of the most famous sorcerers or demons that they had ever heard of. The hope of a prosperous trade, however, at times pacified them, and it was owing to this expectation that the Fathers were hospitably entertained at the village of the principal Chief, where they were compelled to wait until spring for the return of the warrior who was on the war-path.

Our Fathers spoke to those who conducted affairs during his absence: made known to them their desire to preach the gospel in the country, and for this purpose wished to contract an alliance with them. In proof of the sincerity of their statement, they offered a wampum belt of 2,000 grains. The principal men, after consulting together, replied that they could not accept the gift before the return of their Chief, for, according to their custom, they would be compelled to offer gifts in return: but if we wished to wait until then, we were at liberty to do so, and give such instructions as we wished. Nothing, it would appear, could happen more opportunely, for it gave the missionaries time to converse with the older heads, and to soften the more angry spirits. But, before they began to preach, the Fathers deemed it prudent to retrace their path and escort their attendants out of the country, then return and begin their duties, which they did. But now that there was no longer a hope of barter, the Fathers were subjected to a renewal of the calumnies which had confronted them on their arrival.

The Hurons had already told these people that before *Echon* entered their country he publicly thus expressed himself: "I will remain so many years, during which

time I will cause the death of many, and then I will go elsewhere until I have brought about the destruction of the whole Nation." Others again said that after *Echon* had communicated a mortal disease to some of the Hurons, he left to make an alliance with the Senecas, one of the Iroquois tribes, sworn enemies of the Hurons, who dwelt but a day's march eastward from the Neutral town, *Onqiiaahra*, which is also the name of the river. He said that when he met them, he would make them presents of wampum belts and arrows, and induce them to come and effect the ruin of this country.

Others were continually dinging into our ears that we should be on our guard, lest we be massacred, as was one of our Frenchmen who had undertaken a similar voyage, excited their jealousy and aroused a fear of losing trade. Others again said that when they had buried an excellent christian named Joseph Chivuatenhua, *Echon* turned towards the country of the Senecas, who had killed him, and exclaimed aloud: "Senecas, it is all over with ye, ye are dead men," and soon after the Fathers faced towards their country and introduced disease which, in effect, was raging among them (the Senecas) during the stay of the missionaries in the Neutral Nation.

I am sure that from the day of the departure of the Fathers for the Neutral country, until their return, not a week passed that the Neutrals did not report their death. Yet I am of the opinion that, very often, these rumors were circulated by our own pagan Hurons, who, suspecting that some of their own friends might have killed the Fathers, wished to make strangers responsible for the deed.

Be that as it may, it is certain that a Huron named Aouenhokoui, nephew of one of our principle chiefs, went in company with another through several towns of the Neutral Nation when our Fathers were there, saying they were sent by their Chiefs and Elders with presents of axes, to warn the warriors to be on their guard, and watch the French if they did not wish the ruin of their country, and, above all, to have nothing to do with our gifts. And these messengers of evil suggested that, in case the Neutrals refused to strike the blow, the Hurons had resolved to destroy the two upon their return, adding that the design would already have been executed, only that all the Fathers were living together in the same house.

This man Aouenhokoui, having arrived on the same day with the missionaries at one of the villages, bestowed a thousand endearing caresses on them, inviting them at the same time to accompany him still further into the country, but they having other matters to attend to, left him to proceed alone. Afterwards, having heard of certain of his speeches and propositions, they took counsel with some of the members of the tribe, and asked what could have been the motive of Aouenhokoui in so strongly urging them to accompany him. The answer portended no good. This man, although the most dangerous, was by no means the boldest, for another, named Oentara, filled the ears of the people with lies and calumnies. He said that we harbored disease at our house, that our writings were symbols of sorcery, that we brought death to almost everyone in the Huron country, and that we had resolved to destroy all that still remained. He advised them furthermore to close the doors of their lodges against us, if they would prevent desolation coming upon the Nation. He was even bold enough to make his charges against the Fathers in their very presence, and in the hearing of the Elders of the country. However, though Father Brebeuf effectualy refuted all his lies, the poison which was injected into the hearts of these poor savages was not easily neutralized, and they still held in mortal dread one whose name was so ominous of evil. Other Hurons, who arrived about this time, confirmed what had been said against us, and awakened much suspicion in the minds of the Chiefs and leading men of the tribe.

Now, although those very men refused to hold a consultation with us in the beginning, stating that they had no authority to act till Tsohahissen, their head Chief, returned, they now, after two months and a half, declared that they had the authority to act and to decide pressing affairs in the absence of *Tsohahissen*, adding that they considered our business of such an important nature as to call for immediate action.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MARY, Immaculate Mother of Him who is without spot or stain.—ORIGEN.

Favors Received for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude cancelled postage stamps received from Ven. Srs. St. J., St. Louis, Mo.; Ven. U. Srs., Galveston, Tex.; E. K., Detroit, Mich.; Miss M. T., Haysville, Ont.; Ven. Sr. M. H. C., Toronto, Ont.; L. D., Port Dalhousie, Ont.; M. A., ——; Miss A. M. N., Lisbon, N. Dak.; Ven. Sr., Harbor Grace, Nfld.; Miss S. X. B.; Mrs. S. J. W.; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Miss N. O'B., Dedham, Mass.; Mrs. L. B—m, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. A. E. McB., Nauvoo, Ill.; Mrs. M. A. C., West Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. S. F. S., Beard, Ky.; P. P., Actonvale, P. Que.; E. F., Penetanguishene, Ont.; Miss L. A. J., Petrolea, Ont.; Miss K. C., Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss D. H., North Vernon, Ind.; Ven. Srs. G. S., Columbus, Ohio; D. O'B., Rossport, Ont.; Mrs. T. B., Edgar, Ont.; Miss M. C. O'H., Brookline, Mass.; Miss M. C., Englewood, N. J.; A. J. B., Manayunk, Pa.; Mrs. T. M., Basin of River Inhabitants, N. S.; Mrs. M. S., New Baltimore, Pa.; J. L. Paterson, N. J.; Miss M. F., St. Roch de Quebec, P. Que.; Mrs. A. M. C., Ann Arbor, Mich.; Miss M. E., Pittsburg, Pa.; Master E. S., Chicago, Ill.; K. C., Staffa, Ont.; Miss N. S., Deseronto, Ont.; Ven. Sr. B. O. S. B., Warren, Pa.; Miss D. B., Wallaceburg, Ont.; A. O'N., ——?; M. T. McD., Harrison's Corners, Ont.; Miss M. T. K., Pomfret Centre, Conn.; Miss M. S., Findlay, Ohio; also from several other unknown sources.

Devotional articles and other favors have been sent to us by Ven. Srs. St. J., St. Louis, Mo.; Ven. Srs. D. C., New Orleans, La.

PETITIONS.

The following intentions are recommended to the fervent prayers of our charitable readers: A friend troubled with brain disease; a brother who is addicted to drink; X. Y. Z. wants prayers for restoration to health for herself and sister, and some special spiritual graces; that brothers may cease drinking and obtain steady work; that a mother may get the means to pay her debts; that a father may stop drinking; that an aunt may give up the same vice; for peace in the family; that news may be received of a brother who has been missing for 11 years; that T. B. may obtain employment and that his sister may recover the use of a limb; Mrs. M. E. P. asks prayers that she may be restored to health, or spared a little while longer until her child grows up; Mrs. M. C. asks prayers that her husband may obtain work; Anna M. asks prayers for a special intention and that a poor girl may obtain good work; K. A. W. asks prayers for a special intention; for a little son troubled with a running ear; for a safe delivery; for patience with children; Miss E. M. asks prayers that her insane father may be restored or that God may call him to Himself, also that an abscess which troubles her sister may disappear; Miss B. C. asks prayers that her sister, who is inclined to be wild, may have a change of heart, also that her brother give up drink and become a good Catholic, and for herself, that her vocation may be made easy to attain; prayers are also asked for the speedy recovery of Mrs. M. O'D.; for several very particular intentions of J., Toronto, Ont.; for Mrs. J. O'G., Tralee, Ont.; Miss L. E. asks prayers for a cure of deafness in her mother; also for satisfactory settlement of a suit; prayers are asked also for the father of a family that he may give over drinking, get a good situation and attend to his religious duties; for three other men, that they may reform and get good situations and pay their debts; for a mother that her health may be restored; for a husband that he may fully recover from a nervous attack and succeed in his undertaking and lead a pious life; that a business transaction may be decided for the best; for peace in a family; R. B. asks prayers for a situation; fervent prayers are asked to obtain the grace for a friend to go to Communion, not later than Easter; prayers are asked for a young person to be cured from a nervous attack and become strong; for four men to obtain situations, pay their debts and go to their duty for the New Year; for a brother to persevere in his good resolutions; for a mother's health to be restored; that money stolen may be restored; for the prosperity of a young man in his profession.

Letter of Thanksgiving.

Dear Fathers:—According to a promise made to our good Mother of Mount Carmel that if she brought me safe through my sickness I would send five dollars to the building fund of the Hospice, I herewith enclose the five dollars with an earnest prayer for your success.—Mrs. M. C., ——, Que.

The rejection of the mysteries of Christianity will not eliminate the element of mystery from life.

Every fragment of human life will illuminate the teaching of the Bible, and no single race can exhaust it.

A moral downfall may be sudden at the last, but it is the result of habits long before implanted and fostered.

The best preacher is the man who touches the heart and thus influences the life. No man can preach effectively what he does not himself feel.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, ONT., MARCH, 1895. NO. 3.

Hymn to Our Lady of Good Counsel.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

LISTEN, Mother, to our sighing,
Shades of earth have gathered round,
And we gaze on thy sweet image,
Seeking grace which thou hast found.

Thou hast trod the path of sorrow,
All its pangs are known to thee;
Let us follow in thy footsteps,
To the cross of Calvary.

Thy loved title of "Good Counsel"
Ever lights this narrow way,
Leading on to rest supernal
In the everlasting day.

"Good," indeed, the counsel leading
O'er the path thy Jesus trod.
Mother! may it daily light us
To the Paradise of God.

Angel choirs are circling round thee,
Golden harps resound with praise,
And thine exiled children's voices
Softly mingle humbler lays.

We are gazing on thy image
With its face so sweet and mild,
And with arms around thee twining
Clings thy God—the Saviour-Child.

Fair thou art as morning rising,
Gentle as the moonbeams white,
Shining like the gold effulgence
Of our radiant orb of light.

In God's own unfathomed council
In the eternity of love,
Thee He placed as chosen Daughter,
All created works above.

And the "Angel of Great Council,"
Came on earth thy Child to be.
And His words of life and spirit
Oft were whispered unto thee.

Lighting up the Passion-shadows
Prophet-words had round thee cast,
Pointing to the golden glory
Thou, with Him, wouldst win at last.

Spouse thou art, O Virgin-Mother!
Of the Spirit, and His shade
Ever veiled thy lily-fairness
Which no earthly breath could fade.

Daughter, Mother, Spouse, Oh! hear us
Star of guidance, day by day
Look we for thy gifts of counsel
Beaming o'er our heavenward way.

Thy sweet image guided pilgrims
O'er the mountains-through the wave-
As, of old, the cloud and firelight,
God His chosen people gave.

Or as when the silver starlight
Led the royal guests to bring
Gifts of gold, myrrh, fragrant incense,
To thy Babe, the Saviour-King.

So, sweet mother, may we bring thee
Gold of love and incense-prayer,
In His Heart, Oh! do thou place them,
All thy gifts are welcome there.

TO OUR LADY.

Mother! I am sad to-day.
"*Consolatrix afflictorum!*"
And the sense of sin is o'er me,
O "*Refugium peccatorum!*"
Through the shadows, do thou lead me,
"*Pulchra Stella Matutina!*"
In thy loving Heart receive me,
"*O amabilis Regina!*"

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,

Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER V.

THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL SYSTEM—McMASTER'S JOURNAL, THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL BANNER JOURNAL—THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS—THEIR RECENT ORIGIN—OPPOSED BY THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AS OPPRESSIVE AND UNCONSTITUTIONAL LEGISLATION BY THE STATE OF NEW YORK—McMASTER FROM THE BEGINNING DEFENDS THE PRINCIPLE TAUGHT BY THE POPE, THAT TO THE PARENT, UNDER THE CHURCH OF GOD, BELONGS THE INALIENABLE RIGHT TO EDUCATE THE CHILD—ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN ADMITS McMASTER TO HAVE BEEN IN GREAT MEASURE THE FATHER OF THE AMERICAN PAROCHIAL SCHOOL—THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL SYSTEM SUSTAINED BY THE NEW YORK PRIESTS—THE REV. FATHER EDWARDS, RT. REV. BISHOP KEANE, HIS EMINENCE, JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

ONE pre-eminent public question of which James A. McMaster treated oftener and more exhaustively than any other, is the necessity of religious teaching in the education of the young. The public school system, as at present constituted, is a thing of comparavively recent growth, little as the present generation appear to know it. To hear the ranting advocates of the system, one would suppose that it had been incorporated in the Constitution of the United States by the Revolutionary Fathers, and that it is little less than treason to denounce the evils of it.

The first scheme, on any extensive scale, was brought forward in the Albany Legislature in 1849. True to his instinctive recognition of any foe to public welfare or Christian morality, McMaster at once opposed the bill with all his power, and if he did not succeed in defeating it, he at least secured the modification of many of the features introduced later on. A series of powerful articles, turning the measure inside out and exhibiting its dangerous character, began on August 11, 1849, in which issues McMaster said:

"In the proposed measure of *free schools* for the State of New York, we see a system of wholesale oppression and unconstitutional legislation, to which we intend inviting the attention of the public to be interested. We shall do so in no spirit of party. The Methodists, the Presbyterians, and every sect in the State, supposing them to believe their religion worth teaching, and capable of being taught to their children, have the same interest in the subject that we have. We have shown that the project is irreligious—impious would not be too strong a term—and we shall do what we can to show that it is the interest of the community at large to reject it."

With unanswerable argument and cogency of reasoning McMaster proved to the public in general, that the State has no inherent right to educate our children, but that this right is the inalienable right of parents who, by the law of nature, are free to educate their children in the school of their own choice. Year after year he was assailed on all sides, but he fought for the principle to the last.

The chief point then was to unite Catholics themselves on this question—to make them understand that they had better build schools first, and leave the building of the churches afterwards to the scholars educated in these schools. But here he was supported by the teaching of the Church. Any one who is familiar with the history of the Church must certainly know the maternal solicitude which the Church has ever had for the instruction of the young. Not to go beyond our own country, we find abundant proofs here. In the very first Synod ever held in the United States, at a time when the United States was made up of one diocese, in the year 1791, when the first Bishop of this country assembled his priests from north and south and east and west, to meet in Baltimore, and there take measures for the common good, he found he was able to gather around him from this immense country, from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, twenty priests; and these, even then when the need of Church

was paramount, when priests had whole States under their jurisdiction, even then they do not fail to assert that all care must be taken to guard the young. Here is the garden in which in God's own time the beautiful flower will grow. And in the first Provincial Council of the United States, in 1829, when instead of one Bishop there were nine Sees in this country, we find these nine Prelates, in the 34th decree of the Council, affirming the absolute necessity of these schools. And later on, in 1852, when the first National Council was held, we find the Fathers dilating at great length on this very same subject, and this not of their own accord exclusively, but they say expressly, in so many words, that in doing this we are only following up the instructions given to us by our Holy Father by his encyclical letter of 1851, in which he urges all the Bishops of the world to make every effort for the increased propagation of Catholicity. So that therefore in fighting so earnestly for this subject, McMaster was not advancing peculiar ideas; he was simply following the instincts, the guidance and the voice of that Supreme Teacher in the Church who takes the place of Peter, whether he be Gregory or Pius or Leo.

Hence he repeated most frequently the words of Pius IX: "We must make education more Christian."

Behold the triumph of the cause which he advocated: "Our schools cover the land. Every Bishop urges their establishment. Few priests care to advocate the public schools as they exist. The great majority of Catholics are now the advocates of parochial schools, and in a few years the sentiment will be unanimous, while Catholic higher education will be found in a university of our own. The enemy is now entirely without, and we have to-day strong and able external allies in the struggle to obtain a system of denominational education."

"Archbishop Corrigan," said the St. Louis *Western Watchman*, "pronounced a touching eulogy on the deceased, whom he had known long and intimately. He declared that he was in great measure the father of the American parochial school. This is most honorable testimony to the deceased's work and worth. Our people still remember when a parochial school was a thing unknown. Thirty-five years ago there was not a Catholic parochial school in this city worthy of the name—none in New York or Philadelphia or Boston. To have been the author and instigator of the present gigantic system of parochial education, is high honor, indeed."

"McMaster," said the *Michigan Catholic*, "offended many men in his contest with indifference and laziness in the matter of Christian education. There would be fewer Catholic schools in the United States to-day than there are, if Mr. James A. McMaster had never entered Catholic journalism. In developing the infant Catholic sentiment of thirty years ago into the giant of the present day, he had to give offence to many, even in influential quarters; but he had his reward before his death, in knowing that there is not a diocese in the United States in which pastors are not *commanded*, where it is possible to maintain a parochial school, to build one."

Now, by contending for Catholic schools and Christian education, McMaster showed himself the greatest friend of the Republic and upholder of the Union.

"A body which has lost the principle of its animation becomes dust. Hence, it is an axiom that the change or perversion of the principles by which anything was produced, is the destruction of that very thing: if you can change or pervert the principles from which anything springs, you destroy it. For instance, one single foreign element introduced into the blood produces death; one false assumption admitted into science, destroys its certainty; one false principle admitted into morals, is fatal. Now, our American nation is departing from the principles which created their civilization, and upon which their grand Republic is based. Their civilization is becoming every day more and more material, and this material civilization, while more and more material, is becoming less moral; society is becoming less solid, less safe, less stable; individuals are becoming more anarchical, the intellect more licentious, the wills of men more stubborn, and this self-will expresses itself in their actions, so that it is true to say that, by means of godless education, the principles of Christianity upon which the American Republic was founded, and by which it has hitherto been preserved, have been rejected, and are violated on every side. Our Republic, therefore, is no more progressing, but is going back.

"About twenty-five years ago a number of leading politicians and statesmen of America, of highest name and note, met together to consider the condition of the United States. It was before the war, when there were already many causes of anxiety. It was said that there was a universal and growing license of the individual will, and that law and government were powerless to restrain it; that if the will of the multitude became licentious, it

would seriously threaten the public welfare and liberty of the country. The conclusion they came to was, that, *unless there could be found some power which could restrain the individual will*, this danger would at last *seriously menace the United States*.

"Now, it is easy to say what that power is. It is the power which created Christian society—it is the power which drew the world out of the darkness of heathenism, abolished slavery, restored woman to her true dignity—it is the power which established and maintained republican governments; and that power is the power of Catholicity. Whensoever this power is weakened or lost, immediately all political society decays. There will be a bright future for America if this power will be maintained and preserved.

"The Catholic church is the grandest Republic that was ever established. But it is a Republic of a supernatural order. It has for its Founder Jesus Christ, the Son of God Himself. He chose St. Peter for its first President. The grand Republic is divided, as it were, into as many States as there are dioceses: each diocese has a Bishop—a true successor of the Apostles—for Governor, and each Bishop has priests to assist him in the spiritual government of the diocese. The Constitution of this Republic was made by Jesus Christ. It cannot be changed or altered at all, either by the President, or by the votes of its citizens. St. Peter and the other Apostles, and their lawful successors, were bound in conscience, by Jesus Christ, to keep His Constitution–His doctrine-and teach others to keep it, under pain of forfeiture of eternal life. The President and the Governors of this Republic—the Pope and the Catholic Bishops—are not at liberty to govern its citizens, the Catholics, as they please; they have to govern them according to the Constitution—the Doctrine of Jesus Christ. Now, Almighty God governs men in accordance with the nature with which He has created them, as beings endowed with reason and free-will. God adapts His government to our rational and voluntary faculties, and governs us without violence to either, and by really satisfying both. The rulers of the Catholic church have to do the same; they must govern men as freemen. Hence the Catholic church leaves to every people its own nationality, and to every State its own independence; she ameliorates the political and social order, only by infusing into the hearts of the people and their rulers the principles of justice and love, and a sense of accountability to God. The action of the Church in political and social matters is indirect, not direct, and in strict accordance with the free-will of individuals and the autonomy of states. Servile fear does not rank very high among Catholic theologians. The Church, when she can, resorts to coercive measures only to repress disorders in the public body. Hence her rulers are called shepherds, not lords, and shepherds of their Master's flock, not of their own, and are to feed, tend, protect the flock, and take care of its increase for Him, with sole reference to His will, and His honor and glory. The Catholic church proffers to all every assistance necessary for the attainment of the most heroic sanctity, but she forces no man to accept that assistance. Catholics believe the doctrines of the Church, because they believe the Catholic church to be the Church of God—they believe that Jesus Christ commissioned St. Peter and the Apostles, and their lawful successors, to teach all men in His name—to teach them infallibly and authoritatively His divine doctrine—they believe that this Church is the medium through which God manifests His will, and dispenses His grace to man, and through which alone we can hope for heaven; they believe that nothing can be more reasonable than to believe God at His word, and that, above all, they must seek the kingdom of God and secure their eternal salvation.

"Being governed by the Church, as freemen, in the spirit of a republican government, and enjoying as they do, the freedom of the children of God, Catholics feel nowhere more at home, than under a republican form of government. If a great Pope could say in truth, that he was nowhere more Pope than in America, every Catholic can, and does, also, say in truth, 'Nowhere can I be a better Christian than in the United States.' Hence it is that Catholics are very generally attached to the republican institutions of the country—no class of our citizens more so—and would defend them at the sacrifice of their lives. Catholics far more readily adjust themselves to our institutions than non-Catholics, and among Catholics it must be observed that *they* succeed best who best understand and best practise their religion. They who are least truly American, and yield most to demagogues, are those who have very little of Catholicity, except the accident of being born of Catholic parents, who had been baptized in infancy.

"Practical Catholics are the best republicans! If we consult history, we find that they were always foremost in establishing and maintaining the republican form of government. Who originated all the free principles which lie at the basis of our own noble Constitution? Who gave us trial by jury, *habeas corpus*, stationary courts, and the principle—for which we fought and conquered in our revolutionary struggle against Protestant England—that taxes are not to be levied without the free consent of those who pay them? All these cardinal elements of free government date back to the good old Catholic times, in the middle ages—some three hundred years before the dawn of the Reformation! Our Catholic forefathers gave them all to us.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"HAIL MARY!"

For the Carmelite Review.

P. A. B.

THE saints and holy persons found great pleasure in repeating the "Hail Mary," and endeavored to induce others to follow their pious example.

St. Alphonse Liguori says "the *Ave* by which we salute the Blessed Virgin is always pleasing to Mary, because we renew in her the great joy she felt when she heard she was to become Mother of God." We should have this intention when we say the "Hail Mary."

The venerable Thomas of Kempis often said to his pupils: "Frequently greet Mary with the angelic salutation, for those are words to which she gives a willing ear. Whenever I say "Hail Mary," heaven rejoices, earth is astounded and the devils tremble. It produces a loving feeling in my heart which I cannot express in words."

"As often as we salute Mary," says Saint Bernardine, "the Blessed Virgin returns the salutation—a salutation bringng with it grace and consolation for her servants."

Whenever St. Catharine of Sienna saw a picture of the Blessed Virgin she always saluted it with an "Ave Maria."

Even when a child, Saint Teresa often separated herself from her playmates in order to go and salute the Blessed Virgin with an "ave."

It was a custom of the venerable Benvenuta of the Dominican Order to say the "Hail Mary" a thousand times daily. On Saturday, the day consecrated to Mary, she doubled the number. On one occasion a beautiful child appeared to Benvenuta. "Have you a mother?" asked Benvenuta of the child, who, in place of answering, likewise put the same question to Benvenuta, who said "no, my mother is long since dead." "My mother still lives," said the child. Then asked Benvenuta, "Can you say the *Hail Mary?*" The child again put the same question to Benvenuta, who repeated the prayer to the words "Blessed is the fruit, etc.," when she heard from the lips of the child who was departing from her, "I am that blessed fruit."

Father Adalbert, of St. Alexis, relates that in a certain monastery there lived a holy virgin, who, on account of a very severe illness, was for many years confined to her bed. Finally death relieved her from suffering. Soon after her death she appeared to some of her friends and told them she had already entered Paradise. Among other things she related that she possessed unspeakable joys on account of her former devotion to the holy Mother of God. She said that the "Hail Mary" was particularly pleasing to the Blessed Virgin. Finally she said, "I would be willing to return to earth and undergo all my former sufferings for the sake of being allowed to say but one '*Hail Mary*.'"

A Cistertian nun, the venerable Eulalia, at one time fell asleep whilst the "*Ave Maria*" was being recited. As she awoke, she beheld the Mother of God standing before her, who said, "Sleepest thou, Eulalia?" The astonished Eulalia responded, "I am not sleeping but am watching. But how comes it that the Queen of heaven deigns to visit me, a poor sinner?" "My daughter," said the Blessed Virgin, "be not affrighted at the sight of her, thy Mother, whom you daily honor. If you desire to please me and benefit your own soul, know that what pleases me most is to hear you say "the Lord is with thee," for it again renews in me the joy I felt when I had with me my divine Son."

The learned Dr. Hugo Laemer, a Protestant, through curiosity took up a copy of the "Kalendar for Time and Eternity," written by Alban Stolz, a priest and professor of the University of Freiburg, in Germany. The doctor read therein those words of the author on the *Hail Mary:* "Perhaps thou (speaking to *non*-Catholics) hast yet a spark of devotion to Mary. A few centuries ago your forefathers honored the Blessed Virgin. Have the courage to break away from prejudice and say *Hail Mary* for at least a month, and you will always say it after that." Dr. Laemer followed the advice and returned to the faith of his fathers by becoming a devout Catholic and servant of Mary. May the *Hail Mary* work the same miracle of grace for our separated brethren. Only a good will is required. The wonderful little prayer will do the rest.

[Mostly from P. Ott.]

The Jesuits and the Neutrals

BY VERY REV. W. R. HARRIS.

CONTINUED.

HAVING come to this conclusion, one of them waited on the Fathers to communicate the result of their deliberations, which was that they refused to exchange presents. The Fathers replied that the exchange of gifts was not the only motive which induced them to visit the country: that their principal object was to bear to them a knowledge of God and His Son, Jesus Christ, our Saviour, and they now wished to know if the people refused to hear their instructions since the Chiefs refused to receive their gifts. The Chief replied that they had nothing to say against the faith which was preached, having found it nothing but what was good, nevertheless they could not accept any gift from them. Though the Fathers were pleased with this reply, as it conceded the principle for which they were contending—that is, liberty to preach and proclaim the Gospel throughout the land—they deemed it wise, however, to enquire the reasons for refusing the gifts, saying that they had a duty to discharge and an account to render to those who sent them. At first, the Chief replied that the people were poor, and were not able to make suitable returns for our gifts. The Fathers made answer that if that was their only difficulty, they need not refuse the presents, for they would not expect or ask for any return of the same nature, and that if they accepted them as brothers, it would be sufficient. He persisted in his refusal, however, adding trivial excuses, till at length the Sachem of the Council appeared and exclaimed: "Hear me, ye black robes. Are your ears deaf to what Auenhakoui stated when he came here to warn us, or are you blind to your own danger and the consequences of your stay in our country?"

Father Brebeuf attempted to reply, but he turned a deaf ear to him, and the Fathers were compelled to retire. The result of the meeting, however, did not induce the Fathers to leave the country. They decided to remain, satisfied that, if in the past, they had to endure insults and sufferings, they would now have to suffer more in the future. In fact, in more than one town which they visited, they were met on every side with contumely: "Look! they shouted out, the Agona (this was the name they applied to their most hated enemies) are coming, fasten your doors." So that when the Fathers stood before the doors of the wigwams, they were confronted with determined opposition by those who looked upon them as sorcerers, scattering death and disease around. If sometimes there was found one who received them, he was moved to act more through fear of refusal than by reasons of hospitality.

It is hard to credit the tremendous effect produced upon these poor savages by the stories of the Hurons. The report circulated among them of our great power for evil, produced upon their naturally defiant and courageous spirits a fearful and withering effect. The very appearance of the Fathers, their movements and dress,—so different from their own,—their manner of walking, their gestures, and, in fact, their every action seemed to be a confirmation of the ominous tidings borne to their ears. The breviaries, ink-horns and materials for writing were regarded as instruments of magic, and their very posture, when on their knees praying to God, was associated with the practice of sorcery. When they went to the stream to wash their plates, they were said to be poisoning the waters. It was reported of them that whenever they visited a lodge, the children began to bleed and were seized with a fit of coughing, and the women struck with barrenness. In fact, there was no misfortune so great for the present and the future of which they were not considered to be the cause. At some of the cabins where the Fathers lodged, the inmates slept neither night nor day, but refused their presents as things malign, and skulked in the furthest ends of the tents. The good wives already looked upon themselves as lost, and mourned for their little ones, who would not live to people the earth.

The Chiefs hinted to the Fathers that the Senecas were coming, and would soon arrive in their country: others stated the reason for which they refused to accept our

presents, was that they could not give us any assurance of safety while we remained in the country.

The insolence and tyranny of some of those who received us were almost unbearable. They ordered us around as slaves, insisting on immediate obedience. Sometimes we had nothing to eat, and at other times they forced us to visit their relatives, eat what was put before us, and pay whatever they demanded. In short they began to speak of killing and eating us.

The pretended maniacs ran wildly from cabin to cabin. On one occasion three of them, as naked as one's hand, entered the lodge where we were, and after performing a series of foolish antics, disappeared. On another occasion some of them rushed in, and seating themselves beside us, began to examine our bags, and after having taken away some of our property, they retired, still conducting themselves as fools. In short, we could only compare ourselves to a foot-ball, with which the demons enjoyed themselves in this barbarous country: still Divine Providence watched over us so that we needed nothing for our support, and aided us to bear affronts and injuries more easily imagined than described.

The Fathers, during their stay in the country, visited eighteen towns, to each of which they gave a christian name, by which they could, in the future, if the occasion arose, recognize them. They stayed for a considerable time at ten of the villages where they gave instruction to as many as would listen to them. They counted in these ten villages five hundred fires and three thousand souls, and it will be strange if the sound of the gospel which they preached here be not heard throughout the whole land. In our calculations we have only taken into account these three thousand souls. At last the Fathers, seeing that the people were not disposed to receive their teachings, and finding that the terror and confusion of the people increased with time, deemed it wise to retrace their path and return to the village of *Kondoncho*, or that of "All Saints," where they were in the beginning more graciously received, and there awaiting the opening of spring, instruct its inhabitants. God, however, disposed otherwise, for, having arrived at *Teotongniaton*, or St. Williams, midway on their route, a great quantity of snow fell, preventing them from continuing their journey. This misfortune, if it may be so called, was for them the greatest blessing and consolation they had experienced since they left home, for, being unable to remain anywhere in peace and quietness, even for the purpose of studying the language of the country, they now found themselves lodged with a hostess who made it a special object to make their stay here as pleasant as others made it unhappy. She welcomed them to her lodge, and, seeing they did not eat meat, it being the season of Lent, she took particular care to make a special dish for them, seasoned with fish, and much better than that which she served to her own family.

It was for her a special delight to instruct them in the language, dictating the words, syllable by syllable, as a teacher would to a scholar, and relating to them narratives and stories touching her people. Moved by her example, her little children who, at first, were seized with terror and fled away, now rendered them a thousand friendly attentions, and vied with each other in showing kindness to them. Nay! more. While all the other people of the town implored her to send away the Fathers, reminding her of all the misfortunes and dangers associated with them, she laughed at their fears, and persistently refuted their calumnies, saying that they themselves were imposed upon by the lies told them by others.

When some of them warned her of the destruction and death that would surely overtake her upon the departure of the Fathers, she replied that it was a common thing for people to die, and that she awaited the consequences with indifference, saying at the same time that they themselves were sorcerers who wished her death and that of her children, adding moreover that she would rather expose herself and her family to death than to send the Fathers away at this season, when they would surely perish from cold and exposure.

Not only had she to contend against those of the villages, but she was even annoyed with one or two in her own lodge who, among other things, said that her own father had been a sorcerer, and that consequently it was not to be wondered at that she consorted with sorcerers. This

charge, however, had no more effect on her than the others. Even her little children quarreled with their playmates, going to the extent of fighting in defence of the Fathers.

It is indeed surprising that this good woman remained indifferent to her persecutors, and continued her care for and her hospitality towards the Fathers, even to the day of their departure. Their only regret in leaving was that her disposition towards the Faith was not sufficient to warrant them in baptizing her. They, however, hope that the prayers of those who now hear of her hospitality will obtain for her the blessing of conversion.

The greatest cause of sorrow to this poor woman was that she could not always prevent the insults which were offered to them. A pretended maniac threw himself on Father Chaumonot, tore his cassock and shouted out that the priests ought to be burned, and, night after night, he kept up such a continuous noise, that the Fathers could not sleep. Others entered the cabin, and in her presence took from the Fathers their articles of devotion, and even threatened to burn the missionaries, which threat perhaps, if their good angel had not intervened, would have been carried out. At length, the father of this good woman interfered, approving of all things she had done for them, testifying a particular affection, and promising to visit them at their own house in the Huron country. May our Divine Lord guide his footsteps.

It was, without doubt, a special Providence of God which protected them in this village, for, during the twenty-five days which they remained there, they added to their Huron dictionary the idioms of this people, a work which well repaid them for their long voyage. The savages receive with more kindness those who speak their own language, and regard those who do not as aliens and foreigners. Amid all the vicissitudes and misfortunes which the Fathers experienced during their stay in the country, they did not neglect the infants, the old people nor the sick, to whom they gave the consolations of religion.

Among all the villages which they visited, there was only one, Kiekiocton, named by them St. Michaels, where they were received with any show of courtesy becoming their mission. In this town there dwelt a number of refugees belonging to a strange nation, named *Anarchronon*, that lived on the shores of Lake Erie, near the Cat Nation, who fled here from their enemies, and were directed, as if by Providence, to this town to listen to the teachings of the Fathers. They were fairly well instructed by the missionaries who, however, did not deem it opportune to baptize them. The Holy Ghost will fructify the seed which has been sown in their hearts.

I remain your very humble and obedient servant in our Saviour,

I. L'ALEMANT.

From our residence at St. Mary's of the Hurons, May 19th, 1741.

THE END.

KIND WORDS.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW is a welcomed and regular monthly visitor at our office. It is published by the Carmelite Fathers of Niagara Falls, Ont., in honor of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel, and in the interest of the Brown Scapular. Its reading matter is of the very best and such as must especially be of interest to every Catholic reader. The contributors of the various articles are well-known writers and speak their own merits. The circulation at present, we understand, is something over 3,000 copies and steadily increasing, not through agents but from its own intrinsic worth. The publication will also indirectly assist in helping to raise the desired fund for completing the new hospice now in course of erection. We have had the pleasure of visiting the reverend Fathers and can assure our readers that their cause is a noble one. The hospice will stand but a short distance to the south of Loretto Convent and command a fine view of the Falls with surrounding scenery. One could scarcely imagine a better site for a similar institution. Here retreats will be given in all languages at stated intervals and aged and infirm priests will receive the best of experienced care free of charge. Judging from the present state of affairs, we will expect to see the building erected and towering above the mighty cataract before two more years shall have passed away.—Niagara *Index*.

* * *

I CANNOT understand how you can publish so excellent a REVIEW for so small a sum of money, for in my opinion, I consider it one of the best of its kind published in this or any other country.

C. F. McG—, M.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

TAXES AND CUSTOMS, II.

"I suppose, Mick, that our custom-laws find just as little favor in your eyes as our tax-laws. At least I would be surprised to hear from you a kind word regarding them."

"Well, Sam, it depends on what you call kindness. If you mean by the word an implicit endorsement of those laws, you certainly will not hear this word, but if in all fair mindedness you wish to discuss the question I am ready to accommodate you."

"Let us hear then what you have got to say. Especially do I wish to know whether you are for free trade, or protection, for this is the burning question of the day."

"I am neither for the one nor the other."

"Neither for the one nor the other? How in the world will you explain that to me? There is no third road that you could possibly take and hence your answer quite dumfounds me."

"Because you do not consider that free trade pure and simple on one hand, and protection *a la* McKinley on the other hand, are extremes. The golden road always lies in the middle, and therefore, in this case, comprises a mixture of free trade and protection."

"But surely, taking the matter in this sense, we have your golden middle. Have we not articles on the free list, have we not on others merely nominal duties, whilst, of course, our industries, are as they ought to be, protected."

"Who is protected by this protection? and who benefits by the free list?"

"Why, of course, the people of the United States. Who else would be benefitted by it?"

"Allow me to doubt that or rather, to deny it emphatically."

"You're talking in riddles. Suppose we had absolute free trade what would the consequence be? We would be flooded with foreign industries whilst our own would be hopelessly crippled. I am certain you do not wish such a result yourself."

"No, certainly not, but you speak of absolute free trade which I declared was an extreme to be avoided, and besides I deny your inference. The question of production does not depend on protection as much as you think, and if we allow a reasonable protection to certain industries, they can very well live in spite of competition and would so live."

"Perhaps so, but at the expense of our laborers, whose wages would be reduced so as to render it impossible for them to earn a decent living. Europe with its teeming millions commands cheap labor, and hence could undersell us in our own market."

"This ojection, Sam, was brought forward so often that it re-echoes from sea to sea. It proves the old saying that you can drive any nonsense down the throat of the people if you only repeat it often enough and loud enough. The fact is that the objection is utterly unfounded, because, first, the possible lower wages of Europe are outbalanced by the cost of shipping and other incidental expenses, and secondly, in a great many branches the wages we pay are not only not higher but even lower than those of Europe. Take for instance the silk, cotton, thread and clothing manufactures, the coal mines and the like: compare their wages with those paid in Europe, and you will find them lower here than there. Besides, if the objection were well founded, how can it happen that American industries can afford to send their goods to foreign ports and there undersell the domestic output?"

"I do do not think such a thing ever happened. Our goods sell, not because they are cheaper, but because they are of superior workmanship."

"This is certainly true in regard to some articles, but is it also true regarding anthracite coal, and stoves? At a time when Lehigh coal sold in Pennsylvania at $6 or $6.50 a ton it was sold in Canada at $6.25, and the American importer paid the custom duties and the shipping expenses. Stoves of a higher grade are not superior, and those of a low grade decidedly inferior in material and workmanship to those manufactured in Europe, and yet American manufacturers put their stoves into European markets and sell lower there than the stove foundries of Europe. How do you account for that, Sam?"

"In a very simple way. They sold below

cost in order to place their goods into the market and drive out competition."

"Do you really believe this? Then I am bound to say, if you had the same childlike faith in religion, you would be a first-class Catholic. No American business man is shortsighted enough for such a manœuvre. He knows very well that his customers would take advantage of his low prices as long as they lasted, and drop him the moment he would raise the price, and that he would kill himself, not competition."

"Well, how do *you* account for it?"

"Also in a very simple way. He does not sell below cost at all, but with a profit, smaller than the one he makes at home, yet sufficiently large to make it pay. This completely disproves the necessity of protection, or of lowering the laborers wages in order to compete. For if he, with present wages, cost of shipping, import duties etc., can still manufacture and sell at a lower figure than his European competitor, he shows that his profits at home must be enormous, and that the cry of protection is not raised in behalf of the nation, or the laborers, but in behalf of these enormous profits, accruing to the manufacturers."

"Even so, it is a benefit to the country."

"Now, Sam, are you really so blind that you cannot see that it is a benefit only to a few, whilst the great bulk of the population severely suffer under it, as the people are bound to pay extortionate prices for all their commodities, and thus help to swell the purses of our millionaires, whilst they themselves, in spite of very fair wages, cannot make headway, since they are constantly fleeced."

"But where is the remedy?"

"The remedy is in the reduction of the tariff. If I had the making of the tariff I would ascertain the cost of production in foreign countries, compare it with the cost of production at home, add a fair profit, and then place the figure in the tariff so, that the manufacturers would be bound to sell at smaller profits, or quit manufacturing, giving the market to the foreign product."

"I'm afraid that the immediate consequence would be the discharge of thousands of our workmen, and the reduction of wages to such a degree, that the working man could not exist."

"Not the slightest danger, Sam. The manufacturers might try that game, but it would not last long, and would not be any worse than our present strikes and reductions of wages. These men love themselves and their money bags too well, to leave millions of invested capital idle, and give the market to foreign firms. They would very soon find it advisable to continue manufacturing on the old scale of wages, and content themselves with lower profits, and the American people would be the gainers, as they could buy the necessaries without paying three times the fair price."

"But you forget in your whole argument that the tariff is intended not only for protection, but also as a source of revenue for the federal government, just like the internal revenue. The government must have means, and a certain amount of means. But if you reduce the tariff, this source of revenue will be insufficient, even in connection with the internal revenue, and who in this case would cover the deficiency?"

"Well, Sam, this revenue question is a very peculiar one. Tariff for revenue only has been the battle cry of political parties repeatedly, and as soon as these parties were in power, they doctored the tariff in a way that made it clear to everybody, that the battle cry was a hoax. The fact is, that none of the existing parties, as parties, are for free trade or protection, but it is a fight between manufacturers and dealers on one and the people on the other side, and the people lost the battle, because brains and wealth were at the service of grasping egotism. Why are they not honest enough to acknowledge that they fix the tariff simply to suit themselves, and for no other purpose?"

"Supposing this to be the case, you will admit, Mick, that the government needs revenue, and that this way of raising it is the most expeditious and the least felt. Besides they tell us, that the importer pays the duty, and in this case foreigners pay millions which otherwise we would have to pay."

"Sam, it takes an extraordinary amount of gullibility to believe this statement. If the tariff is low enough to give importers a chance of competition, they may sell at a somewhat lower profit for the sake of placing their goods in the market. But if the tariff is high, as it is universally in the States, the home manufacturers determine their prices, not by the cost of production,

but by the figure at which the importer could sell: it is the purchaser and he only, that pays the customs duties by paying, as I said before, a much higher price for his commodities than he ought to do in justice."

"You forget, Mick, that the purchaser is not bound to buy imported articles, and if he is satisfied with American products, he pays no duty at all."

"And you forget, Sim, what I said just now, that the prices in America are regulated by the figure at which the foreign competitor can place his goods on the market, and therefore the people pay the duties on domestic and foreign goods, in the former case to the manufacturer, in the latter to the government. These exactions are nothing but wholesale robbery, and the more unjust, as the chief burden falls upon those who are least able to bear it, viz., the poor."

"I cannot see how this can be."

"It is very easy to see, however. The great majority of a population are always people of scanty means and comparatively large families. Now the necessaries of life are needed in greater proportions by the many than by the few, and consequently a man, that has to feed, clothe and house ten persons, requires more of the protected articles, than a family consisting of two or three."

"If I acknowledge the force of this argument, it will not bring us any nearer the solution of the question, how the government is to make up the deficit?"

"Well, I sum up to show you how the thing could be done. The custom duties and internal revenues, as they are raised, are unjust, because they are levied on those, that do not benefit by them, and leave free those, that accummulate millions under these laws. There is only one just way of taxation, though I confess, it is a very difficult one, that is, taxation based upon income."

"Why, everybody just now is in arms against the income tax."

"I am aware of this, but the clamor will not change the justice of the tax. But to my mind any kind of taxes ought to be determined by income, because the income of a man determines his ability to pay taxes. When a saloon keeper is taxed $1500 a year, while his net earnings, inclusive of the license fees, only amount to $3000, whilst a grocer or hardware merchant, who also nets $3000, pays only, say $150, the injustice is patent. Whether the income be derived from land, houses, wages, salary, interests or whatever source, the income ought to be equitably taxed, and no other way is just."

"The federal government, however, has no claim to direct taxation."

"Therefore the states that have the claim, should amongst themselves bear the expenses of the federal government. Fix the tariff, so that the differences of cost of natural produce, wages, etc., between us and others are equalized, allow thus a fair and open competition for the benefit of the people, give the revenues thus collected to the federal government, and let the different states at the ratio of their taxable property, make up the deficit."

"But such a way would be entirely against the constitution."

"They patched the constitution a number of times by amendment. Let them patch it once more. It will be a move in the right direction. Till now they took the money wherever they could find it the handiest: let them take it now, where justice demands them to look for it."

Favors Received for the New Hospice.

CANCELLED stamps have been received from Mrs. J. C., Hastings, Ont.; Miss K. M., Niagara Falls, Ont.; Ven. Sr. M. C., ——, Nfld.; Miss M. M. O'D, Admaston, Ont.; Mrs. M. E. B., Penetanguishene, Ont.; Miss K. M., Lonsdale, Ont.; Dr. C. F. McG., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss S. X. B., St. Mary's, Pa.; M. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss M. St. A., Wallaceburg, Ont.; J. B. R., Plovers Mills, Ont.; Mrs. E. A. M., Rochester, N. Y.; M. C., Lindsay, Ont.; Miss N. G., Blooming Prairie, Minn.; M. R., Blooming Prairie, Minn.; Miss J. C. K., Findlay, Ohio; P. P., Actonvale, P. Que.; E. C. B., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss M. McP., Joliet, Ill.; Miss M. C. M., Mercer, Pa.; Miss M. C., Pittsburg, Pa.; E. H. F., Hamilton, Ont.; M. H. McK., Halifax, N. S.; Dr. J. A. L., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss J. L., Hammett, Pa.; Miss M. H., Lyndon Station, Wis., (thanks for other favors); Miss T. F., Tickle Harbor, Nfld.; Miss H. A., Baltimore, Md.; Miss K. G., Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss N. A. R., Leavenworth, Kas.; Miss D. B., Wallaceburg, Ont.; M. A., ——?; A. McD., Toronto, Ont.; M. T., New York.

Our Irish Correspondence.

The Irish Poor Law System.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY E. A. FARRINGTON, D. D., O. C. C.

SOMETIME ago, I promised to write on the above form of relief. We have had charge, for the past thirty-five years, of one of the largest workhouses, perhaps, in the world, and so can give some interesting information on the subject. In order to do so, a brief history of this system of relief will be necessary.

The poor law in England dates from the beginning of the so-called Reformation. This coincidence is a logical one. The well-springs of charity had just been dried up by the destruction of the monasteries, and the dispersion of the Religious, who had always shared with the poor their bread and the alms of the faithful. Their property was confiscated by the King and distributed to the dignitaries of the new State Church. The care of providing for the poor, whom Catholic charity had for ages clothed, fed, comforted, and instructed, fell upon the nation at large. The sums required for this purpose became an item in the national budget: henceforward there was a poor-rate just as there was an army-rate. Alms were no longer, according to the true spirit of the gospel, a spontaneous offering made to indigence in proportion to the good-will and means of the giver: but a forced contribution, a subsidy of obligation, and a necessary part of the mechanism of the administration of taxes.

The Catholic Church ever had bowels of compassion and a real mother's heart for the poor. She had learned from our Saviour himself to look upon them as the privileged ones of His love, and the born heirs of His Kingdom. To the eye of faith the poor is not only "the confidant of Jesus Christ, and the co-operator of His great work," as Bossuet says: his tattered garments are a kind of royal mantle, covering the majesty of another Jesus Christ. For what is done in His name, to the least of His little ones, is done to Himself. The deep-thinking men of the middle-ages always treated the poor man as a brother, honored the hand which received their alms, kissed the sores of the mendicant, surrounded the leper with charity, and wrote over the portals of the houses built for the poor the name of Him whom they were thus serving, and called them the "Hotel-Dieu."

It was not thus that Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth and their successors treated the poor. They branded them with an S. (slave). Any one that gave alms was punished. The beggars, by the law of the land, were whipped, had their ears cropped and were even put to death. To follow the changes made in England during the last three centuries in this horrid system, the outcome of Protestantism, would be a very wearisome task.

Up to 1834, notwithstanding the spectacle of traditional destitution, which Ireland presented to the world, after seven hundred years of war, spoliation and ravage, nothing similar had been done for her. As public distress was on the increase, a royal commission was appointed to enquire into the matter, and introduce the system into Ireland. The work was done quickly, for in nine weeks the report was sent to Parliament, and in 1838, the first poor law was enacted for Ireland, exactly 300 years after its introduction into England.

Fifty-seven years have rolled by since these new institutions of public relief were established: a considerably larger space of time, then would suffice to furnish matter for an impartial judgment upon the results attained, and the influence exercised by them.

THERE are two words which should take up much of our thoughts and cares—time and eternity; time because it will soon come to an end, and eternity because it will never come to an end.—ERSKINE.

REFLECT that it is only the fervent and diligent soul that is prepared for all duty and all events: that it is greater toil to resist evil habits and violent passions than to sweat at the hardest bodily labor; that he who is not careful to resist and subdue small sins will insensibly fall into greater, and that thou shalt always have joy in the evening if thou hast spent the day well.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

—THE—

Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, March, 1895. No. 3.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AN Indulgence of 25 days can be gained every time by anyone who devoutly invokes the holy name of Mary.

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WHENEVER the bell announced the "Angelus" that great saint and cardinal, Charles Borromeo, always knelt down in prayer, no matter where he might be, even in a public street.

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THERE is an old German proverb, which says that the year will be blessed if it rains on Good Friday, and a fruitful season will follow a clear day on St. Joseph's festival. Make a memorandum of it this year.

***

"THE grippe is a thing which baffles us," lately remarked an eminent physician. Now that the scourge, although in a mild form, is claiming its victims here and there, it will be a gentle reminder that we cannot get along without Providence.

***

ON January 5th, 1623, Pope Gregory XV granted a Plenary Indulgence to all those who visit a Carmelite church on the Feast of St. Joseph, Patron of the Order of Mount Carmel. Those who wish to gain this Indulgence must receive the Holy Sacraments and pray for the intentions of the Holy Father.

***

WE should be very grateful to a kind Providence for having spared our country from the horrors of earthquakes, which have been so frequent in different parts of the world, especially in the country south of us—Mexico. We have reason to devoutly pray with the Church on Rogation days: "From the scourge of earthquake—deliver us O Lord!"

***

A BUFFALO paper says some of the preachers are treating their congregations to sermons on "Trilby," and other late novels. The people are much interested. Quite natural, for they would rather hear the "gospel according to Maubier," than that according to the evangelists, especially if the latter talk of such disagreeable things as future punishments.

***

AN English writer who has lately visited the Portuguese colonies in Africa, writes home telling enthusiastically that he has discovered that the natives there have made marvellous proficiency in the arts and trades, under the instruction of the monks. That is nothing new. The only wonder is the fact that their enemies can so forget themselves as to give the monks their due.

***

THE great feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin is not confined to one day alone—March 25th—indeed it is commemorated every day throughout the Catholic world. Not only daily, but three times a day does the faithful Angelus Bell call our attention to a fact which we should never forget—the Incarnation—for which we can never too often thank God and His Holy Mother.

***

LENT, as a rule, sees the end of a hard winter—hard for the bread-winner—hard for the overworked mother—and hard for the half-starved orphans. Resignation in such afflictions turns into golden merit, especially during these days of penance. Lent is a suitable time to give of our abundance. There is many an anxious eye looking for an alms from us. Don't refuse it. "Charity covers a multitude of sin."

***

"THERE is more wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," says the English poet. That is what the Spaniards think just now. They did conquer before, they may now. Cardinal Vaughan goes to the land which produces the saints of prayers, among them St. Teresa, and asks the prayers that England may return to the

faith of her forefathers. St. Simon Stock ceases not to pray for his countrymen. May they be wholly rescued from the yoke of heresy. The day will come and perhaps soon. The Rosary is stronger than the Armada!

***

In jotting down your important memorandums for the month of March, do not forget to write "something special must be done this month in honor of St. Joseph." The holy Spouse of Mary does not make use of any such aids to memory, nevertheless he never forgets any honor paid to him. If you have not already included St. Joseph among your list of devotions, add an important postcript, and let it read: "Go to Joseph!"

***

A poverty-stricken theatrical troupe lately embarked for Europe. They had become bankrupt in vainly endeavoring to reproduce the Passion play. Something else besides histrionic talent is necessary in order to personate such sacred dramas. Piety is the prime factor. Without that the ladies and gentlemen of the "green room" are no more able to perform the Passion play than Simon Magus was able to imitate the Apostles in working miracles.

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We are glad to know that these little paragraphs, which appear from month to month under the heading of "Editorial Notes," find ready readers. That is why they are written. But we are not overpleased to see prominent Catholic weeklies embodying three or four of these notes into their "church news" without giving us some credit for it. Our January number was a case in evidence. It is a small matter, but you know how it is yourself.

***

A large number of Catholics were among the first Virginian colonists. Their faith was in danger of being shipwrecked, and therefore missionaries were sent to Virginia from Newfoundland. These pioneer priests were selected from different orders. Among those who went to preach the faith in the "Old Dominion" was (according to the report of the Propaganda in 1672 a Carmelite who, having obtained permission, had great difficulty in establishing a mission in Virginia.

Lent did not materially thin out the long procession of theatre-goers. It is sad to say that so many of our Catholics cannot even forebear a forty days' intermission in their program of pleasures. The atmosphere of the theatre is not elevating. Its power for good (if it ever had any) is on the downgrade. In their mad endeavors to bring on the boards something new, managers must create something indeed startling to amuse *fin de siecle* audiences. "It comes high," they say, "but the people want it."

***

The four seasons of the year seem to come around rapidly in their rotation. With each of these great divisions of the 365 days likewise come the Ember days. So spring time is accompanied with the dual command to fast and pray. It's the season of general house-cleaning, and the time might likewise be used to advantage by getting rid of the garbage which has accumulated in the soul. Don't give too much attention to polishing the whited sepulchre. Go deeper, especially on the Ember days.

***

A prominent physician, and his wife, who likewise practices medicine, suddenly discovered that it was lost time writing out prescriptions, and they declared that divine faith was alone the panecea for human ills. We, too, are believers in faith cures, but we do not go so far as the doctor referred to. Physicians must not be sweepingly declared humbugs nor drugs useless —God wishes us to use all these human agencies to bring about cures. We must unite prayers to these means. The Church has a special benediction for medicines. When simple faith reigned, people were not ashamed to invoke the blessing of their pastor on their medicine chests. When the doctors throw up a case in despair, we may have recourse to a greater physician, and if the faith is there, the cure generally follows. As a proof of this, witness the hundreds of cures wrought at Mary's shrines, especially at Lourdes. Our mail daily brings us word of cases where the hand of God was visible, and our readers know that Our Lady of Mt. Carmel is not invoked in vain. She can, and is, willing to help us. In this sense we believe in faith cures.

Penance is a hard word. People prefer to dismiss it from their minds. Yet, what is more necessary for us than penance? The end of February again ushered in the Lenten season, and as usual there will be plenty of persons ready to made a compromise with their conscience and resolve to square up everything in their Easter confession. Poor deluded ones! They give little thought to the incontrovertible truth that we must do penance here or hereafter. We may avoid the exactions of holy church, but not Purgatory, where we must pay the last farthing. We have no desire to digress into a Lenten discourse on the necessity of doing penance. Let the careless ones but for a moment listen to their conscience. It will preach.

***

A member of the Salvation Army got down on his knees on the streets of one of our big cities lately and began to pray. We are told that at first the passers-by stopped to look at the man kneeling with uplifted eyes and sepulchral voice, and finally were so moved as to join in the prayers. The event is thought provoking. If it had been some poor Italian or Irishman giving vent to an overflow of devotion in so public a manner, they would soon be told to move on, or have the alternative of being sent to jail. If the man referred to, and those of his kind, make so bold as to pray openly regardless of their neighbor's scorn, why is it that so many Catholics are so timid? In a large congregation, at times, the responses to public prayers are extremely feeble. One person seems afraid his nearest fellow worshiper might hear him praying, and *vice versa*.

***

Catholic education in Western Ontario has lost a staunch friend in the death of Mr. Cornelius Donovan. The late Inspector was loved by teachers and pupils who always felt that their interest was ever the object next to Mr. Donovan's heart. His work was always a "labor of love." One of his favorite mottoes was: "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." He practised it, too. Surrounded by many obstacles, Mr. Donovan arose from the rank and file, and in forging a name for himself, did not sacrifice his religious conscience. He was a striking example of a self-made man, and is a model to the rising generation in whose interest he sacrificed himself, and thereby probably hastened his rather untimely end. His bereaved family have our deepest sympathy, and we recommend the soul of Mr. Donovan to the readers of the Carmelite Review, in which he was always interested.

***

Every Catholic who has seen the inside of a catechism knows well enough that the solemnization of marriages is forbidden during the penitential seasons of Lent and Advent. In spite of this there are some who overstep the injunctions of holy church. Apropos to this we heard of a case which happened in New York just before last Christmas. Two love-sick striplings impatiently rang the bell of a priest's house. They told their story and expressed a wish to be married right there and then. It would be so pleasant, they thought, to celebrate the event by a dance on Christmas eve. But the priest naturally refused to sanction the marriage then. "But thank goodness there are others who are authorized to make us man and wife," replied the disappointed couple. So they hurried to an alderman, but he happened to be of other stuff. His answer was honest and right to the point: "Neither will I marry you," said he, "because I do not believe in civil marriages." Would that we had more of such upright officials! One thing, much to be regretted in such cases, is that too many so-called ministers of the gospel (with honorable exceptions) are ever ready to make things easy for such hasty weddings. The exigencies of a large family may, it is true, demand that such clergymen be ready at all hours to turn in an honest dollar, but it is not proper that they be allowed to trifle with such a sacred thing as matrimony.

***

Now that the Holy Father has a prominent representative in this country, there is a possibility of the Catholic church in America passing from under the control of the Propaganda. For over two hundred years this congregatian has watched with careful eye the growth of the Church here from her infancy to her present healthy state. A word about the Propaganda of the Faith may be interesting to the readers of the Review. In 1622, Pope Gregory, solicitous for the welfare of the Church in

foreign parts, especially in America, determined to establish in Rome a congregation whose duty should be to look after the interest of distant missions. Therefore on June 21st, 1622, the above named Pope instituted the "Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith." This new congregation was composed of thirteen Cardinals, two Bishops and the Prior-General of the Carmelites. Fifty years after the establishment of the Propaganda—de Fidei, the secretary, Mgr. Cerri (1672) published a report of the work done. Speaking of America, he says the "Missions there consist of Peru, Paraguay, Chili, New Granada, Mexico, Brazil and California, all of Spanish possession, the French colonies of Canada and the Antilles, and the English colonies of Virginia, Newfoundland and Maryland." Bands of Fransiscan and Jesuit missionaries were sent to Canada as early as 1632. Quebec received its first Bishop in 1658.

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The Order of Mount Carmel mourns the loss of one of its most distinguished members, in the death of Very Rev. Michael A. Moore, Assistant General for the Irish Province. This highly esteemed Carmelite father died on Sunday, January the 13th, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, in the Carmelite convent at Kildare, his native county. Father Moore was born in the town of Kildare in the year 1837. From his early boyhood he showed an anxious desire to consecrate himself to God's special service, and having completed the requisite preparatory course, he entered the novitiate of the Carmelite Order, and after the usual probation, was admitted to his solemn vows on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, in the year 1857. He pursued his theological course under the direction of Dr. Bennett and the late Dr. Carr, and was ordained priest by Cardinal Cullen in the year 1863. For many years he was engaged as professor in the Carmelite colleges of Terenure, and Dominick street, where his gentle and amiable disposition endeared him to the many pupils of whom he had charge during that time, and to whom no doubt the news of his death will bring deep sorrow. In the year 1875 he was raised to the position of Prior of the Dublin convent, and at the following Chapter was elected Provincial of the Irish Province. During his term of office he established the Order in Australia, and at the expiration of his Provincialship he went there, and was for many years engaged in conducting retreats and missions. He also passed on to New Zealand and America, where he continued the same good work. Whilst in America he entered into negotiations with Archbishop Corrigan with the view of establishing his Order in New York, and as the result, the Carmel Priory, New York, was opened shortly after by the Very Rev. Father Bartly, Provincial. But those continued labors soon began to tell upon his health, and he returned to Ireland, where, after a brief period of rest, he again resumed his labor of love, and conducted missions and retreats through all parts of Ireland. At the last Provincial Chapter, the Most Rev. Father General, recognizing his many excellent qualities and his indefatigable zeal, appointed him Assistant-General for the Irish Province. Soon after, at the desire of the Most Rev. Father General, he set out for South America, and with the Rev. Father McDonnell gave a series of missions in Buenos Ayres. On his return home, his health seemed completely shattered, and it was now too apparent to his many friends that some dangerous disease had taken a deadly hold of him. He placed himself under the care of his medical advisers, but, alas, after a very brief period, with pain they were obliged to announce to his superiors that his recovery was beyond all hope. He lingered on for a while, preparing for his end with true Christian fortitude, and, having received all the consolations of religion, peacefully closed his eyes to the sorrows of earth only to open them to the everlasting joys of Paradise. The remains of the deceased were conveyed to Dublin, where the last solemn rites of the Church for his repose were performed in the Carmelite Church, Whitefriar street, on Wednesday, the 16th of January. His Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin, presided, in the presence of 120 priests, at the office and Solemn Requiem. After the Requiem Mass, his remains were conveyed to the Carmelite vaults, Glasnevin, where the last solemn rites peculiar to the Carmelite Order were performed by the Very Rev. Father Prior and Community.

All the treasures of mercy are in the hands of Mary.—St. Peter Damian.

In Memoriam of Very Rev. M. A. Moore, O. C. C.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

For the Carmelite Review.

Calmly he sleeps near the altar fair,
Robed in his garb of white:
Sweetly the accents of heart-felt prayer
Plead for eternal light.

Softly the music of Christmas bells
Dies in the silence away: *
Sadly the dirge of funeral knells
Rings through our souls to-day.

Gone from the hearts that loved him so,
All through the dear dead years:
Plaintive their memories ebb and flow,
Gushing in fount of tears.

Peace, as an aureole, wreaths his brow,
Gloriously ended the strife:
Silent those lips that so oft ere now
Breathed forth blest words of life.

Out of the mournful earthly shade,
Into the golden light:
There in "the day which the Lord has made,"
Endless his pure delight.

Loving as priest, and as father still
Pleading, though far away:
Gladly the tones of a new voice thrill,
Sweet before God to-day.

R. I. P.

Died Octave of the Epiphany, January 13th, 1895.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Catholic Times* of Philadelphia, Pa., has not been crippled by the loss of its former editor. The editorial page is as bright as it ever was and there is a column of extra spicy editorial paragraphs. Some of the puns are almost incitements to murder, but there are so many good hits that we feel inclined after all to let the joker live and even wish him a long life as one of the best Catholic editors of the day.

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Our German friends in Buffalo are to be congratulated on their good fortune in having an able and excellent daily Catholic eight page paper. The *Volksfreund* shows unusual editorial ability and is a powerful champion of Catholic truth. When will the day come that our English speaking Catholics can enjoy the same privilege? Up to date there is not a single Catholic daily in English, while the German Catholics have several thoughout the country.

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The Silver Jubilee number of the *Niagara Index* is a most artistic production. The cover is illuminated by an exquisite design in three colors. The whole number is filled with half-tone photographs of the former editors of the *Index*, of Rt. Rev. S.V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo and Chancellor of Niagara University, and of the Presidents of the University. The articles are mostly written by former editors and contain most interesting reminiscences of the sanctum. We congratulate the *Index* on its jubilee and most heartily participate in the feelings of joy, which must fill the bosoms of all who were ever connected with it, at the sight of this superb souvenir.

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The *Ladies' Home Journal* has been repeatedly made a subject of inquiry by some of our readers who wished to know our opinion on its merits as a family journal. We unhesitatingly qualify it the best thing of its kind that we have ever seen. No Catholic household runs any risk in subscribing to it. It is a highly artistic and eminently well edited production. It is a clean paper, fit for young people, and as we have known it, free of prejudice and anti-christian or anti-catholic sentiments. The February number contains articles by such excellent writers as Arthur Warren, John K. Bangs, Robert J. Burdette, William Dean Howells, etc., a very helpful article on "The Correct Way to Play a Piano" by Thomas a Becket, a quaint melody "The Roses of Love," by Reginald de Koven, and numerous instructive articles on cooking, dress-making embroidery, care of plants, etc. The editor himself gives most interesting bits of information on literary subjects in a letter-box of his own. There are departments in which questions on every conceivable subject interesting to girls, wives, mothers, housekeepers and the general public, are answered by competent writers. The annual subscription price is only one dollar, a proof that the very best magazines need not necessarily be the dearest. Our little REVIEW at the same low price is aiming for the highest and we feel encouraged in our hopes when we see what can be done by others on the same terms. The *Ladies' Home Journal* is published by the Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

FATHER HENNEPIN.

BY VERY REV. W. R. HARRIS.

For the Carmelite Review.

No wigwam smoke is curling there,
The very earth is scorched and bare;
And they pause and listen to catch a sound
Of breathing life, but there comes not one,
Save the fox's bark, and the rabbit's bound.

—*Whittier.*

THE dispersion of the Neutrals left the Niagara Peninsula a solitude. The clearings gradually disappeared, the abandoned lodges rotted and fell to pieces, and where acres of pumpkins, tobacco and Indian corn once grew in abundance the maple, birch and hemlock again began to cover the ground. A wilderness of wood and marsh land whose silence was unbroken save by the bark of the wolf or the dismal cry of the screech-owl stretched from the Niagara River to the Detroit Narrows. Now and then a Seneca hunting party crossed at Fort Erie or Lewiston, and the startled moose gazed upon them unconscious of danger. The land was fast returning to its primal state: the streams began again to teem with fish, wild animals to increase and multiply, while over all, over forest, river and marsh, over the graves of the slaughtered, there brooded the silence of a starless night. Such was the state of the country when almost forty years after the ruin of the Neutrals the Franciscan Friar Hennepin, in company with the Sieur de la Motte, La Salle's lieutenant, entered the mouth of the Niagara River. It was on the 6th of December, 1678, when they anchored on the Canadian side opposite the now historic fort of Niagara. They chanted a Te Deum in gratitude to God for their safe arrival, the members of a Seneca fishing party looking on in mute surprise.

This romantic and adventurous priest left France with La Salle, the explorer, and Bishop Laval. He accompanied La Salle to Fort Frontenac, now Kingston, as a missionary, and when that daring and adventurous Frenchman was prepared to leave on his second expedition to the Mississippi, the distinguished priest, accompanied by La Motte, sailed in advance, and after a stormy passage of eighteen days, safely reached the entrance of the Niagara river, where they awaited the coming of their leader. As he will ever be intimately identified with the history of our country, it becomes us to dwell at some length on his extraordinary career. Of his early life we know comparatively little. He was born at Ath, in Hainaut, France, though Margry, on the faith of documents, says that he was born at Roy, adding that his family originally came from Ath. In his "Nouvelle Decouverte," he writes that while pursuing his studies, he felt a strong inclination to leave the world and lead in retirement a life of strict purity and virtue.

"With this view," says he, "I entered the order of St. Francis, in order to spend my days there in a life of austerity. I accordingly took the habit with several of my fellow students, whom I inspired with the same design."*

He made his novitiate in the Recollect Convent at Bethune, in the province of Artois, where his master of Novices was Father Gabriel de la Ribourde, a man eminent alike for his high social position and for a most exemplary life,† and who was destined at a later day to die for the faith, while laboring as a missionary in America. "As I advanced in age," he continues, "an inclination for traveling in foreign parts strengthened in my heart. One of my sisters who was married in Ghent, and for whom I entertained a very strong affection, used every argument indeed, to divert me from this project, while I was in that great city, to which I had gone in order to learn Flemish. But I was urged by several of my Amsterdam friends to go to the East Indies, and my natural inclination to travel, supporting their entreaties, shook my resolution greatly, and I almost resolved to embark in order to gratify this desire.

"All my sister's remonstrances could not divert me from my first design. I accordingly set out to see Italy, and by order of the General of our order, I visited the finest churches and the most important convents in that country and Germany, in which I began to satisfy my natural

*Nouvelle Decouverte, p. 8.
†Nouvelle Decouverte, pp. 4, 8-9.

curiosity. At last returning to our Netherlands, the Rev. Father William Hernix, a Recollect, who died not long since Bishop of Ipres, opposed my project of continuing my travels. He placed me in the Convent of Halles, in Hainaut, where I discharged the duty of a preacher for a year. After that with my Superior's leave I went to Artois, and was thence sent to Calais, during the season for salting herrings. In this place my strongest passion was to listen to the stories which sea captains told of their long voyages. I then returned to our Convent of Biez by Dunkirk: but I often hid behind the tavern doors, while the sailors were talking over their cruises. Whilst thus endeavoring to hear them the tobacco smoke sickened me terribly: yet I listened eagerly to all that these men told of their adventures at sea, of the dangers they had encountered, and the various incidents of their voyages in foreign parts. I would have passed whole days and nights without eating in this occupation, which was so agreeable to me, because I always learned something new about the manners and mode of life of foreign nations, and touching the beauty, fertility and riches of the countries where these men had been.

"I accordingly was more confirmed in my old inclination. With the view of gratifying it the more, I went as a missionary to most of the cities of Holland, and at last halted at Maestricht, where I remained eight months. There I administered the sacraments to more than three thousand wounded. While there engaged in this occupation, I was several times in great danger among these sick people. I was even myself taken down with purples and dysentery, and was within an inch of the grave. But God at last restored me my former health by the care and aid of a very able Dutch physician.

"The following year, by an impulse of my zeal, I again devoted myself to labor for the salvation of souls. I was then at the bloody battle of Seneff (Aug. 11, 1674) where so many men perished by fire and steel. There I had abundant occupation in relieving and comforting the poor wounded men. And at last, after enduring great hardships and encountering extreme dangers in sieges of cities, in trenches, and on the field of battle, where I exposed myself greatly for the salvation of my neighbor, while the soldiers breathed only blood and carnage, I beheld myself in a condition to satisfy my first inclinations."

Canada had become for a second time a field of labor for the Recollect missionaries. The Count de Frontenac, Governor General, was especially anxious to have them in the colony, as a balance to the Jesuits and the Bishop, who with his secular clergy, held very strict rules of morality, especially on the point of selling liquor to the Indians.

The King of France, Louis XIV, yielding to the appeal of the Count de Frontenac, wrote to him on the 22nd of April, 1675: "I have sent five Recollect religious to Canada to reinforce the community of these religious already established there." * Father Hennepin was one of those selected. "I then received orders," he proceeds, "from my superiors to proceed to Rochelle in order to embark as a missionary for Canada. For two months I discharged the duties of parish priest two leagues from that city, because I had been requested to do so by the pastor of the place, who was absent. At last I abandoned myself entirely to Providence and undertook this great sea voyage of twelve or thirteen hundred leagues, the greatest and perhaps the longest that is made on the ocean."

On reaching Canada he assures us that Bishop Laval, "considering that during the voyage I had displayed great zeal in my sermons and in my assiduity in performing the divine office, and had moreover prevented several women and girls, who were sent over with us, from taking too much liberty with the young men of our crew, to whose hostility I thus frequently exposed myself—these reasons and several others obtained for me the encomiums and good will of this illustrious bishop. He accordingly obliged me to preach the Advent and Lent in the cloister of the Hospital Nuns of St. Augustine in Quebec.

"However my natural inclination was not satisfied with all this. I often went twenty or thirty leagues from our residence to visit the country. I carried on my back a little chapel service and walked with large snow shoes, but for which I should have fallen into fearful precipices where I should have been lost. Sometimes, in order to relieve myself, I had my little equipage

*Gilmary Shea, Preface to Nouvelle Decouverte.

drawn by a large dog that I took along, and this I did the sooner to reach Three Rivers, Saint Anne, Cap Tormente, Bourg Royal, Point de Levi and the Isle of St. Laurent. There I gathered, in one of the largest cabins of these places, as many people as I could. Then I admitted them to confession and holy communion. At night I had usually only a cloak to cover me. The frost then penetrated to my very bones. I was obliged to light my fire five or six times during the night for fear of being frozen to death, and I had only in very moderate quantities the food I needed to live and to prevent my perishing with hunger on the way. During the summer I was forced to travel in a canoe to my mission, because there are no practicable roads in that country. I was sent, as it were to try me, to a mission more than a hundred and twenty leagues from Quebec.

"I made several different voyages, sometimes with Canadian settlers, whom we had drawn to our Fort Catarokouy (Kingston) to live, sometimes with Indians whom I had become acquainted with. As I foresaw that they would excite the suspicion of the Iroquois in regard to our discoveries, I wished to see the Indians of their five Cantons. I accordingly went among them with one of our soldiers from said fort, making a journey of about seventy leagues, and both having large snowshoes on our feet, on account of the snow, which is abundant in that country during winter. I had some little knowledge of the Iroquois language. We thus passed to the Honnchiouts (Oneidas) Iroquois and to the Honnontagez (Onondagas), who received us very well. This nation is the most warlike of all the Iroquois. At last we arrived at the Gannickez Agniez (Mohawks). This is one of the five Iroquois nations situated a good day's journey from the neighborhood of New Netherland (New York.) We remained sometime among this last nation, and we lodged with a Jesuit Father (Bruyas), born in Lyons, in order to transcribe a little Iroquois dictionary."

After this brief autobiography we take up the strand of our story and continue the narrative.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MARY, golden vessel, containing sweet and precious Manna.—ST. BERNARD.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Miss Matilda Cummings.

WITH the air full of frost, and the vision of snow drifts all over the land, we can scarcely begin to think of March violets. Still, in the enclosed garden of the Church we find one, fragrant and beautiful, a joy to the heart at the opening of this much loved month, dedicated to that sweet flower of hidden sanctity, the glorious St. Joseph. Something very plaintive and winsome clusters around his very name. We speak it so wistfully—"dear old St. Joseph"—and in the safe silence of his keeping we deposit our heart's joys and sorrows, with a sort of sure conviction, that all will be well with our cause, if he but plead it. How many are the trusts reposed in him: how many the momentous issues that have been entrusted to his safe keeping. And yet of all the chosen ones of God he is the least intimately known. Our dear Lady has left us her Magnificat, a store house in itself of words of wisdom. The gospels give us word pictures of her which glow with ever increasing beauty of tone and color. But of him, the shadow of the Eternal Father and the depository of the secret counsels of the Most High, we know nothing from his own version. "Solitude is the city of the strong and silence their prayer." Therein lies the secret of his eagle like sanctity. Many conjectures have been made as to the communications of the Holy Family in the holy house at Nazareth. Some seem to incline to the belief that Mary and Joseph conversed with each other and with our Blessed Lord as any pious family might have done. Others, taking the very scant instances in the gospel narrative wherein their actual words are preserved for us, think it more in keeping with their very exalted sanctity to have spoken but very rarely. Certainly, when we consider the

unbroken contemplation of Mary during the happy months of watching and waiting for the coming of the desired of nations; when we recall that not even to her holy spouse did she communicate the marvels of the Most High of which she was the hidden sanctuary: when we remember that not even to allay the agonizing anxiety of the virginal guardian of her honor, whose heart's warm love of her was wounded by his warranted suspicions, would she reveal the secret of the King, we in turn may well think that silence reigned supreme in the Holy Family. We trust much to a silent man, and in these days of universal talk, when to hold one's peace and to keep one's counsel seem almost lost arts, when the "Woman question" and every other question of a like small value are of greater import than the very old one, "What doth it profit a man to gain the world," etc., a strong practical devotion to St. Joseph, the patron Saint of Silence, is a most encouraging sign that wisdom hath not departed from our coasts.

"Be silent and safe, silence never betrays you," are the words of worldly wisdom, and a mine of instruction do they hold. But of a very different nature was the silence of St. Joseph. There is the silence of the cynic who disdains to talk: the silence of the suffering who find no relief in speech: and the silence of the wise who weigh well their words and so escape the strife of tongues. But the silence of the saint is none of these. He is silent to catch the faintest whisperings of the spirit which cometh as a gentle wind, not in the noise of the world's great crowd and its Babel of tongues. Who then had greater need of an unbroken silence than St. Joseph, the minister of the Eternal Father, in the mission of His Eternal Son? Now the Lenten days are upon us. This very subject of silence will suggest much to us of this age when a decay of bodily strength, and the claims of a climate at variance with the days of heroic penance and the gospel of self-denial make Lent to the great majority but a misnomer or a source of added responsibility.

Let us take St. Joseph into our counsels and ask him for a lesson in silence. Every day brings opportunities for its practice. Is it easy? Let us make trial of it. Nature will not cry out more loudly for its food than will the desire to talk. Forty days of resistance to its demands—what might they not accomplish? Silence is the characteristic of a great soul and the cloister knows many such, unknown, no doubt, to the great world which clamors for sound as the great indication of strength. Such are not the ways of God nor His Saints. Silence surrounded the great drama of the world's redemption from the day of the Annunciation to the eclipse on Calvary. Silence surrounds the tabernacles of the hidden God under the veils of the "Bread which nourishes kingly souls," and silence surrounds the sanctuaries of our hearts when graces like shadows encircle them. Why then should its sanctifying influences not surround our daily lives? Here is an opportunity to utilize the twilights of the penitential season, "Come aside and rest awhile." 'Tis a gracious invitation. Let us go to the work shop of St. Joseph during the twilights of March—the grey twilights of the early spring. Sweet peace and comfort will follow the lessons that will come to us from the sight of his weak, patient, saintly face. One lesson that face teaches above all others—the will of God. Silence will teach it to us better than book or preacher. Having learned it we may fold our hands and rest. It is the lesson of life. Nothing remains but eternity.

Look around the house, fathers and mothers, and see if there is not some unbecoming print or chromo which ought to be put out of the way. Get rid of it, and substitute in its place something better, for instance, a picture of the Divine Heart of Jesus. You remember that our Lord has promised to bless the house in which an image of His Sacred Heart is exposed.

Some important personages paid a visit to a fire-hall in one of our large cities a couple of months ago. Whilst there, every attention was paid to them, but suddenly the gong sounded an alarm, and the firemen rushed to their posts, paying no more attention to their visitors than to the surrounding pillars. That is the way we should act when the Angelus bell rings. Pay no attention to distracting thoughts even if they seem important. The approaching feast of the Annunciation should remind us of this duty of gratitude to Mary—whose answer to the angel made our redemption a reality.

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Mary Angela Spellissy.

A Chat in a Street-Car.

IT is a common error to consider the time spent in the street-car as necessarily lost. My professional duties compel me to traverse great distances, and therefore, I make frequent use of that much abused, but very necessary means of transportation.—— Many a lesson I receive therein, and occasionally am afforded some amusement.

During the snowy days of Christmas week, I boarded the car at the junction and found every seat taken; meekly I obeyed the command to "move up front," and found myself within ear-shot of a couple of ladies whose conversation beguiled the otherwise tedious journey.

"Good morning, Mrs. Vernon!" The salutation came from a comely matron of probably seventy years.

"This *is* an agreeable surprise," responded her friend, as she made herself comfortable in the place beside the speaker, of which she had just taken possession.

"How is it that you are out this wretched morning? And where are you going with that great parcel?" inquired the lady addressed as Mrs. Vernon.

"There are questions, my dear, that should never be asked, but I will gratify your curiosity on this occasion by telling you my destination. I am on my way to the house of an old acquaintance who has just been brought home from one of the hospitals. She is recovering from a surgical operation and is still confined to bed. Her oldest son is dying of consumption. Her daughters are employed in one of the large stores."

"Are they poor?"

"That is a comparative term. They are not beggars, but they have not money enough to provide the comforts necessary for their condition. When I tell you that the mother is a widow, who for twelve years has labored to rear her family respectably, in spite of sickness and poverty, and that in four years there have been two deaths from consumption, you can easily imagine that while the house appears comfortable, there is very little money."

"How is it you always have someone on hand? I never know any poor people."

"Well, my dear, I suppose it is accounted for by various reasons. Our attention is much directed to heredity at present, so I count that as the primary and education as the secondary cause. You know my good parents lived with me until I was a mature woman, and probably their lives have impressed mine strongly. My father came early in this century to this country. I have been told by the old neighbors that when immigrants came from Ireland to the town in which he lived, he called upon them immediately, and from my mother's well-stocked closets, food and clothing were handed to the needy, and the sick were cared for. On one occasion, a man suffering from ship-fever was brought to our home and nursed by my mother until he was able to work."

"Wasn't she afraid of catching it?"

"Not that I know of. I have never seen her show any sign of panic in time of disease. The radical principle in our family was that man was created by God to do his duty, and that the unpleasant consequences were to be taken as a matter of course. If such a suggestion of danger had been made to my father, he would have replied cheerfully, 'Couldn't die in a better cause.' Do not misunderstand me, I am not encouraging rashness. The man with ship-fever was lying in a wretched shanty in one of the frontier towns of Illinois. My mother couldn't leave her home in order to nurse the man, so to my father the simplest solution apparent was to share his house with the needy, in whom he beheld the representative of Jesus Christ."

"Well, that was certainly very charitable. I am often uneasy about my own compliance with the precept of almsgiving. I do not like to give to beggars in the street, and we never have any poor at our door. I often wish someone would call. We have so many scraps that I don't know

how to dispose of, left from the table. I saw, from the back window, this morning, pieces of good meat and even fruit cakes, which the cook had thrown into the garbage-bucket."

"May I take a little liberty with you my dear?"

"Indeed you may. Mamma said last night that I owe my life to your care when you were our neighbor, and that I would have died of croup but for your intelligent treatment when she was away."

"Well, dear, I have forgotten that, but I certainly have a warm interest in you and yours. We saw you frequently in those days, and the children of both families were very loving,—your parents and we were congenial. Our pews were side by side in dear old St. Mary's, and therefore, as an old auntie, I will say that you have work before you. Your wealth does not excuse waste, and it is your duty to know the poor."

"Well, I cannot interfere with the cook."

"Why, my dear, if it has gone so far as that the cook evidently interferes with you."

"She does, but I cannot part with her nor can I control her."

"Yes you can. With tact you can regain your proper position and retain her. I am very sorry I have to get off here. Come and see us. When can I find you at home?"

"Every Sunday evening. Bring your husband and we will talk over the matter at leisure."

It was with sincere regret I watched the elder lady take leave of her friend. The conversation had been of such absorbing interest to me that I had forgotten my surroundings, and had failed to recognize my position of eaves-dropper. I looked daily at my fellow-passengers in the car, but in vain. I met the ladies no more.

Sunday saw me taking my usual afternoon walk, during which I met my old friend Rutledge. He was coming towards me on Chestnut street. Imagine my satisfaction when I discovered in his companion the elder of the ladies, whose remarks had so attracted me in the street car. My usual custom of seizing an opportunity stood me in good stead. Not only did I bow to Rutledge, but I showed so manifestly my inclination to linger that he seized my outstretched hand quite cordially, and presented me to "Mrs. Rutledge." Not to delay my friends, I turned and joined them in their interrupted walk. When we arrived at the Church of Saint Eustache, Rutledge urged me to attend vespers with them and afterward accompany them home. Mrs. Rutledge added her persuasions so graciously that I was delighted in yielding to invitations, that accorded so entirely with my inclinations. On arriving at my friend's home I looked with interest on all within the domain of the object of my admiration. I know nothing of the laws of beauty in the face or form divine, but I found in Mrs. Rutledge a woman from whom goodness and wisdom emanated. The pose of her body was one of gentle dignity, the expression of her countenance indicated a mind largely sympathetic with the joys and sorrows of her kind. Supper over, Rutledge and I were soon deeply buried in comparing the incidents of the thirty years that had elapsed since our separation. The arrival of visitors interrupted us.

From the cosy library, in which we were ensconced, we could view the new-comers. In the lady, I found the younger of my two traveling companions of the previous week. Rutledge presented me to Mr. and Mrs. Vernon. On seating myself I took care to remain near the ladies.

"You see Mrs. Rutledge," said Mrs. Vernon, "that I have taken the first opportunity to resume my inquiries on the subjects we were discussing in the car, last week. The words you spoke regarding my cook, were as true as gospel. She really ruled the house, and I was so fearful of losing her, that I let her have her own way. The result is, that she has given notice to leave because I asked her to make some griddle cakes this morning for breakfast. Only on Sunday can Mr. Vernon take the morning meal leisurely, and I wished to have breakfast especially inviting."

"Well, my dear, you can now start on a new basis, by allowing your present cook to cool off, and consider her position. You may be able just before her departure, to induce her to listen to reason."

"I fear Mr. Germaine finds our chat very dull."

"On the contrary," I replied, "I was a listener to the first part, and am curious to hear your solution, Mrs. Rutledge, of these two social problems, the treatment of the poor, and of domestic help."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Heard Between Stations.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY P. A. B.

CONTINUED.

ELL, Father,' said Thomas, 'things are gradually appearing to me in altogether a new light. Your explanation has brushed away most of the foolish ideas which before floated around in my brain. I am no longer a doubting Thomas, at least not as regards the Scapular.' I wish my wife was here to listen to you. She would learn a few things with which to silence those folks down our way who poke fun at some Catholic devotions. I feel grateful for what I have learnt, and—'

"'Wait awhile, I am not yet through with my argument,' said Father V——. 'If devotion to the Scapular was false, and the affirmed apparition fabulous, God would be approving what is wrong by working wonders in favor of those who wear the Scapular. That such wonders have happened cannot be gainsayed. Book upon book has been published, in which have appeared true and authenticated cases in which the power of the Scapular has been shown. And it is blasphemous to suppose that God approves of evil practices. Those two little bits of woolen cloth may be trifles, but with such insignificant things God can do great things, and if He wills He can give that same power to His Mother, and He does.'

Father V—— here paused as if recollecting himself.

"'I remember an incident which proves what I say,' he said, continuing: 'One Mr. Schorp, a baker, residing at No. 118 Avenue de Villiers, in Paris, had in his employ a young German girl from Metz, named Fraulein Haas. On September 26, 1887, this young woman was mortally wounded in the streets of the French capital. A love-sick young man in vain had begged her to be his bride. She refused, and thereupon her would-be husband aimed at her with his revolver. The bullet was well directed, striking the girl in the breast. To the amazement of the horrified onlookers Fraulein Haas remained uninjured. Her would-be murderer was brought to trial at the court 'de la Seine' in Paris on January 6, 1888. I remember these dates well, because I made a note of it at the time. Well, sir, during the sworn testimony, the girl said her life was saved by the bullet striking her Scapular.'

[The writer begs to state for the benefit of any incredulous reader, that this is a true event, and not put into Father V——'s mouth in order to adorn a story.]

"'Strange!' exclaimed Thomas. 'I must confess that you have stirred up another doubt in my mind. Do you wish to prove in this case that, if the girl had been killed, her death would have been an unprepared one? If so, then one could say: Every one is shielded from death, even when he has no desire to avoid sin, provided he wears the Scapular, for you yourself said that he who dies wearing the Scapular will not suffer hell-fire. On the other hand, we used to be told in Catechism class that no impenitent sinner can enter heaven. Therefore the Blessed Virgin would have to keep every sinner on earth until his conversion, if he, or she, wore the Scapular. I think you are in a dilemma, and will find it hard to explain things.'

"'Go slowly,' said the priest. 'You have simply put a question which I was just going to bring up and answer for you, but you have anticipated me and jumped to a conclusion too rapidly. Mark this well. Rather than allow such a sinner to continue in sin, God would send an angel to tear the Scapular from the breast of such a one. But, as a rule, such an extraordinary means of vindicating His Mother's good name is not necessary, for God has thousands of other ways of carrying out His will. A terrible example of this presents itself to my mind. There was a young man, a student, who acted just as you said. He continued to lead a disgraceful life, but would not lay aside his Scapular in which he was invested in his pious days. As a result of his unnatural excesses, (as is frequently the case, alas!) he fell into rapid consumption, and lay at death's door. Repent he would not, and showed the door to the priest who tried to reconcile him to God. To those at his bedside he said, smiling: 'When I was a small boy I was taught that he who dies wearing

the Scapular shall not be damned. So that settles the case. Since I have my Scapular on now, I shall either recover and live, or die, in which case I shall go to heaven.' For some days he lingered on the threshold of eternity. He finally fell into unconsciousness. Whilst in this state his nurse changed his undergarments, and unintentionally removing the Scapular, omitted to replace it. And, horrible to relate, the hardened young sinner, during those moments, fell back on his pillow—dead! He died impenitent and *without* the Scapular. Do we not hear of suicides who throw aside their Scapular before contemplating self-murder. No, sir, the Scapular is not a means to keep people in the state of sin. He who wears it and presumes to be saved in spite of his sin, will be sadly deceived. On the other hand, the Scapular is a sure protection to those who are solicitous for their salvation. For such it is a mark of predestination, a token of Mary's protection, and a pledge of eternal life.'

Thomas listened attentively to the priest who had become quite eloquent in this last explanation, and then broke in:

"'My dear Father, you have brought very good arguments to prove the opinion held by my wife. For my part, I must confess that I share the opinion of a good and learned Catholic who recently stopped at our house. My wife had just arrived home from church where a Mission was in progress. She told us how one of your Fathers had highly praised the Scapular, laying great stress on the fact that it was a valuable protection at the hour of death. This gentleman I speak of, then remarked that in speaking of the Scapular and its effects, we should be careful not to go too far. He did not deny the wonderful efficacy of the Scapular as a shield against the pains of hell, but cautiously suggested that we should always understand that one condition is always necessary, namely, that he who wore the Scapular should likewise be well prepared for death.'

"'My dear friend,' said the priest, 'in case some one should say to you: If you are well prepared for death, you will die well. What would you say to such a one?'

"'I should simply laugh at such a saying,' replied Thomas, and answer: 'Of course, that's self-evident.'

"'So it is with those who say the Scapular is of great use at the hour of death, provided one is well prepared,' said Father V——. 'No, sir, you can't restrict the usefulness of the Scapular to such a narrow province, for that would be equal to denying its main privilege. Certainly, in order to die well, a person must be well prepared, but that is just wherein consists the special prerogative of the Brown Scapular, viz: To obtain for every dying person who wears it the special assistance of the Blessed Virgin, whose influence with God is so great, that he who is unprepared, will, through the powerful intercession of the Holy Mother of God, receive the grace of true conversion before death.'

"'That,' said Thomas, 'is surely a great privilege attached to the wearing of the Scapular. Do you really believe the protection of the Blessed Virgin goes so far as that?'

"'That is my firm belief,' replied the Carmelite, who added: 'My own experience has convinced me of this. Some cases I shall never forget. One sick person whom I had invested with the Scapular, declared to me that he wished to make a general confession, because he considered all the past confessions worthless. Two other cases always bring consoling tears to my eyes whenever I recall them. One day I heard the general confessions of two poor souls who both died soon after I left them.'

"'Who knows but that those same persons might have made general confessions even if they did not wear the Scapular,' said Thomas, whose stock of questions was yet unexhausted.

"'That's possible,' said Father V——, 'but in the cases I refer to, and many similar ones, I hardly think it probable. One of those unfortunate persons—or I should say fortunate—expressly said to me: Since I carried this holy picture (pointing to the Scapular) of the Holy Virgin on my breast, I have had no peace until I confessed my sins.'

"'In that case, then, we can all expect Mary to help us at the hour of death, and that we have a special claim on her if we wear her Scapular,' said Thomas.

"'Certainly. And now let me add,' said Father V——. 'You know, my dear sir,

how strict and searching the church is when she examines the life of a holy man or woman proposed for canonization. You know she allows a feast to be celebrated in commemoration of the giving of the Scapular to our Carmelite Saint Simon Stock: she allows us to honor on our altars a representation of the tradition of the Scapular. It is not likely she would allow this, if the fact of St. Simon having received the Scapular and the accompanying promise of the Mother of God were doubtful.'

"'Well, Father,' said Thomas, summing up his side of the question, 'I must confess that all your *pros* have outbalanced all my *cons*. My case greatly resembles that of the eunuch we read about in the Acts of the Apostles, who was so moved by the words of Philip that he wanted to be baptized at once. I have never been invested in the Scapular, however, to give in to the importunities of my wife. I carry one in my pocket. I shall be glad if you invest me with the Scapular. I will call at the church to-morrow. By the way, Father, don't forget to enter my name among the list of those enrolled, for I have learned that *no one can gain the Indulgences attached to the wearing of the Scapular unless the names are registered at some Carmelite monastery or at some church where the Scapular Confraternity is canonically established*.' Thomas laid great stress on these last words, and he was right.

"Just as Father V—— was rising from his seat, he said to Thomas.

"'Don't forget to come as you promised. Bring your oldest children along, and I will likewise enroll them in the holy Scapular.'

"Thus ended the discourse between Father V—— and Thomas. Father V—— told me, whilst walking up to his house, that at first he was going to send him away as an intruder, but now he was glad that he had held that long discourse, for he was sure some good would come of it. 'I am certain of that, Father,' said I, 'for I, myself, who sat as a silent listener during the dialogue between yourself and Thomas, must confess that I learned a great many things about the holy Scapular, of which I had been wholly ignorant.'"

* * * * * * *

I was much interested whilst my friend retailed the instructive dialogue between Father V—— and Thomas. Many years had passed since it had occurred, and I congratulated him on his excellent memory. We had about reached our journey's end, the engineer had applied the air-brake, and the train was cautiously creeping across a dangerous looking trestle-work a few yards from the station. "Thank God we are safely at the journey's end of our trip," said I, "and yet, come to think of it, there is yet a possibility of being hurled into that deep chasm below." "At all events we would die with our Scapulars on," said my friend smilingly. "Yes," said I, "but it will happen sometimes that we carelessly lay it aside, and haven't it on when we most need its protection. *Have you the Scapular on now?*" said I. He felt for it, but said nothing. He looked ashamed, but I know he thereafter never forgot what he had that day "heard between stations."

THE END.

More Wearers of Our Lady's Livery.

NAMES have been received for the Scapular Registry from Rev. J. S. Buffalo., N. Y.: P. Convent, San Francisco, Cal.: Pryor, Mont: Trysboro, N. S.: St. Alphonsus Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.: Watertown, N.Y.: Mainadieau, N.S.: Fortune Harbor, Nfld.: Sydney, N. S.: Hesson, Ont.: St. Lucy's Ch. Syracuse, N. Y.: St. Patrick's Church, Lasalle, Ills.: All Saints' church, Cardigan Bridge, P. E. I.: St. Nicholas Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.: Watertown, N. Y.: St. John the Baptist's Church, Coleman, Wis.: St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, Ont.: Christmas Island, N. S.: Amherstburg, Ont.: Judique, N. S.: St. Joseph's Church, Jasper, Ind.: Thorburn, N. S.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., names have been received from St. Joseph's Church, Covington, Ky.: Hospital, Columbus: Hallace, Idaho, Newton Grove, N. C.: University of St. Louis, Mo.: Villa Angela, Nottingham, Ohio.

At St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N.J., from Hospital, Jersey City, N.J.: Newton, N. J.: Metuchen, N. J.: New Brighton, Long Island, N. Y.: Crafton, Pa.: Roslyn, Long Island, N. Y.: Richmond, Va.: West End, Fairfax Co., Va.: St. Bridget's Church, Jersey City, N. J.

At St. Joseph's Rectory, Leavenworth, Kas., from St. Benedict's Church, Atchison, Kas.: Richland Centre, Wis.: Holy Name Church, Kansas City, Mo.: St. Joseph's Church, Donophan, Kas.: Nortonville, Kas.: St. Vincent's Church, Cape Girardeau, Mo.: Grannulle Centre, Wis., and St. Boniface's Church, ——?, Wis.

PETITIONS.

The following intentions and requests are recommended to the prayers of our charitable readers: Conversion of four persons; successful examinations of three persons: employment for two persons; cure of two persons mentally deranged: also cure for several persons who are suffering physically; for conversion of a brother and cessation of intemperate habit; several particular intentions of a friend in Nfld., especially restoration to health of a brother, the aversion of what seems to develop into consumption in a person; perseverance of a person lately cured from drink; for restoration of health and memory of Mrs. H.; conversion of a non-Catholic father; means to save a sum of money and two particular graces; for a Review reader, who desires the use of her arm and eyes; to obtain a position in a wholesale store at a good salary for K. E. F. E.; that a husband may keep his pledge; that a baby may be healed of an ailment and a mother suffering with heart trouble, may be restored; that the husband of Mrs. M. E. B., be restored to health; for a husband's conversion, who neglects his family and religion on account of drink; that the mother of Mrs. N., be converted to Catholicism; that a husband may obtain work and be able to pay his debts; that a husband be brought to the Sacraments; that a brother may obtain work and give up bad habits; for the recovery of a mother of a large family; that Mrs. W. B., may regain her hearing and that her sister may recover from an illness of two years' standing; that a father and two sons may attend to their religious duties; that a priest may take interest in his parish; for restoration to health of Miss A. D.; for M. B.'s father, who neglects his religious duties; also for a grown up brother, who has not yet made his first Communion; for her uncle's health of mind and body, and for a married sister that she may be enabled to bring up her children in the true faith; for the conversion of a Protestant husband; for reform of two brothers; Mrs. E. M., asks prayers that her husband may obtain a good position; to avert, through Our Lady's intercession, threatened insanity from the brother of a dear clerical friend in the North West; for the sale of a parcel of land at a fair figure; to obtain a cure for Mrs. N. C.; that two brothers may reform; also for a number of other intentions, which have come too late to be classified.

A grateful person returns thanks for many favors received, and asks prayers for a young man who is sick that he may fully recover immediately and attend to his religious duties and be successful in life. For a husband and wife, that they may be happy. Success in profession for a young man. For a favorable sale of property.

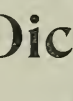
Prayers of the Carmelite Fathers and readers of the Review are asked for four young men, that they may reform, get good situations and pay their debts. For business transactions, that they may be settled satisfactorily and at once. For a speedy and successful sale of property. For a young lady, that she may have better health; that a mother's health may continue to improve. For a young man, that he may be successful and attend to his duties.

OBITUARY.

The souls of the following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers: John Moloney, who died October 6th, 1894, at the House of Providence, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. Agnes McCans; Martin Ludden, who died at Latrobe, Pa., Dec. 17th, 1894; Mrs. Patrick Kelly, Sr., who died at Little River, P. Que., January 15th, 1895; Dr. B. A. Feltwell, who died a happy death Dec. 18th, 1894, at Sewickley, Pa.

Habit grows on a man like death—slow, unperceived and sure. No man becomes anything of a sudden. Whatever he is, is the result of former years, applied or misapplied. Vice grows on a man with greater force than virtue, and it is easier to descend than ascend; but vice may be subverted and reduced to a minimum by laying down and following a course of virtuous habits which, followed long, becomes part of a man's nature.

A Catholic Dictionary



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Carmelite Review.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, ONT., APRIL, 1895. NO. 4

THE HOLY FACE OF JESUS

For the Carmelite Review.

BY CARMEL.

FACE of Jesus—bruised and bleeding—
Shrowded is thy beauty now;
Every wound for sinners pleading,
Pain and anguish on Thy brow.
Was it thus the prophets saw Thee
Through the night of ages dark,
Saw Thy look, despised and hidden—
Stricken—as with leper's mark?

Mirror of each inward feeling,
Joy or sorrow though it be;
Unto me Thy soul revealing—
Face divine—I worship Thee.
Where is now Thy wondrous beauty,
Captivating every heart,
Drawing just and sinner to Thee,
Wounding with love's purest dart?

Face of Jesus—bruised and bleeding—
Covered o'er with spittle vile,
Moistened by the tear-drop streaming,
As the scoffing Jews revile.
Ah! my sins—my sins have clouded
All the beauty of that face
On which angels gaze enraptured—
There my sins have left their trace.

Face of Jesus—bruised and bleeding—
All Thy beauty still I see:
Every tear, each wound, each swelling,
Speaks a world of love to me.
In that face I read my ransom,
Read what Thou hast borne for me,
Read Thy heart, my pardon pleading—
Thus, Thy loveliness I see.

There I read Thy meek forbearance,
Loving those who cause Thee pain,
Read Thy patient sweet endurance—
Seeking every heart to gain.
Dearest Lord! well dost Thou teach me,
By Thy pale and bleeding face,
Wrongs to bear in silent meekness—
Aided by Thy holy grace.

Face of Jesus—bruised and bleeding—
Unto God I offer Thee,
Victim great, His wrath appeasing—
In Thy face, Lord, shelter me.
In the secret of the shadows
That eclipse its loveliness—
Hide me, Lord, from Thine own anger—
Bid me there Thy mercies bless.

Hide me there till life is over—
I would there by love atone
For the wrongs that sinners do Thee,
For the evils I have done.
Spare, Lord, spare the proud blasphemer,
Grant the wicked mercy, grace:
Save the erring—keep Thy faithful—
By Thy pale and bleeding face!

By Thy face, Good Jesus, save me
When my soul unveiled shall stand.
Stand before Thee Judge and Saviour—
Place me, Lord, on Thy right hand.
By the torture and the anguish,
Written on Thy Sacred Face,
I implore Thee, Jesus, save me—
Grant my soul the final grace.

Face of Jesus—I behold Thee,
Veiled in sadness, and in pain:
In its glory, in its splendor,
Show me, Lord, Thy Face again.
In the home Thy sorrows purchased,
Bid my soul forever gaze
On Thy Beauty—Face of Jesus—
In ecstatic love and praise.

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,

Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER V.

CONTINUED.

AGAIN, we are indebted to Catholics for all the republics which ever existed in Christian times, down to the year 1776: for those of Switzerland, Venice, Genoa, Andorra, San Marino, and a host of minor free commonwealths, which sprang up in the "dark ages." Some of these republics still exist, proud monuments and unanswerable evidences of Catholic devotion to freedom. They are acknowledged by Protestants, no less than by Catholics. I subjoin the testimony of an able writer in the New York *Tribune*, believed to be Bayard Taylor. This distinguished traveler—a staunch Protestant—appeals to history, and speaks from personal observation. He writes:

"Truth compels us to add that the oldest republic now existing is that of San Marino, not only Catholic, but wholly surrounded by the especial dominion of the Popes, who might have crushed it like an egg-shell at any time these last thousand years—but they didn't. The only republic we ever traveled in, besides our own, is Switzerland, half of its cantons or states entirely Catholic, yet never, that we have heard of, unfaithful to the cause of freedom. We never heard the Catholics of Hungary accused of backwardness in the late glorious struggle of their country for freedom, though its leaders were Protestants, fighting against a leading Catholic power, avowedly in favor of religious as well as civil liberty. And chivalric, unhappy Poland, almost wholly Catholic, has made as gallant struggles for freedom as any other nation: while of the three despotisms that crushed her, but one was Catholic."

"Let us bring the subject home to our own times and country. Who, I would ask, first reared in triumph the broad banner of universal freedom on this North American continent? Who first proclaimed in this new world a truth too wide and expansive to enter into the head of, or to be comprehended by, a narrow-minded bigot—a truth that every man should be free to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience? Who *first* proclaimed, on this broad continent, the glorious principles of universal freedom? Read Bancroft, read Goodrich, read Frost, read every Protestant historian of our country, and you will see there inscribed, on the historic page, a *fact* which reflects immortal honor on our American Catholic ancestry—that Lord Baltimore and his Catholic colonists of Maryland were the *first* to proclaim universal liberty, civil and religious: the *first* to announce, as the basis of their legislation, the great and noble principle that no man's faith and conscience should be a bar to his holding any office, or enjoying any *civil privilege* of the community.

"What American can forget the names of Rochambeau, De Grasse, De Kalb, Pulaski, LaFayette, Kosciusko? Without the aid of these noble Catholic heroes, and of the brave troops whom they led on to victory, would we have succeeded at all in our great revolutionary contest? Men of the clearest heads, and of the greatest political forecast, living at that time, thought not: at least they deemed the result exceedingly doubtful.

"And during the whole war of the Revolution, who ever heard of a Catholic coward, or of a Catholic traitor? When the Protestant General Gates fled from the battlefield of Camden with the Protestant militia of North Carolina and Virginia, who but Catholics stood firm at their posts, and fought and died with the brave old Catholic hero, De Kalb? the veteran who, when others ingloriously fled, seized his good sword, and cried out to the brave old Maryland and Pennsylvania lines, 'Stand firm, for I am too o'd to fly!' Who ever heard of a Catholic Arnold? And who has not heard of the brave Irish and German soldiers who, at a somewhat later period, mainly composed the invincible army of the impetuous 'Mad Anthony' Wayne, and constituted the great bulwark of our defence against the savage invasions which threatened our whole northwestern frontier with devastation and ruin?

"All these facts, and many more of a similar kind which might be alleged, cannot have passed away, as yet, from the memory of our American citizens. Americans cannot have forgotten, as yet, that the man who perilled most in signing the Declaration of Independence was a Roman Catholic, and that when Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, put his name to that instrument, Benjamin Franklin observed, 'There goes a cool million in support of the cause!'

"And when our energies were exhausted, and the stoutest heart entertained the most gloomy forebodings as to the final issue, Catholic France stepped gallantly forth to the rescue of our infant freedom, almost crushed by an overwhelming English tyranny! Catholic Spain also subsequently lent us her aid against England.

Many of our most sagacious statesmen have believed that, but for this timely aid, our Declaration of Independence could scarcely have been made good.

"These facts, which are but a few of those which might be adduced, prove conclusively that Catholicity is still what she was in the middle ages—the steadfast friend and supporter of free institutions.

"The influence of Catholicity also tends strongly to break down all barriers of separate nationalities, and to bring about a brotherhood of citizens, in which the love of our common country and of one another would absorb every sectional feeling. Catholicity is of no nation, of no language, of no people; she knows no geographical bounds; she breaks down all the walls of separation between race and race, and she looks alike upon every people, and tribe, and caste. Her views are as enlarged as the territory which she inhabits; and this is as wide as the world. Jew and Gentile, Greek and Barbarian, Irish, German, French, English, and American, are all alike to her. The evident tendency of this principle is to level all sectional feelings and local prejudices, by enlarging the views of mankind, and thus to bring about harmony in society, based upon mutual forbearance and charity. And, in fact, so far as the influence of the Catholic church could be brought to bear upon the anomalous condition of society in America, it has been exercised for securing the desirable result of causing all its heterogeneous elements to be merged in the one variegated but homogeneous nationality.

"The Catholic population of this country, taken as a body, have a personal freedom, an independence, a self-respect, a conscientiousness, a love of truth, and a devotion to principle, not to be found in any other class of American citizens. Their moral tone, as well as their moral standard, is far higher, and they act more uniformly under a sense of deep responsibility to God and their country. They are the most law-loving and law-abiding people. The men of that population are the most vigorous, and the hardiest: their virgins are the chastest: their matrons the most faithful. Catholics do, as to the great majority, act from honest principle, from sincere and earnest conviction, and are prepared to die sooner than in any grave matters swerve from what they regard as truth and justice. They have the principle and firmness to stand by what they believe to be true and just, in good report or evil report, whether the world be with them or be against them. Among Catholics you will not find the flunkeyism which Carlyle so unmercifully ridicules in the middle classes of Great Britain, or that respect for mere wealth, that worship of the money-bag, or that base servility to the mob, or public opinion, so common and so ruinous to public and private virtue in the United States.

"The mental activity of Catholics, all things considered, is far more remarkable than that of our non-Catholic countrymen; and, in proportion to their numbers and means, they contribute far more than any other class of American citizens to the purposes of education, both common and liberal, for they receive little or nothing from the public treasury: and in addition to supporting numerous schools of their own, they are forced to contribute their quota to the support of those of the State. Thus, to take a single illustration, the public school tax in Cincinnati for the year 1876, if we remember well, amounted to $810,000. Of this the Catholics—such is their proportion in that community—contributed $230,000, or more than one-third of the whole rate. This large sum—£162,000—goes to the management and formation of schools which the Catholics of Cincinnati are debarred, by their consciences, from entering. They have, therefore, their own schools, which they have built, and support entirely at their own expense, without any assistance whatever from the State. The education which they give is known to be excellent; but it is based on religion, and is not controlled by the State and paid officials. The consequence is, that not only are they not encouraged, but they are actually taxed by the State.

"Thus, for instance, the Cathedral School is obliged to pay to the State an annual tax of £120, and the schools of another parish £200. The Catholics of the Cathedral parish have not only to pay the State school tax, and the heavy tax laid on their school buildings, but they have to find $3,500 annually to meet the current school expenses. All this has to be collected by the clergy as best they can.

"The non-Catholic has no conception of the treasure the Union possesses in the many millions of Catholics, humble in their outward circumstances as the majority of them may be. A true, high-toned, chivalric national character will be formed, and a true, generous, and lofty patriotism will be generated and sustained in proportion as the force of Catholicity is brought to bear upon our American people, and the life of practical Catholics falls into the current of American life. Catholics have their faults and short-comings, yet they are the salt of the American community, and the really conservative element in the American population. In a few years they will be the Americans of the Americans, and on them will rest the performance of the glorious work of sustaining American civilization, and realizing the hopes of the founders of our great and growing Republic.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses and by which he is loved and blessed.—Carlyle.

LILIOSA.

AN EASTER STORY.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

"Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall;
A mother's secret hope outlives them all."

—HOLMES.

"A LETTER for me?"

"Yes, ma'am. How's your mother? Good evening!"

"At last, at last! Thanks be to God and His Holy Mother!" exclaimed Liliosa, when she had softly closed the door after the letter-carrier.

The letter-carrier had reached the end of his route, and didn't regret it. A great many people do not allow the paschal season to slip by without sending a letter, or card, to their friends, with wishes for "A Happy Easter!" This makes the mail-bags unusually bulky, and the carrier is usually the sufferer. It was evident from his walk, that this carrier, who had just delivered the last of his load to Liliosa, was tired. He whistled a lively tune as he turned towards his home. He appeared to be happy, even if he was tired. Perhaps he was thinking of the well-earned rest on the morrow, in the bosom of his family, for he had not only reached the end of his route that day, but had ended his labor for the week. No matter what his thoughts were, I don't think he was conscious of all the comfort he had brought to Liliosa's heart that evening, although he did notice that she was too excited to answer him when he asked about her mother.

Widow Monica,—Liliosa's mother,—was a saintly character. Everybody loved her. Still, she was not very generally known, because she rarely visited anyone except on an errand of charity. She had but two children. A daughter—Liliosa, and a son, Augustine. Monica always cherished the hope that one day Liliosa would consecrate herself to God in a religious state. As for her son she often dreaded that he would be led astray by bad companions. On many an occasion did she pray:—

"*O God, take him to thyself, rather than allow him to mortally offend Thee! Mother of God, shield him from danger!*"

On her part, Liliosa adored her mother. She was a model girl in more than one regard. Home training had done more for her than the many years which she spent at school. Liliosa was named after a good Franciscan sister. Since she was born in Easter week, one of the nuns called her "the Widow's Easter Lily." At home she always went by the name of "Lily." On the wall facing the little altar of the Blessed Virgin in her room, hung a pretty steel engraving of St. Liliosa, the virgin martyr. Liliosa always tried to copy her patron, if not as a martyr,, at least in her angelic purity.

Augustine,—or as he was familiarly known "Gus,"—was what you would call a good boy. If he had a weakness, it was probably too much good nature. It is sometimes a dangerous quality to possess, especially in the case of boys. Augustine didn't know what a pleasant home he had. Perhaps it was because he hadn't seen an unpleasant one. He was getting restless. He got a notion into his head that he was being held under restraint. Some expressions of his at times were a sure index of this.

Certain religious practices were part and parcel of the daily routine in Widow Monica's house. There was an atmosphere of piety pervading the place, and God's blessing seemed to hover around it. As a matter of course, the Rosary was recited in common. One noticeable thing was that the family always abstained from meat on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays in honor of the Blessed Virgin. They did so in order that they might gain the Sabbatine Privilege or Indulgence.

"That's one thing my dear husband (God rest his soul) always practised as long as I knew him," remarked Widow Monica one day to her children, "and I hope you will continue to follow his example after I have gone to join him."

One Wednesday, Gus appeared to be rather out of sorts. As he sat down to the table he remarked in a low voice: "I don't see what's the use of turning the house into a monastery."

"You can have all the meat you want, Gus, if that's what you mean," said Liliosa, "no one ever *forced* you to abstain.

In fact, if you do not wish to do it cheerfully, and as a loving sacrifice in honor of the Blessed Virgin, I wouldn't advise you to continue it. It would be self-denial, but deserving of no reward."

"That's all very true, Lily," said Gus, "but you know that too much of one thing is good for nothing."

"Very true, if you speak of those boys with whom you have been playing lately," said Liliosa, "but, Gus, it doesn't apply to religion—or its practices. Mother and I love you too much to say a word that is not for your good. You'll find religious practises a great help to you when you come face to face with an irreligious world."

"True enough, Lily," said Gus, "but the catechism only mentions Lent, Advent, certain vigils and Fridays as days of abstinence. Plenty good Christians observe only this much, and go to heaven. Isn't that so?"

"Certainly," said Liliosa, "but, Gus, you must surely have heard me reading from Dr. Farrington's book, which mother got from Ireland, that the Sabbatine Indulgence is a *privilege*, and surely a great one to be delivered from Purgatory on the Saturday after your death by the holy Mother of God, who has promised to do that if we but observe certain conditions. The Blessed Virgin is able to do what she promises, and, what is more, she always keeps her word. The Church approves of those Carmelite friars who exhort the faithful to endeavor to gain this great Indulgence, in comparison with which the conditions are nothing. What's the deprivation of a bit of meat to many years in purgatory? Think of that, Gus! People often fast and abstain for lesser motives. Now, you know that the conditions necessary in order to gain the Sabbatine Indulgence, are: First, to be chaste according to one's state of life; secondly, to say daily the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin—as I do—or in its place to abstain from flesh-meat on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays; and thirdly, to wear the Brown Scapular."

"Well, there's one of those conditions you mentioned which I'll always observe, I mean the wearing the Scapular. God forbid that I should ever lay *that* aside," answered Gus, when Liliosa had finished her little lecture.

Soon after this Gus made up his mind to leave home, and to try his fortune in the world.

The day of parting soon came. Just before Gus was leaving, his mother called him to the center-table. Opening the large family bible, she read aloud these words from the VI Book of Proverbs:

"My son, keep the commandments of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them in thy heart continually, and put them about thy neck. When thou walkest, let them go with thee: when thou sleepest, let them keep thee: and when thou awakest, talk with them."

"And, Gus," added Monica, "don't forget all that I, your poor mother, have taught you. Don't disgrace the name of your father, who was a true Catholic."

While Monica was speaking, Liliosa stood near by with a beautifully embroidered Scapular in her hands. Now approaching her brother, she said:—

"Let me paraphrase those beautiful words of Holy Scripture which mother has just read:—Augustine, my loving brother, observe the ten commandments of your Father in heaven, and forsake not the law of thy holy Mother the Blessed Virgin and," she said, (suiting the action to the words by putting the pair of Scapulars over his neck) "put them about thy neck; when thou walkest, let them go with thee; when thou sleepest, let them keep thee. And Gus," she continued, "remember you have always the prayers of a loving sister."

As Gus uttered the last farewell, he said between sobs, "I hope, mother, we'll soon meet again."

"Perhaps in heaven, Gus," replied his weeping mother.

Widow Monica was naturally sorry to part with her darling boy. Morning, noon, and night she fell on her knees and begged the Blessed Virgin to protect him, and she felt, rather than heard, heaven answer:—

"The child for whom thy mother-heart hath poured forth so many prayers shall not be lost."

A few weeks later Liliosa received a long letter, subscribed "I remain your affectionate brother,—Augustine." Monica eagerly drank in every word as Liliosa read the letter, and, like a tender-hearted mother,

"read the messages of love between the lines."

Letter followed letter, but the intervals between them became longer. The chain which bound Augustine to home was lengthening, but had not as yet parted. When last heard from, his words seemed to imply that he was not in the best of company. Monica took this very much to heart. She was slowly but surely declining in health, and such news did not benefit her.

One day Liliosa wrote a long letter to Augustine, chiding him for being so careless about writing home. She scolded him severely, but for all that gently, for causing so much pain to his dear old mother and forgetting the

"Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts."

In his reply, Augustine urged several excuses for his apparent want of filial affection. "But, Lily," he said, "I must confess that my conscience did at times reproach me for my want of attention to the folks at home. It appears to be the same with all of us, our love and friendship grows cold at a distance. 'Out of sight, out of mind,' as the old saying goes. The only lasting thing on this earth, and that which approaches nearest to God's love, is surely a mother's affection. I'll write oftener after this, otherwise I shall have no peace, for every time I see a mail carrier he always seems to say to me:

'Write to the dear old folks at home
Who sit when the day is done
With folded hands and downcast eyes.
And think of the absent one.'"

That was Augustine's last letter home. He didn't keep his promise to write oftener. But we shall see that it wasn't his fault.

He had obtained a position in a printing office, and soon became a pressman. One day he was at his stand running off the big Easter edition which, on account of fine work, is usually printed about two weeks ahead of time. Gus had taken in everything with a sweep with his experienced eye, and concluded that everything was "O. K." as the printers say, shouted to the engineer: "Let her go, Pat!" and the press was rumbling away at a rapid rate, making enough noise to drown the notes of "Sweet Marie," which one of the hands was vigorously whistling. Suddenly a message came: "Stop the press!" Thinking an accident had occurred, Gus quickly grasped the lever which threw off the belting, and jumped from his high stand. In descending, his shirt sleeve was caught by the cog-wheels, and he was drawn into the machinery before the press could be brought to a dead stop. He was badly injured, and was soon in an ambulance on his way to the hospital. The excitement soon passed off, and the press was rattling away again, groaning for more victims. If Gus died that night, no rules would be "turned" in the columns of the "Morning Liar." Perhaps a half of a "stick" of matter would make mention of the accident under the head of "Minor Events."

When enquiring further into poor Gus' mishap, I learned the reason why the order came to stop the press. In looking through the "Doings of the 400," the society editor discovered the omission of an important word in a paragraph which announced to the world at large that "Miss De Bullion, of Porkopolis, would appear at the Easter ball in a green dress." So the press was stopped to insert the word "silk" before the word "dress." I suppose the ball came off as announced, and Miss Bullion, verdantly arrayed, "tripped the light fantastic" away into the small hours, entirely oblivious of the sufferings of poor Gus, and the causes which led to it.

Liliosa heard of none of these details. She merely received a paper done up in a wrapper, which was addressed in a strange hand, (probably one of her brother's companions) which didn't forebode any good news. Liliosa opened the paper, which was as damp as when it left the press,—but it was still damper after it had absorbed all the tears which rapidly flowed from her eyes. In an obscure corner, under the caption of "Minor Events," a paragraph was marked, which read:

"A young man, generally known as 'Gus,' and employed in this office, was badly crushed in the press room this morning. He was sent to the Sisters' Hospital, and will probably die. The delay thereby caused to the work on our magnificent Easter edition was fortunately only a brief one."

It was a terrible blow to poor Liliosa. How would she break the news to her mother. It was indeed some time before

she could summon up courage enough to do so. With the paper in her hand, and tears in her eyes, she entered the room in which the widow sat. Let us draw the curtain over what followed between mother and daughter!

Widow Monica bore up bravely under this new and heavy cross. She resigned herself to God's holy will, and sought consolation at the feet of the dolorous Virgin, who herself gave us an example of heroic patience when she stood beneath the cross of her dying Son. Monica, too, had her Good Friday, but it was only the shadow preceding the dawn of a glorious Easter.

Her mother was rapidly sinking, and Liliosa was anxious to get more details about her brother's sad mishap. No time was to be lost: so she wrote at once to the chaplain of the hospital in which Augustine lay.

On Holy Saturday morning Liliosa thought the worst had come, in spite of the fact that her mother was calm, quiet and perfectly conscious.

"O Mary, Mother of God, hasten the answer to my letter," prayed the poor girl, as she was preparing some little delicacy for her mother. If the letter was speeding its way to her, it seemed a doubtful race between a rapidly devouring illness and the fastest mail train.

Liliosa sent word to Father Boniface telling him of her mother's critical state, and asking him to call, if possible, immediately after the ceremonies in church. The latter was only a stone's throw from the house, so near, indeed, that one could easily distinguish the voices in the choir. In the meantime Liliosa prepared everything for the coming of the priest. There was seen a little table with an immaculate cover, two wax candles, holy water font, a crucifix, a glass with clean water in which the priest could purify his fingers, and a spoon. In fact, everything necessary for such occasions, and, besides, everything was very neatly arranged. When the priest arrived, Liliosa did not imitate many stupid people by engaging him in a conversation. No, she did what was proper to do. She knelt down, and adored our Lord who had come to visit her house.

Father Boniface had brought holy Communion to Monica only a week before. Now he brought it as a Vaticum—'twas Monica's last Easter Communion. The priest administered the rest of the holy Sacraments to the dying woman, and, besides, imparted the *special* absolution and Indulgence which can be gained at the hour of death by those who have worn the holy Scapular during their lifetime.

Monica was now happy. Only one thing gave a tinge of sadness to her passing away. It was the anxiety for her dear boy's welfare—particularly of his soul. She was about to render an account to a just Judge of all those confided to her care. Terrible thought! even for the best of parents. Outside of this there was little in the sick-chamber to inspire sadness. It was only a saint going to her reward. Two good Sisters of Charity knelt at the bedside, saying the beads. As Widow Monica feebly responded to the *Hail Mary!* she knew and felt that Mary herself was present to answer her prayer.

It was now towards four in the afternoon. An impressive silence stole over the sick-chamber. 'Twas so quiet, methinks, that one could hear the flutter of angel wings—as if Monica's life-long friend and companion—her heavenly guardian, was about to speed his flight to the throne of God, there to announce a new-comer into the realms of bliss—another soul to join in the alleluja chorus.

Was it a stillness heralding some joyful tidings?

Listen! Does the door-bell ring? Yes. As if not wishing to disturb the peace and quiet which reigned within, the person who rang the bell did it in a soft and gentle way. It was scarcely audible. But Liliosa's quick ear knew the sound. She was at the door in a moment. She saw nothing, nor did she hear the letter-carrier's sympathetic inquiry, "How's your mother this evening?" She simply said: "A letter for me?" As she took the letter she was overpowered with delight, and pressed it to her bosom. Then it was, as I stated in the beginning, that she exclaimed:—

"At last! At last! Thanks be to God and His holy Mother."

When the bell rang, Monica wistfully turned her eyes towards the door. Her countenance gave an impression that some heavenly messenger was about to address her.

As Liliosa approached the bed Monica whispered "Is it the letter?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Liliosa, "and good news, too, 'to cheer, O mother, your boundless expectant soul,' and," she said, looking at the initials B. V. G. (Blessed Virgin Guide) on the corner of the envelope, "the blessed Mother of God has brought it safely to us."

The letter was rather short and to the point. It was worthy to be framed in gold, as Liliosa remarked before she commenced to read the letter. Here it is in full:

MARIA.

OUR LADY'S CONVENT.

HOLY THURSDAY.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I hasten to reply to your kind letter of inquiry just to hand. I had the pleasure of attending to the spiritual wants of your dear brother during his last illness. His end was a very edifying one, and I considered it a great privilege to be with him. Be assured, as I am, that he is now in heaven, reaping the reward of a tender devotion to the holy mother of God. In his last moments Augustine was fully resigned to God's holy will. He told me that he felt "like a boy leaving school to spend the Easter holidays at home." He had kept a pure conscience in spite of many temptations which surrounded him. He ascribed this to the protection of the Blessed Virgin, whose livery he wore, and to the prayers of a pious sister and holy mother. With him was buried the Scapular which he said he received from you when he left home. Wishing you and your esteemed mother a happy Easter here and hereafter, I remain,

Yours devotedly in Christ,

FR. BENIGNUS.

A look of peace, content and happiness appeared on the face of Widow Monica. Making a sign to Liliosa to come nearer, she said to her:

"Liliosa, what a happy meeting it will be in heaven when father, mother and son are again united!"

Those were Monica's last words.

It was now evening, and the choir could be heard practising in the neigbouring church. Just as they had finished singing the *Regina Coeli, laetare, Alleluja* (Rejoice, O Heaven's Queen, Alleluja), Monica closed her eyes. She had gone to spend Easter in heaven.

On the following Easter morning, when the Church decks her altars with purest lilies and her ministers in white and gold, such a thing as a Requiem Mass is out of the question. Nevertheless, one of the masses was said for the repose of the soul of Widow Monica, and perhaps few of the early worshippers, who saw Father Boniface for the first time wearing the beautifully-painted Chasuble which was presented to him by his artist-friend Josephine Joliette, thought the Paschal Lamb was being offered up for some departed soul.

Liliosa was at High Mass. Her veil screened her from curious observers, and her simple dark dress, with hat to match, made quite a contrast in the large sea of gayly-trimmed new Easter bonnets. I said Liliosa's attire was a simple one, because she didn't believe in enveloping herself in interminable folds of crepe. Although she grieved intensely at the irreparable loss of one of the best of mothers, she did not forget, what she had often said, that too much mourning is but a "gaudy mockery of woe, where fashion even reaches to the grave."

The gorgeous ceremony, the joyous strains of the organ, in fact everything appeared to Liliosa as it ought to be, for she felt that her mother was in heaven. When she heard the "*Et resurrexit*" sung, she thought it was addressed to her. When she commenced to say the beads for her mother she unconsciously said the Glorious Mysteries, and in nearly every *Hail Mary* she interpolated "Who crowned thee in Heaven."

The sermon, too, seemed so appropriate, and was full of consoling thoughts. The preacher laid great stress on those words of St. Paul, "If Christ has not arisen from the grave, our religion is in vain," and again, "O death where is thy victory, O death where is thy sting!"

Towards the end of his discourse, Father Boniface said:—"My dear brethren, it seems out of place on this joyous festival that I should introduce a subject which might remind you of sadness, but I cannot refrain from referring to the late Widow Monica, of whose holiness of life you are all aware. Would that all you were so well-prepared, as she was to meet her Maker.

Would that I could say the same of those careless ones in my parish, who, by neglecting their Easter duty, are far from being fit to meet their God, in case He should suddenly call them to Himself. When, in the course of my remarks, I referred to those holy women who went to the sepulchre on this blessed Easter morn, one thought came home to me in a very forcible manner. It was this. There is another holy woman—she who is the greatest and most 'blessed among women' —the 'woman above all other women glorified, our tainted nature's solitary boast'—Mary the Mother of God: and my brethren she, too, visits the tomb—purgatory—in which are imprisoned myriads of captive souls. Mary is not content with visiting this purgatorian tomb only on each recurring Holy Saturday, but from Sabbath to Sabbath does she hasten there on love's swift wings to rescue her own children. When she beholds the garments in which she has wrapped them, her holy Scapular, and sees the sign of her own confraternity, she at once conducts them to an abode of peace and happiness. Widow Monica believed in, and made herself worthy of Mary's great and special promise, and, let us hope and pray that she is now enjoying a happy Easter in heaven. And I hope, through Mary's intercession, that your Easter may not only be a happy one here but will be continued amidst the angelic throngs where you shall sing an eternal alleluja-amen."

* * * * * *

Liliosa is now an orphan. How shall we dispose of her? The end to the usual run of stories is a wedding march. So as a matter of course, Liliosa became a bride, and her spouse was Christ. Her paradise was to be among "lilies—those the flowers He loves." In place of the dear ones she had lost, she was to find loving sisters among "those souls in gardens all enclosed," who breathe Christ's native air. There for many years she lived

> "In Mary's holy house,
> All hidden in the fragrant bed
> Of lilies for the Spouse."

I shall not forget the day of Liliosa's spiritual nuptials—that beautiful Easter Monday morning on which she became a nun. Instead of orange blossoms one inhaled the odor of pure white lilies, which adorned the convent altar. In place of Mendelsohn's famous march was heard the sweet invitation of the heavenly Bridegroom, "*Veni Sponsa Mea*" (Come, O my spouse!). Like other brides, Liliosa changed her name, and was thereafter known as Sister Mary of the Resurrection.

Many an Easter moon has appeared and disappeared since this last actor in the scenes which I have endeavored to recall passed from life's stage. She is in heaven now, singing

> "Her canticle, the Lamb to praise,
> For e'er with seraph's throng."

A Flourishing Branch of Carmel.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

THE sisterhood of the Carmelite Order of Charity has become very popular in Spain, as is proven, both by the numbers, who have entered this holy community, as well as by the homage of respect and the recognition of public approbation, which their arrival and establishment in any city or even "aldea" that they may choose to reside in, usually call forth. The statistics lately published in the little "Bulletin" of the order, deserve to be widely known, not alone in the old, but also in the new world.

Never has the mustard seed of the gospel, sown but a short time, produced so abundant a crop—never have the passionate fidelity and heroic loyalty to duty and vocation, been so signally crowned with so prolific a harvest—never have the sweet unction of piety and the unwearied labors of mercy and Christian charity received so cheering a response and so visible a reward, as these statistics reveal. What a consolation, then, to the good sisters themselves! What an honor, alike to their glorious congregation, and to that favored Spanish province of the Immaculate Queen of Carmel, historic and truly religious Cataluna! From beneath the snow-capped summits of its "Sierras," it has extended itself through the various provinces and different dioceses of the peninsula, from San Sebas-

tian to Britain's impregnable fortress rock of Gibraltar. What a glorious panorama of religion and of virtue does not this vista unfold!

Oh! How Mary's sinless heart must rejoice at the miraculous success of one of her many cherished communities, that dot the Spanish landscape, and which impart fervor to a nation, which, in the past, as in the present, she has so frequently and so markedly favored. In fact, it may be said with truth, that the prayers daily ascending from its myriads of altars and from countless hearts, "that the clouds might be opened, and the heavenly dew fall," have been listened to by the compassionate Eternal God.

Catholic Spain! Once the glorious pioneer of civilization and Catholicism, well mayst thou exclaim with hope and confidence: "Sursum Corda!"

According to this neatly compiled little "Bulletin," the order has already 105 houses in Spain: some solely for the higher education of youth: others for orphanages: others again combining education and Christian charity, with communities making a total of 1,294 sisters. The number of children and grown-up girls attending their schools reaches the respectable figure of 31,993, notwithstanding the vast number of other religious institutions.

Of this total, there are 881 boarders, 14,534 day pupils, 8,666 girls attending the night schools, 1,570 are regular attendants at the Sunday classes, etc.

There are 1,703 orphans in the various asylums, and 501 sick persons were treated in their hospitals.

During the year there were 20 deaths among the sisters, whilst 52 entered the novitiate. The greater number of the convents are to be found in the provinces of Cataluna and the Castillas, under the direction of the "Superiora General," who resides at the Convent of Vich, and in whose magnificent house of the novitiate there are at present 130 sisters. This community is undoubtedly the first and most flourishing of its class in Spain.

Thrice happy, too, is this community in having its novitiate house located beneath the shade of the glorious sanctuary of "Nuestra Senora de Ripoll," and under the protection of one of Spain's most noble and illustrious prelates, the Bishop of Vich, Dr. Morgades y Gill: a bishop, whose clearness of head and tenderness of heart have endeared him to a people passionately attached to him. Surrounded, as he is, with such successful religious institutions, and so loving and affectionate a flock beneath his pastoral sway, it is no wonder that, when offered the mitre of the Archiepiscopal See of Burgos and the crosier and pallium of Northern Spain, he should, with moistened eyes and heart full of anguish, have supplicated the benevolent heart of the Supreme Pontiff, to permit him to remain with his grateful people. He wished to end his days amidst the shrines he had labored to restore, in sight of the institutions he had founded, and nurtured with paternal care and affection; to close his years in a province, which, as future historians must say, he honored by his episcopacy and enriched by his unceasing labors and burning zeal for the glory of God's house, and the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of those over whom he ruled, with a crozier of love. To such episcopal charity and pastoral entreaty, the kind heart of Leo XIII could not close itself, and, therefore, Cataluna has not been deprived of one of its most noble sons, nor has the flourishing institute of Carmel lost its cherished benefactor. When this devoted pastor heard the response to his supplication, he heartily repeated: "Jam laetus moriar," whilst the prayers of his flock, from one end of the diocese to the other, are, that he may be spared to them for many more years, until with God's blessings and in Divine Providence he may end his days:

> "Like ripe fruit, to drop
> "Into his mother's lap, or be with ease
> "Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd for death mature;"

and in anticipation of the heavenly blessings that await him, and in view of the radiant Beatific Vision, he may be able to exclaim to the joy of an afflicted flock: "O Israel! quam magna est domus Dei."

May Almighty God, too, prosper and extend each day, for His glory and service, so beneficent and observant an institute as that of the noble Carmelite Sisters of Charity, is the earnest prayer of one, who has the pleasure of admiring, even at a distance, its admirable working, and witnessing the countless blessings it is spreading broadcast over the fair face of this sunny land of "Maria Santissima."

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Miss Matilda Cummings.

SORROW is the substance of man's natural life, and it might almost be defined to be his natural capability of the supernatural. Joy is but a thin shade except when it is in alternation with sorrow.—FABER.

The truth of those beautiful words has come home to many of us, even as it came to the mind of the author, when he wrote that exquisite chapter of his work on "Bethlehem,—Calvary before its time." We are never sure of the passing joys which the goodness of God sends as oases in the deserts of our daily lives. We dread to rest in them, lest like a mirage they fade away even as we look wistfully at them. We hold our breath, and hope that they may tarry awhile, those joys which anticipate eternity—but oh! it almost robs them of their delights, this feeling of a vague premonition of the coming sorrow—this shadow which *will* fall even when the sun is in its meridian splendor. Not so with sorrow. It stuns us at first, but when we have been mercifully taught "to take more kindly to its burden" there is then a strange peace oozing from its presence, even as "moisture neath a stone." Now the glad days of April, with its bright sunshine and soft showers, bring with them the darkness of the eclipse on Calvary, and Passion week has its day for souls whom sorrow has crushed and chastened. It's Friday, the feast of the Seven Dolors, knows a peace, nay a joy, which even the great day of Holy Week brings not to the heart which goes out 'midst a burst of tender and loving tears to the beloved Mater Dolorosa. The Litany of Loretto teems with titles for our Lady and each soul takes that which appeals most strongly to its needs. But, the Mother of Sorrows wins votaries where the Queen of Saints would find *only* saints to salute her. Ah! Yes, dearest, tenderest of all titles. Our eyes well up with tears of sweet resignation—our arms reach out for her embrace, and sorrow for *sin* fairly drives out the thought of self, as we thus salute her, who is so near of kith and kin to us in her desolation. She is so *fascinating* in the beauty of her dolors. "Oh! All ye who pass this way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." Most gracious of invitations. The School of Jesus Crucified would never have had so many students, had not the dear Mater Dolorosa given the preparatory course. So has she entered into the counsels of God even from the beginning. She leads the way to God, and then hides herself in the shadow of her sanctity, where those who love her must needs seek her. No shadow so full of her as that of sorrow. There she is above all things our mother. So womanly, so tender, so true. So easy of access to saint and sinner alike and above all (so it seems to our poor craving nature), so full of a human sympathy. Mother of God? Surely, but none the less, nay all the more, mother of men—poor, weak, sinful, intolerable as we may be in the sight of God, to Mary, the Mother of Sorrows, we are always welcome. Let us take sweet comfort to our souls from this assurance which our hearts give us. Who in the world are the most beloved of men? The unselfish ones. As character develops, if it lack this first and noblest quality of the true man or woman, then is there a want which nothing else can supply. Here is the model of perfect generosity—here the truest type of purest unselfishness which an admiring world has ever known. So be the petition of Friday in Passion week—"teach me to be generous—to forget myself even in my sorrows." 'Tis the *surest* way to sanctity. Forgetting self, of what can we think? Surely not of sin, for that is embodied in self, nor of the world or creatures as distinct from the Creator. Ah! no, God is the centre of the self-forgetting soul. Round him, even through the surges of sorrow, does it drift its storm-tossed bark, in a peace which had its source in the deeps of desolation, and which will ebb and flow till it be lost in the great tide which will carry it to Eternal Years and their shoreless sea. Happy they who learn the lesson of sorrow at the feet of Mater Dolorosa. The Stabat Mater but proceeds the Alleluja of the Christian Soul, and the Shades of Passiontide *always* give place to the perfect day of the Resurrection.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY HENRY COYLE.

"THE Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want." Of all the titles given to our Saviour, no name so truly expresses the relation He bears to men as that of shepherd. It expresses not only His character and His mission to mankind, but it also proves how much He loves us: that, though He is almighty, He is our shepherd, our father, our friend.

"I am the good shepherd!" We find here tenderness and affection; the words express the care and love which He feels for His children. It is not simply shepherd, but the *good* shepherd, as if Jesus would assure us that He is ours to the sacrifice of Himself for His flock. He is willing indeed to take upon Himself any name, however humble, that may clearly express His character, and the mission He came to perform.

Many are the titles under which the Saviour presents Himself: "I am the door," "I am the resurrection and the life," "I am the way," "I am the vine," and most beautiful and touching of all "I am the good shepherd." To the people of the far east this expression is more clearly understood than it is with us.

It is said that a shepherd in that part of the world often knows the countenance of each of his flock, no matter how many he may have under his care. He has a pet name for each one of them; they run to him when he calls, they eat from his hand, and follow him about the pasture. When alarmed they run to him for protection; they seem to know instinctively that with him they are safe, that he is ever ready to defend them from danger. He guards them as if they were his own children; he takes tender care of the helpless little lambs, and when any of the flock are ill he bears them in his arms to his home, and nurses them tenderly. If a stranger ventures into the pasture where the sheep are grazing, the flock will run from him towards the shepherd, their friend and protector. They know his face, they love the sound of his voice, and when he speaks they listen and obey, having full confidence in him.

"I am the good shepherd!" This is indeed a most apt and beautiful expression. Jesus is truly a good shepherd in His care and love for us: we are, or may be if we wish, of His flock: He has chosen us for His own, gathered us into His fold, trained us to know Him, to love Him, to obey Him, and to seek His presence in danger.

In sunshine and in storm, in heat and cold, at all times and seasons, His watchful eye is ever upon us. Sometimes one of the flock wilfully goes astray and is lost; the shepherd goes out to seek it, and when it is found he does not punish, but takes it in his arms and brings it home. In like manner the good shepherd, Jesus, seeks the lost and brings them home.

Jesus is indeed a good shepherd. He proves it every moment, every hour, every day. He guards us from danger; He shields us from evil; He gives us strength and grace to resist temptation. Many are the enemies watching, and we should easily fall a prey to their deceitful snares and perish, but for the watchful eye of the good shepherd.

Truly does "He feed His sheep! The finest of the wheat He has prepared for them; He calls them to His storehouse and throws open its door wide for them to enter and be filled. He gives them to drink of the waters that flow from the fountain of His exhaustless love; His mercy to them that fear and love Him endureth forever."

In former times the shepherd was often obliged to defend his flock from wild beasts, and this was what was meant by the phrase, "the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." Jesus, the good shepherd, died for His flock: "greater love hath no man than this." How tenderly this truth binds us to Him, teaching us not to fear, but to love Him.

He is our father, our shepherd, and we are His children, His flock. But this truth bears an obligation with it. The sheep do not fear the good shepherd: they love him, they obey and trust him in all things. He leads and they follow: they do not ask where he is going to take them by hesitating: they simply follow him. Shall we not trust our Heavenly Father: shall we not obey Him and follow where He leads us: shall we not love and trust Him implicitly?

He will restore the soul; He will lead us in the right paths, for His name's sake—the good shepherd! Though we may walk in the valley of the shadow, we must fear no evil, for the faithful shepherd, the *good* shepherd, is leading us. We must trust in Him for safety, for strength, for grace, for all our daily needs: then will His rod and His staff be a comfort, and "we shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

—THE—

Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, April, 1895. No. 4.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

SOCIETIES established for suppressing vice do more harm than good Don't stir up stagnant pools. It spreads disease.

***

TWO years from April 27th next the Brown Scapular must be given separately, according to the ritual, and not in "blocks of five."

***

ACCORDING to Hoffman's last church directory there are in the United States 182 Catholic high schools for boys and 609 for girls. Very significant figures those!

***

WHERE are all the capable mothers now-a-days of whom Fenelon spoke when he said so truly: "Education by a capable mother is worth more than that which is to be had at the best of convents?"

***

ON the second Sunday after Easter the gospel is read of the "Good Shepherd." The beautiful sketch on this subject, by Henry Coyle, which appears in this number, will make delightful reading on that particular Sunday.

***

THE "Acta Sanctorum," (acts of Saints) of the Bollandists, is probably the most exhaustive work of its kind, and the fruit of many years of co-operative labor. Few sets of this work are extant, and few libraries possess such a costly compilation. The late Father Mollinger, of Troy Hill, had one complete edition of the "Acta," and this has been lately added to the library of the Carmelite Seminary, at New Baltimore, Pa.

THE N. Y. *Sun* says that all those persons who send in "conscience-money," should send along their names. Mr. Dana should not forget the comparison which his favorite author, Shakespeare, makes between a man's money and his good name.

***

NOW the news comes that priests in Michigan will unite with clergymen of other denominations in brushing away bigotry. It seems a good means of bringing our separated brethren back to the truth which Christ deposited with Leo the Thirteenths' predecessors.

***

THE wise men of these days dispute over the true location of Calvary. Five different places are pointed out with equal claims for each. Catholics are content to abide by the decision arrived at as to the site during the days of the Emperor Constantine's pious Mother.—ST. HELENA.

***

AND now an Episcopalian Bishop in the West reminds his clergy that the Virginity of the Mother of God must be accepted and maintained as a fundamental truth by the Episcopalian body. We love to see the Blessed Virgin's great prerogatives upheld even by those outside of the fold.

***

THEY are "sterilizing" books down in Boston town. Its a good plan to prevent the spread of disease. In many books, however, there is a deadly germ hidden which does untold and deadly harm to souls. Physical disease is nothing to that. There is no fire in this world capable of destroying the diabolical bacilli hidden away in the bulk of nineteenth century fiction.

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WE have passed from the Crib to the Cross. Both of them are magnets of love drawing the hearts of men. But some hearts refuse to be drawn. For such we can but hope and pray. During Christmas time it seemed impossible that anything but peace and good feeling should reign throughout the world. But blood was still flowing in torrents on that day of grace in the far east. Oh! may the divine blood, which was shed for us, move us more to thoughts of love and mercy during Passiontide.

A POOR old colored man, whose acre of land adjoined the estate of a millionaire, refused to sell out, and now the papers say that the money king will erect a high wall between his property and that of his offensive neighbor. It ought to be a reminder to this modern Dives that in the next world there will likewise be a wall of considerable thickness between those of his kind and others of the Lazarus type.

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ON the 4th of February, the Sacred Congregation of Rites discussed the confirmation of the cultus (public veneration) given to the servant of God, Joan of Tolosa, Carmelite nun of the old observance, styled Blessed and Saint It was proved that the cultus, given to our holy Carmelite sister, flourished for at least 100 years before the decree of Urban VIII, which forbids public veneration of saints, before the Church has spoken.

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ANOTHER lady is out with a proposition to show children vice in all its forms, in order to make them shun it, and says that compulsory education will improve the morals of our boys and girls. Parents are the only ones, who can plant virtues in childrens' hearts. To some it might seem advisable to place an immoral kaleidoscope before the innocent eyes of youth, but we prefer to stand by the old axiom of the schools; *Ignoti nulla cupido*, which can be paraphrased "those who have no knowledge of any sin will not be tempted to commit it."

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THE Holy Father's last Ensyclical is evoking some amusing remarks from non-Catholic critics. One divine says it smacks too much of the "*imperium in imperio*" (kingdom within a kingdom). Of course it does. Read your bible and you will find that Christ told Pilate that His kingdom was not of this world. The church is *in* the kingdoms of the world, but not *of* them. A Buffalo paper, mostly read by members of surpliced choirs and their families, says the Pope's letter shows the Catholic church to be in a critical condition. Don't frighten us, Mr. Editor. The bark of Peter has already braved some very violent storms. But the boat is safe. Christ is at the helm and will remain there.

WHEN a mother finds it difficult to make her child take a bitter draught, she first takes a sip of the unpalatable medicine herself. The child takes courage at seeing this, thinking "this will surely do me no harm since mother has tasted it." That is just what the Blessed Virgin does for us. She tasted of the bitter chalice in order to encourage us to suffer. If we take up our cross during Passiontide, we will find the holy Mother of God holding up the heaviest end of it for us. However, let us help to carry a part of Mary's burden and sympathize with her. The best way to do so is to lessen the sufferings of Mary's Son, whose pain is our sin. Uprooting sin causes pain. But it is a pain that cures.

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A WRITER in the Buffalo *Express* says that if Lord Wolsely's saying that "some day China and Japan will rule Europe" comes true, it will go hard with the Pope, who will then have a Bhuddist superior. Not at all. The orientals could not ill-treat the vicar of Christ any worse than the present band of Italian robbers. There is one thing which Protestant writers always overlook, when they speak of the church, and that is the fact that Christ has promised to be with His church until the end of time. We might add that there are already plenty of orientals in Catholic colleges in Rome, and right good persons they are. They have more respect for the Pope than they have for other petty rulers.—Japan and China have already given hundreds of Saints and Martyrs to "the Romish institution."

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TO USE a common-place expression we can truthfully say that "the feasts of the Church never get 'stale.'" It is especially true of Easter. It is always fresh, like the lilies, which adorn our altars on the Day of Resurrection. Some old questions again present themselves—stereotyped ones, if you will, but of serious import. For instance: "Are *you* going to make your Easter?" During these days the busy editor of the Catholic weekly will as usual have on hand to head the list of his printed paragraphs, the inevitable interrogatory, "Have you made your Easter?" Many a preacher will likewise talk himself hoarse in exhorting the black sheep of his flock to

"make their Easter." Many will tire of being asked the self-same question. But it will be harder to hear for an eternity:—"Thou fool! Why did you not make your Easter when on earth? It is now too late."

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From the earliest ages of Christianity the sorrows of the Blessed Virgin have been the object of devotion among Catholics. The earliest works of art contain paintings of the Queen of Martyrs. She has also been the theme for the poet and the musical composer. In the thirteenth century, the Franciscan Brother James de Benedictis (or Jacoponus), of Todi in Spoleto, who died in 1303, wrote that soul-stirring poem, the "Stabat Mater." Pergolese, the composer, gave to that hymn the beautiful air so familiar in our churches. In order to make some satisfaction for the insult offered to our Lady's statues by the heartless reformers, the Feast of the Seven Dolors was instituted for the Friday after Passion Sunday. The Seven Sorrows are, as is generally known, (1) the prophecy of Simeon, (2) the flight into Egypt, (3) the loss of the child in the temple, (4) meeting of Jesus on His way to Calvary, (5) the taking down from the cross, (6) holding His inanimate body in her arms, and (7) the burial of our Lord. In private devotions other sorrows of Mary are enumerated, viz.:—Jesus bidding farewell to his mother, the crowning with thorns, nailing to the cross, the giving of wine and vinegar to Jesus, His abandonment, His death and being laid in Mary's arms. Pious souls are also asked to consider what the Blessed Virgin suffered when Joseph was about to put her away, the refusal of lodging at the inn in Bethlehem, the cold and hard bed prepared for the holy child, the painful circumcising, want of faith in the Jews, persecution of Christ, denial and betrayal of Jesus, etc., in fact all the individual sufferings of Jesus as related in the holy Passion.

Prayer is the outlet of the saint's sorrow, and inlet of their supports and comforts.

Gold and silver are in themselves both good and evil. The use of them is good; the abuse of them, bad. To seek them too anxiously is wrong, and to pursue them with avarice is shameful.—St. Bernard.

NEW BOOKS.

The Benziger Bros., of New York, publish a small volume of 180 pages, bound in cloth, at the reasonable price of 50 cents—which has a right to take its place alongside of the most extensive works published on the same subject. The book is called "Elocution Class," and is written by Eleanor O'Grady. It contains everything that ought to be said on elocution—and the laws and principles of expression. Besides giving *all* that is best of the old methods, this little treasure house also gives the most useful of the laws and theories of Francis Delsarte. A short sketch of Delsarte forms the opening chapter of the book. The whole work is a model of crisp, nervous condensation, embodying everything necessary, even a large selection of the very best examples, and could only have been written by one who is so well versed in teaching this art that she never wastes a word.

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Ireland: Its History, Scenery and People, is the title of a grand descriptive and historical work, written and illustrated by Mr. and Mrs. C. Hall. It was originally published in three large volumes, and was beyond the reach of an ordinary purse. Chas. E. Brown & Co., of 53 State street, Boston, Mass., have just published a popular edition of this unique work, and sell the three volumes bound in one large volume of 1432 pages at the reasonable price of $3.75. The book has all the beautiful engravings embodied in the text of the original edition—over 500 excellent woodcuts by distinguish artists. The cloth cover in green and silver is most appropriately illuminated. Every lover of Ireland will be charmed with this work. It was written "con amore" by a person who betrays her ardent admiration of everything Irish in every line. With enthusiastic care all the poetical and romantic features of the island are described from county to county. Legends and tales of the peasantry—manners and customs of the people—music and dances—observances at wakes, christenings, courtships, and the different church festivals—pilgrimages to holy wells, and many other national usages are fully described by a loving, sympathetic pen, free from partiality or prejudice. It is an exhaustive study of a country which

is interesting to friend and foe, and which finds in this magnificent work a treatment worthy of its race, beauty and romantic history.

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There is scarcely a human being so completely depraved, but that some latent good could be elicited by proper treatment and the subject be brought gradually to the basis of manhood again. Hearts are often concealed by fashion's most splendid garb that are far worse and more deeply steeped in hidden crimes than those whom the law has condemned to wear the striped suit. Hence, the so-called prison reformers, who think only of a prisoner as of one who should be punished at any cost and kept within the gaol regulations, fall wide of the mark. "It is better far to rule by love than fear." This truth has been admirably worked out in the late James Boyle O'Reilly's "Moondyne." It brings out once more a clear proof that moral reform can be made only when sustained by Christian principles, the same principles which the Divine Master has taught, when he challenged the Jews to cast the first stone. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., publish "Moondyne." The book is bound in a handsome cover, and is one of a number that are to make the "Catholic Library." It certainly will lend grace to the shelf of any library, and our readers can derive nothing but profit and satisfaction from its purchase.

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The same firm publishes another book, written by Mary T. Waggaman. It is called "Little Comrades: A First Communion Story." No better book could be put into the hands of boys or girls who are preparing for first communion, or who have already made it. It is excellent, as a story, and the sermons of F. Bernard are not of a kind to weary young readers. They would like to listen to that kind of talk for hours. His scapular sermon is a gem. It would be a blessing if all priests had the gift of talking thus to the little ones. And that dear "Con," the stable boy, who afterwards as Father Con, has the happiness of baptizing his former master and preparing him for the death of the just.

Love and truth are the two great hinges on which all human sympathies turn.

AMONG OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The first number of the fourth volume of the *Catholic School and Home Magazine* is a good specimen of the work which this unique monthly is striving to do. The name alone of the editor, Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., is a sufficient guarantee of its worth. Every Catholic teacher in the country should see this publication. How they can do without it, after having but once glanced over it, passes our comprehension. If any generous Catholic is casting about for an opportunity of doing an act of public benevolence, which will do an untold amount of good, we advise him to furnish the Rev. Editor with the means to put a sample-copy of his magazine into every Catholic school and every Catholic home in the country.

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St. Anthony's Messenger for March, in an article on "The relations of the Franciscans and other Religious Orders and Institutes," mentions the part which St. Peter of Alcantara bore in the reformation of the Carmelites. Long before that, Franciscans and Carmelites worked hand in hand. It was a Carmelite Saint who predicted the stigmata to St. Francis, and to whom St. Francis in turn prophesied the crown of martyrdom—St. Angelus. There is a room, once occupied by St. Dominic, in the Dominican Monastery on the Sabine hill of Rome, which is now used as a chapel. In this room there is a painting of the three holy friends—St. Dominic, St. Francis and St. Angelus, who spent a whole night in this cell of St. Dominic conversing of heavenly matters.

If we love God we shall desire the conversion of the heathen. We are bound as christians not only to pray for the conversion of the heathen, but according as we may, to labor for it. You in your homes, in the narrow circles of your daily life, and we, not only in our country, but in distant lands. We are all bound to labor together, for so did the faithful with the Apostles and Evangelists of Jesus Christ, and so may you unite with us in this work.—Cardinal Manning.

The Great Miracle of Palmi.

FOR several months we have been receiving detailed accounts of the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel at Palmi, a town in Calabria of about 15,000 inhabitants. We held back, awaiting further details, especially as our first information stated that the parish priest, Don Leo Galucci, and his assistants, were sceptical on the subject and had advised the people to calm their enthusiasm.

But later and more detailed accounts are so convincing that we consider it our duty to publish the facts in honor of Our Lady.

Don Galucci, the parish priest, in a communication to the *Fede e Civilta*, a paper published at Reggio, in Calabria, narrates the circumstances which led to his conviction of the supernatural character of these manifestations.

He was in his confessional on the eve of All Saints' Day, Wednesday, October 31st, last year. He was interrupted several times by messages to come out and see what was happening at the church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The statue of Our Lady had been noticed to move its eyes, and strange to say, had changed the color of its face and had turned deadly pale, as a person who was about to faint. The good parish priest thought it was a great deal more important to hear his confessions than to examine into this presumed miracle. However, he was finally forced to yield to the impetuous demands for his presence at the scene. He hastens to the chapel, finds the statue in its normal condition and after having tried fruitlessly to calm the people, withdraws convinced that it was a delusion. On the 2nd day of November the report spread, stronger than ever, that the wonderful changes in the statue had begun again. Don Galucci continues in these words: "I enter the church, approach the statue, and to my great astonishment I find the eyes entirely closed. The statue was taken out of its niche, near the chancel screen, in order that it might be in full view, and I had myself lifted up to where I could examine it closely. In a short time I noticed the eyes opening themselves little by little, with an expression of heavenly sweetness in the look, whilst the death-like pallor gradually changed into the natural colors of health, and the whole countenance became bright and joyful." He had thus seen the prodigy himself, and the very same infidel papers, which had praised his liberal and sceptical views in the beginning, now refused to take his word. The people organized a solemn procession that same day, and soon the whole diocese was astir. The Archbishop of Reggio came personally and unexpectedly, but his visit was a triumphal march.

The preceding details were published in the *Fede e Civilta* of the 10th of November, 1894.

But there still remained the question, which agitated people and clergy: What did these manifestations signify? Why a miracle, which was not accompanied by any cures of physical diseases, or any conversions? The answer came suddenly and in a most terrible manner.

In its number of the 19th of November, the same paper contains the full account of the wonderful preservation of the entire population of Palmi from the most disastrous earthquake that ever occurred in the history of the town. Nearly every house in the town was demolished by a terrific shock of earthquake and yet only 20 were fatally injured.

On the 16th of November, from the early morning and during the whole day, the face of the statue gave unmistakeable signs of agitation. The eyes opened and closed, looked upon the people gathered around it with an expression of profound sorrow, and the whole face alternately grew pale or flushed with color, and abundant drops of perspiration rolled down from the cheeks. Add to this, several slight tremblings of the earth, and one can realize the exalted state of the entire population. Finally, towards evening, shortly before sunset, the statue, after having again looked over the assembled people with an expression of the deepest sorrow, closed its eyes. The people grew more and more excited, and demanded with loud cries, that the statue be carried through the town in triumphant procession. The houses were illuminated, and the procession was formed. The whole population took part in it—most of the people moved by faith, some perhaps by mere curiosity; but everybody came. After passing through the town, the procession stopped at the end of the town, where there is an immense open place. There the statue, its eyes still closed, but the face perspiring profusely, was placed, and the people knelt down to say the Angelus, which was just being rung in the churches.

Whilst on their knees, the Angelus bells still ringing, the whole town lighted up, there was a sudden shock. The earth rocked, the houses and public buildings of the town collapsed with a terrific crash, and in a moment the whole town was a heap of ruins. But its population gathered around the statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, was *safe*.

The worthy parish priest, describing the misery of his people, encamped in tents in the midst of the ruins of their former dwellings, around an altar in the open air, where Jesus dwells in the Blessed Sacrament, the churches having been destroyed, also speaks of their edifying submission to the Divine will, their desire to be reconciled to God, and their anxiety to go to confession and communion.

It is thus that Our Dear Lady has saved her people, body and soul. She has made use of the very chastisement which might have destroyed them, to save them. He adds that even those who professed to be free thinkers, wear the Scapular now, and abstain from meat on Wednesdays in honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

This is but another proof of what was repeated several times in our articles on the Scapular, that Our Lady will obtain a miracle from her Divine Son, if necessary, to keep her promise. She promised that the Scapular would be a "safeguard in danger." At Palmi she had many fervent clients. She manifested her power in a miraculous manner, and thus averted a catastrophe, which would have been sickening in its horror.—[Editor.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

HENRY GEORGE AND THE SINGLE TAX.

"Say, Mick, did you read the official statement of the advocates of the single tax?"

"I did, Sam, in a rather cursory manner, and hence I only recollect that the impression made on me, was that the system was open to a good many objections."

"I expected that much, but I am anxious to hear your objections in detail."

"In this case you would have to recall their statement to my mind in detail."

"No objection at all. I have their statement here and can read it to you."

"Very well, but article for article, else everything is mixed up."

"All right. Here is the first sentence: 'We assert as our fundamental principle the self-evident truth enunciated in the Declaration of American Independence, that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights.'"

"What do they mean by this sentence, Sam? What do they understand by the word 'created?'"

"Why, created means 'made.'"

"If they mean that all men are brought into this world in equal manner, and leave it in equal manner in death, and have the same scope in this world and the hereafter, the statement is correct, otherwise it is false. There never was a time or nation, in which all men were socially equal, and this fact destroys the self-evidence of the proposition. It is unavoidable and really a benefit to the world, that there exists a difference between the strong sex and the weak sex, between children and adults, between superior and subject, between the thrifty and the spendthrift. Hence this self-evident truth is a meaningless phrase. But go on. What do you understand by *inalienable rights?*"

"Of course, the right to live, and hence the right to the necessary support, and also to the enjoyment of individual liberty."

"If the right to live be inalienable, how can life ever be taken away forcibly in war or by the hangman? And who or what is to support this life?"

"Your objection is hair-splitting, for you know very well, that we claim that the produce of nature is for the support of man, and consequently every man has a claim to his share of this produce."

"He has this only on condition, that he works for it. For, 'he that does not work, neither shall he eat.' Therefore the lazy give up this 'inalienable right.' Besides, Henry George & Co. do not content themselves with arrogating to every man the right of bare support, but they include in the demand all the comforts and superfluities of the world as well, a thing that never existed, and hence cannot be inalienable. These high-sounding phrases are like the apples of Jericho, nice looking, but hollow. However, proceed. let us hear the next sentence."

"The declaration goes on to say: 'We hold that all men are equally entitled to the use and enjoyment of what God has created, and of what is gained by the general growth and improvement of the community of which they are part. Therefore no one should be permitted to hold natural opportunities without a fair rereturn to all for the special privilege thus accorded to him, and that that value which the growth and improvement of the community attaches to land; should be taken for the use of the community: that each is entitled to all that his labor produces; therefore no tax should be levied on the products of labor.'"

"H'm! Another piece of high-sounding and contradictory nonsense."

"Contradictory? I cannot see any contradiction in this declaration."

"You can't? I can. Each shall be en-

titled to all that his labor produces, and yet all men are equally entitled to what is gained by the improvement of the community of which they are part. What improvement is possible, what improvement has ever taken place, but it was the product of labor. Could we have towns, mills, factories, railroads, etc., but for the labor of thousands! And if these thousands have the right to all that their labor produced, what is left, to which others that did not personally help to produce these improvements, can be equally entitled to?"

"I am afraid you wilfully misrepresent the meaning of this passage. It is not labor only, but capital, that helps to produce these improvements, and Henry George claims that the laborers ought to have the full value of their work, and not be compelled to accept the mite, whilst the capitalists have the lion's share."

"But Henry George himself calls wealth the stored product of labor, and he is right in this. But if wealth is the product of labor, and every man is entitled to all his labor produces, then every man of wealth has an indisputable right to his wealth, and wealth producing wealth, which is his definition of capital, is to be counted labor producing wealth, in which case he approves the relation between capital and labor, and contradicts himself, if in one and the same sentence he reserves to labor all it produces, and yet gives others an equal title to share."

"I do not think, Mick, that Henry George would admit your reasoning."

"Certainly not, but this only proves that he does not reason logically. In laying down a principle a man ought to be prepared to follow it up to its legitimate consequences. If this is not done, or cannot with impunity be done, it shows the principle is at fault somewhere. But continue your reading."

"The declaration proceeds: 'To carry out these principles, we are in favor of raising all public revenues for national, state, county and municipal purposes, by a *single tax* upon land values, irrespective of improvements, and all the obligations of all forms of direct and indirect taxation. Since in all our states we now levy some tax on the value of land, the single tax can be instituted by the simple and easy way of abolishing one after another, all other taxes now levied and commensurately increasing the tax on land values until we draw upon that one source for all expenses of government, the revenue being divided between local governments, state government, and the general government, as the revenue from direct tax is now divided between the local and state governments, by a direct assessment being made by the general government upon the states, and paid by them from revenues collected in this manner."

"Well, Sam, the general scope of this proposition is unimpeachable, if you substitute 'income' for 'land,' and I agree with the declaration in being in favor of taxing all unused land according to its market value. But as the text reads, it is simply anarchical in its tendencies, if not in its intention."

"How can you say such a thing? George only wants to help the laboring man, and this, instead of producing anarchy, rather aids in preventing it."

"You make a wrong application of the drift of my argument. I do not judge George and have nothing whatever to do with his intentions, which, I believe, are upright enough, but the scheme proposed is faulty and pernicious."

"And how are you going to prove this to me?"

"Simply by giving you a few examples of the effects, this single tax movement, if successful, would have upon our social and political life. There is first the proposition to tax land values irrespective of improvements. The meaning of this is to tax unimproved town lots, lawns, etc., according to their market value. Now, there may be a town lot owned by a man, who is too poor to improve it, whilst the lot in the course of time rose to a value of $40,000. This man, of course, would be bound to sell."

"Yes, and this is the intention of the movement, to prevent hoarding of values.

"Well enough, but the man would be bound to sell at any price, and sharpers with plenty of money would not be slow to avail themselves of his necessity, to buy at an absurdly low figure. Thus the general values would shrink greatly and millions would be lost to no purpose."

"To no purpose? I think on the contrary that such an event would be

auspicious, as it would break up the monopolies of townland tenure."

"And in consequence the scheme to take away the weight of taxation off the agricultural districts would be futile. If tax is to be raised on land only, the more you depreciate the value of land in towns, the more you burden the farming country, and thus you contradict yourselves. This, however, is not all. At the present day there are very few industrial works carried on by water power. Steam has taken the place, and water enough to feed the boiler can be obtained anywhere, whilst fuel abounds. Now there is a factory in a city. The area it occupies is taxed at a value of say, $100,000.00, while the same area might be had in the country for $2—300.00. The manufacturer finds it worth his while to move his factory, and as the only tax to be raised is on land value, he pays but a trifle for a number of years. He gains, the city loses. And what becomes of his laborers?"

"Why, he himself has to provide for them, as he cannot work his factory without them."

"Precisely so. He therefore buys from the beginning as much land as may be necessary to build dwellings for his men. They all have to leave the city, which will be depopulated, and this will lead to a further skrinkage of value."

"You forget that the land will rise in price, wherever there are factories, and therefore, what the city pays less, the country will pay more."

"Not necessarily nor certainly in the same proportion. A single factory will not raise the price of land $2.00 an acre in a township, whilst the removal from town will deprive the latter of value amounting to thousands. Besides, such a manufacturer in the country would pay the same rates as the surrounding farmers, and as a farmer on 100 acres pays, say $25.00, the manufacturer on 50 acres would pay $12.50, though his income is a hundred times that of the farmer. Do you call that just?"

"No, but this condition of things would be transitory, and would eventually adjust itself."

"Not by the way suggested by the single tax reformer. Moreover, no man is bound to own land. If then a millionaire prefers to use his money in any other way he escapes taxation, whilst a poor man, who knows nothing but farming, is bound to have land, and consequently to pay taxes. Henry George seems to think that his scheme would drive out large landlords and increase the number of small holdings. I am convinced of the contrary, it would monopolize land and destroy the small farmer."

"However, let us hear what else the patrons of the single tax have to say."

"The document now gives the presumable consequences, saying: 'The single tax would (1) take the weight of taxation off the agricultural distric
little value, irrespective of improvements, and put it on towns and cities, where bare land rises to the value of millions of dollars per acre: (2) dispense with a multiplicity of taxes and a horde of tax gatherers, simplify government and greatly reduce its cost: (3) do away with the fraud, corruption and gross inequality inseparable from our present methods of taxation, which allow the rich to escape, while they grind the poor; (4) give us with all the world as perfect freedom of trade as now exists between the states of our Union, thus enabling our people to share through free exchanges in all the advantages which nature has given to other countries, or which the peculiar skill of other peoples has enabled them to attain. It would destroy the trusts, monopolies and corruptions, which are the outgrowth of the tariff; (5) it would——'"

"Stop for the present and I'll answer these points first before you proceed further."

"The first reason is consummate folly. To lift the weight of taxation from agricultural districts by taxing land. He wants to tax land irrespective of improvement. If there is any sense in this, he must tax it at the original government price, viz., $1.25 per acre. Any increased value is due to improvements; hence improved and unimproved land are worth that much and not more. Or does he intend to tax improved land according to the original value when unimproved, and unimproved land according to its present market value? In this case the same rule will hold good regarding town lots, and then we have the absurdity, that improved land is of less taxable value than empty lots. Besides the question comes

up. what is the proportion of values between town and country land? In my opinion the country on the aggregate represents a higher value than the towns on the aggregate do, therefore the greater half of all the taxes would fall upon the agricultural districts, nearly bankrupt as it is, and would consummate the destruction. He calls that helping them! The second reason given is true, but only a sideshow in the question. Regarding the third reason, I would like to know what could possibly stop American corruption but religion. Laws won't do it, and money would rule the officials under the new scheme just as much as under those in vogue. The fourth reason contains a fallacy due to American conceit. Supposing we decree free trade, whilst the nations, with whom we deal, keep their protection, as it would likely happen. They would avail themselves of our free trade to flood our markets with their goods, and of their protection, to keep our goods out of their markets. And the consequence? George & Co., as they would ruin agriculture by this first reason, would destroy manufacture and commerce by this fourth reason—the end of all would be a social catalasm terminating in anarchy. as I said before."

"You are pitiless in your deductions, Mick."

"I only draw the consequences of the principles of these tax reformers, and if they cannot stand the test, away with them, they are not worth entertaining. But give us your No. 5."

"'(5). It would, on the other hand, by taking for public use that value which attaches to land by reason of the growth and improvement of the community, make the holding of land unprofitable to the mere owner, and profitable only to the user. It would make it thus impossible for speculators and monopolists, to hold natural opportunities unused or only half used, and would throw open to labor the illimitable field of employment, which the earth offers to man. It would thus solve the labor problem, do away with involuntary poverty, raise wages in all occupations to the full earnings of labor, make over-production impossible until all human wants are satisfied, render labor-saving inventions a blessing to all, and cause such an enormous production and such an equitable distribution of wealth, as would give to all comfort, leisure and participation in the advantages of an advancing civilization.' Now, Mick, are not these prospects glorious and deserving the attempt?"

"They would be if there were any intrinsic relation between them and the single tax scheme. This not being the case, as I have shown to you, and the very reverse being likely to happen, they are at most the tirade of demagogues to capture the sympathies and votes of an unthinking crowd. God forbid that the scheme ever be tested practically. The misery following it would defy the worst social catastrophe the world has seen yet, and hence no man of intelligence and conscience can support it. Are you done reading this famous manifesto?"

"There is a peroration yet, saying: 'With regard to monopolies other than monopoly of land, we hold that when free competition becomes impossible, as in telegraphs, railroads, water and gas supplies, etc., such business becomes a proper social function, which should be controlled and managed by and for the whole people concerned through their proper government, local, state or national, as it may be.'"

"This is precious. A direct appeal to the paternal government, the socialistic state full-fledged, and this after parading our declaration of independence with the 'self-evident' truth of all men being born equal and enjoying inalienable rights, and after advocating the single tax, because it would do away with corruption. Who are more numerous, the tax gatherers, or the railroad, telegraph, telephone, water, gas and postal employees? A fine way indeed to abolish corruption! I tell you, Sam, this single tax business, if allowed to work its own way and carried to its last logical consequences, will inevitably lead to Bellamism, and Bellamism in spite of its gaudy colors, is slavery pure and simple, the most abject slavery. It's a wild goose chase, originated by people apparently unable to develop a principle and forsee its bearings, and I repeat, may God forbid, that it ever becomes practical."

The last virtue of the egotist is the necessity for weaving some ray of altruism to cover his selfishness.

FATHER HENNEPIN.

BY VERY REV. W. R. HARRIS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CONTINUED.

HIS subsequent voyages and journeyings he describes in his "Description of Louisiana" and in "His New Discovery," the former of which he dedicated to William Prince of Orange, King of England, who afterwards gave him valuable aid and support. In these works he recounts the history of La Salle's expedition to Niagara, Michilimakinac, Green Bay, the forts of Miamis and Crevecoeur. He also tells us of his own expedition down the Illinois to the Mississippi and up to the falls of St. Anthony, descending then to the Wisconsin by way of Green Bay, back to the St. Lawrence and Quebec.*

On the morning of December 7th Father Hennepin, with five or six companions, ascended to Queenston. They climbed the steep ascent and from their lofty elevation looked over the intervening forest, and saw the waters of Lake Ontario stretching northwards in chaste and peaceful slumber. On their left extended the limitless forest whose desolation of unbroken solitude shrouded in eternal silence the bones of the slaughtered Neutrals. Below them poured with accumulated grandeur the waters of four inland seas. Above the moaning and swaying of the pines rose the thunder of the distant cataract breaking the mystic stillness. Far away, high above the tree tops, the spray of the falls suspended in mid-heaven floated like a bridal veil over its virgin beauty. The hardy adventurers strapped their snow shoes to their moccasined feet and began their journey in quest of an acceptable site to build a vessel that would bear La Salle and his party on their voyage to the Mississippi. The Franciscan, at the head of his companions, clothed in the coarse grey habit of his order, the peaked hood drawn over his head, the cord of St. Francis girdling his waist, and the familiar rosary and crucifix hanging at his side, pushed his way through the primeval solitudes. The river narrowed as they advanced along its lonely and savage banks, till, like a watery monster writhing in torture, it hurried on, impatient to die on the bosom of welcoming Ontario.

They emerged from the gloomy forest, ploughed into an oak opening sheeted in snow, passed the whirlpool rapids, rounded the great bend, and again entered the darkening woods. At length, lost in speechless admiration, the imperial cataract, glorified by the dying sun, burst upon their wondrous vision. Pushing on they reached the Chippawa Creek, constructed a temporary cabin, lighted a fire, and throwing themselves upon a bed of spruce boughs, slept the sleep of travel-worn and wearied men. The place was not suitable for the building of a vessel, and the following morning Hennepin and his companions began their return journey. Herds of startled deer and flocks of wild turkeys gladdened their hearts, giving promise of abundant game for their subsistence during their stay in the country. The following morning, December 11th, 1678, Father Hennepin, in the presence of La Motte and his men, nailed a crucifix to a tree, improvised an altar, placed the sacrificial stone thereon, and robed in chasuble, stole and alb offered to the Adorable God the clean oblation, realizing the vision of the poet:

"A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of a tree * * * * *
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel."
This was the first mass ever said on the banks of the Niagara River.*

La Motte served the mass, his companions knelt in adoration while the opening of the temporary chapel was darkened with the swarthy Senecas, who, confused and astonished, watched with wonderment the white-robed priest. Dallion, the first of consecrated men to raise the emblem of man's redemption among the Neutrals, was dead and mouldering in his grave. Brebeuf perished as became a hero of the

*I found Father Hennepin's signature in the Baptismal Register at Quebec, for the month of May, 1676. He sailed for France in 1682, but history does not record the date of his death.

*The first mass said on the Niagara Peninsula was offered up near the mouth of the Grand River, where the Sulpician Priests, Galinee and DeCasson, wintered in the year 1669, and according to the journal of Father Galinee, said mass every morning.

cross, and now from the land sanctified by their labors the consecrated host is elevated in benediction and the angelic hymn. "Glory to God in the Highest" breaks the eternal silence of the primeval forest and dies away in its infinitude of desolation.

THE FIRST MASS.

I.

Deep, and silent, and heavy, and tall,
The forest swept to the waters' edge,
The wild deers fled at the eagles' call,
The wild fox crept through the laurel hedge,
And the blue sky bent o'er the river's flow,
The "Beautiful River"*—long ago.

II.

And then in the light of the winter sun,
In the glorious flush of the morning sky,
A wonderful scene on the shore is begun,
A scene half earth, half heaven brought nigh,
While the musical waves of the river flow
Past the wonderful vision—long ago!

III.

Red men stood there on the snow-clad sod,
With the dark-eyed soldiers of sunny France
And the vested priest of the living God,
Lifts the sacred host to their rev'rent glance
And naught breaks the hush but the river's flow
That wintry morning—long ago!

* "The beautiful river, Niagara, into which no bark similar to ours had ever sailed."
HENNEPIN, N. A. P., '74.

Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

Translated for the Review

BY S. X. B.

ONE of our confreres tells the following wonderful proof of the efficacy of the Scapular. He heard it from the lips of the one who was preserved. The hero was one of the first pupils received at that famous seat of learning: "Ste. Marie de la Seine sur mer," and told the facts when he visited his alma mater.

"In 1852 the Department of Var was the scene of political troubles, and the gravest apprehensions were entertained. More than 20,000 men ranged themselves under the banner of the insurgents, captured several towns, and retained forcible possession thereof. Riot and bloodshed followed in their path.

"They heeded no one, but went on in their lawless career. Often, under cover of the darkness, they would obtain forcible entrance to the mansions of the rich and drag the terrified inmates from their homes. They aimed especially to secure the heads of the family, for whom they would demand an exorbitant ransom. Or they would place them so that the poor prisoners would be between them and the regular troops, should they encounter the latter on the way. They divided the captives, later on, leaving some at one town whereof they were in possession, some at another; the largest number were placed at Brignolles. They were lodged in the public prisons with criminals. A priest visited them regularly, and did all in his power to console them. His attention was specially attracted towards a young man, belonging to one of the noblest families of Provence. M. Andeol de Laval, who was one of the first pupils admitted by the Marist Fathers to their college of 'Sainte Marie de la Seine.' The priest invested the captives with the Scapular of Mount Carmel, and to Andeol he said with what seemed a prophetic inspiration: '*Guard well your Scapular*, and I assure you *it will guard you well.*'

"From Brignolles the insurgents went to the little village of Aups, where the leaders selected for their headquarters the hotel Crouzet. The first floor was appointed to the hostages, and the ground floor was occupied by the leaders of the insurrection. The latter were in a state of excitement, and ready for any outrage, so furious were they at various defeats recently sustained. They would probably have carried out their threat of taking the lives of the prisoners, had they not been panic stricken by a loud noise, shouting and the rumbling of vehicles. It was the soldiers of the Legion in pursuit of the rebels, who thought only of escape, and precipitately fled, leaving their prisoners locked and barred in the floor above. The battalion had at once taken up its line of march for the hotel, which had been pointed out to them, with the most explicit orders to take the severest measures with the insurgents, and *to give quarter or show mercy to none.* At sight of the familiar uniform, the prisoners thought they were saved, and joyfully hastening to the windows, began to salute their preservers. The soldiers, however, mistook them for the insurgents, and fired at them

to the imminent danger of their lives. Andeol de Laval nobly determined to risk his safety for the sake of his fellow-prisoners, several of whom had families at their homes. Springing to the window ledge, he called to the soldiers that they were *not* the rebels, but loyal subjects, and unjustly detained in captivity, but in the general confusion his voice was not heard, and a discharge from thirty soldiers rewarded his unprecedented heroism. The poor young man fell to the ground, but, almost dying to all appearances, he still attempted to raise himself and explain the situation to the besiegers. Another volley was fired, and one of them even added a bayonet thrust to deprive him of the last chance of life. To put an end to this terrible misunderstanding, some of the prisoners had the happy thought to wave their caps from the window, and eventually by this attracted the attention of the commander, and showed him his fearful mistake. Every thought was now for the young hero, who, wonderful to relate, was still alive. Almost blinded by the blood which flowed freely, and weakened as he was, he still had energy left to grasp the hand of the captain, who raised him in his arms, and to cry out: 'Hurrah for the 51st! I die content. I have saved my fellow captives.' The most tender solicitude was lavished upon him. They examined his wounds. O! wonder! Of *nineteen*, not one was mortal. Every one immediately attributed this to the *Scapular* with which he had recently been invested. The wounds healed in time, and Andeol made a visit to the college, where he told the pupils of his wonderful preservation through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. His clothing, riddled by the bullets, was sent as an 'ex voto' to the shrine of his divine protectress, where it remained, a striking proof of her power. Monsieur Pastereau, prefect of Var, some time afterwards told Madame de Laval, that he had been an eye-witness of the terrible scene. Said he: 'Humanly speaking, your son should have died a thousand times under such a rain of fire. I could not understand how he could possibly escape.'

"Another, one of the military, said 'that he had fired at him twice directly, *and seeing that he could not succeed in killing him, gave up attempting to do so.*'

"Twenty-nine holes were counted in Andeol's clothing, his necktie and boots were pierced and torn, *one of the bullets grazed his breast making two holes in his undervest, yet not even inflicting a scratch upon the skin.*"

And once again the Scapular is proved to be a most efficacious breastplate!

THE GUEST IN THE HOUSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

I.

To dark and narrow cell One cometh in,
With crown of light and tender eyes of love,
All drear and bare with ravages of sin
The shelter He hath chosen from above.

II.

A very gracious Lord is He who stands,
Most kingly guest, and sweetly giveth leave
To ask all things that eager lips and hands
Desire: for still, He says, "Ask and receive!"

III.

The dark and narrow cell Thou ent'rest in
Thou wilt enrich and cleanse, O Love and Friend!
Through all unworthiness and earthly din,
Each day and each again until the end.

M. L. Sandrock Redmond.

PETITIONS.

Our readers are asked in their charity to remember prayerfully the following intentions: 9 cures: 3 persons in affliction: 12 persons lately deceased; employment for 6 persons: 2 children: 2 families: for perseverance of 2 persons: 1 reconciliation: reform of 4 persons; 4 spiritual favors: 11 temporal favors; 4 conversions: parents: and 7 very special graces.

Our Lady's Clients.

Names have been received for registration in the Scapular Registry from St. Rose's Church, Girard, Ohio: Cayuga, Ont.; Alberton, P. E. I.; St. Dominik's Monastery, Benicia, Cal.

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Mary Angela Spellissy.

A Chat in a Street Car.

CONTINUED.

THIS case of Mrs. Vernon's may serve as a practical illustration of the latter." This spoiled servant may yet be brought to better fashions. She is possibly as sorry to leave as her mistress is to lose her. A few days of consideration and a few tearful nights will perhaps bring her to a reasonable frame of mind. Mrs. Vernon can begin by expressing regret at the approaching separation, and the acknowledgment of her attachment to Martha, who has been so long a member of the family. From this she will hope that Martha has secured a comfortable home. Martha will probably confess that she has no place in view. Girls of her disposition are usually of the "trust to luck" class. At this juncture Mrs. Vernon will be able to put the question to Martha: "Would it not be wiser to remain in a good situation, where she has always been kindly considered than to go out to, she knows not what discomforts?" Martha may ask to remain. Mrs. Vernon will then be able to say that "in future she intends to resume her old habit of looking daily into all parts of her house, and that in case of Martha continuing in her employment, it will be wise to consider Mrs. Vernon as the new mistress, with whom she would have engaged had she carried out her first intention." Mrs. Vernon can then mildly, but firmly, remind Martha, that in the household there can be but one mistress, who is responsible to God and to her husband, for the stewardship of the family affairs. The comfort of the husband is the first consideration. He rows the boat, and should find home a place of tranquility and rest for mind and body. Mrs. Vernon's own tact will do the rest. She remembers, no doubt, her mother's mode of action in similar cases.

"But," said I, "should Martha prove persistently contumacious!"

Mrs. Vernon can say to her, as the girl did to her lover, "dear Daniel, I dismiss you with my blessing." Mrs. Vernon may learn from the experience not to let an employee gain the supremacy in the future. Servants, like children, are quick to discern how far they can impose on their superiors.

Mrs. Vernon has probably trusted too much to this girl, forgetting that unfailing vigilance is the price of a well ordered home. The young mistress may find cause for contrition when she examines her conscience in regard to Martha.

"Mrs. Rutledge, to what do *you* attribute the widespread dissatisfaction between house-mothers and their helpers?"

"Indeed, Mr. Germaine, I have not formulated my opinions on the subject, and can but give impressions received from my experience. The last thirty-five years have brought a great change in our country. When we were married, a girl could be secured for general housework at a wage of $1.50 a week. When she took her outing on Thursday afternoon, she probably wore a neat print dress, costing 6 cents a yard, and felt as fine as her comrades.

"In those days the mistress not only superintended the smallest details of her home, but she put forth her hand to many a household task, and was thus familiar with the workings of the machine, and better able to judge of the advisability of certain measures and of their reasonableness.

"Luxury has come into our houses, and claims so much attention for the home furnishing and for dress that the mistress is often absorbed by these duties, and leaves to her servants much of the adjusting of the labor in the family. This is usually most unfavorable in its results, and wasteful discomfort is the consequence."

"There are duties that only the mistress can perform. One of my neighbors met me lately with a radiant face, saying, 'I feel quite happy this morning, Mrs. Rutledge. I have just been counting up my house-book, and find that I am in, $13.'"

"Give me your secret," said I.

"'Well, our store-book had been growing heavier in its charges, and at last Mr. Groome asked me to look into the cause carefully; the consequence was that I gave up having goods charged. I go now to

market. The walk does me good. I pay cash for all I buy. I dismissed the upstairs girl, and work in my house as I did when I was married. Cook is never in a bad humor now. I save $3.50 that I paid the chambermaid, also $3 on her board, and I have reduced my house bills $7.50 in one week, and I have better food on my table.'"

"Indeed, Mrs. Rutledge, that is a case in point," said Mrs. Vernon, "and I will look well into the ways of *my* household."

"I was impressed, Mrs. Rutledge, by your remarks the other day regarding the poor, and felt great admiration for the unselfishness of your father."

"I am rather embarrassed by the discovery that my remarks reached other ears than those for which they were intended."

"I assure you that they were spoken in a low tone, but your distinct enunciation made them audible to my keen hearing."

"Since you find interest in the subject, I will say that I regret the disuse of the custom that prevailed when our city was smaller. In those days the basket beggars came to our door daily. My mother made the acquaintance of each one, and visited them at their homes. The poor need a friend, and often a little judicious advice, and material encouragement, has lifted a family from destitution to comfort. It may be that a timely recommendation will procure employment for the father of the family. Cast-off clothing can so easily make the little folks presentable, and sometimes a decent coat or pants helps the elders to a situation. This familiar intercourse between the poor and their more favored neighbors develops a kindly sympathy that is serviceable to both parties. My friend, Mrs. Noble, is a young mother reared in the old-fashioned way. I sent to her a year ago the mother of a large family, whose life for years has been one long struggle against poverty. Last week my poor friend called to tell me that her oldest daughter, Mary, was going to make her first communion. I immediately divined that my aid was necessary to procure Mary's outfit. But, Mrs. Vandyke, said I, Mary is younger than Philip. How comes it that Mary makes her first Communion before him?"

"Oh, Philip *has* made his first Communion," she answered.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, a year ago, and I was at my wit's end about it. He hadn't a decent stitch to put on him."

"Why did you not come to me?"

"I heard that you and Mr. Rutledge were both laid up with the grip, and I was ashamed to come bothering you again. Well, the day after Philip passed the examination, Mrs. Noble sent for him and asked if he had a spring suit, and he just told her he hadn't a stitch but what was on him. You know Philip is very simple-minded, and never keeps anything back. Well, my dear, Mrs. Noble, God bless her, gave him a complete outfit, even to the shoes and necktie. Indeed it was as if they fell from heaven. I couldn't have let him go to the altar in the rags he had."

"Meeting Mrs. Noble soon after, I told her of Mrs. Vandyke's gratitude."

"Indeed," she said, "we are all interested in Philip. The cast-off suits of my son, Mark, fit him exactly, and Mark is very careful that no spot shall stain his suit. 'Mamma,' he said the other day, 'I must keep this clean for Philip.' So you see that thought makes my little man attentive to neatness."

"In my acquaintance with the poor I occasionally meet the relatives of some of my well-to-do acquaintances, and regret that the more favored by fortune are not interested in their poor relations. Mr. Washington Gladden refers most pertinently to this condition. I prefer to give it in his own words." Going to the book-case she took down *The Century* for 1892. In the December number I read in his contribution to Present-Day papers the following paragraph:

"TWO OLD-FASHIONED VIRTUES."

"Let me say in closing, that the growth of pauperism, if not of poverty, seems to be due in part to the decay of two old-fashioned virtues. One of these is family affection. The individualism of the last half century has weakened the family bond. There has been so much talk of men's rights and women's rights, and children's rights, that the mutual and reciprocal duties and obligations of the family have come to be undervalued. Families do not cling together quite so closely, as once they did: *esprit de famille* is wanting. For this reason many persons who ought to be cared for by their own kindred, become a charge upon the public. This tendency ought in

every way to be rebuked and resisted. The shame of permitting one's flesh and blood to become paupers ought to be brought home to every man and woman who thus casts off natural obligations. All public authorities and charitable visitors should enforce upon such delinquents the scriptural judgment. 'If any provideth not for his own, and specially his own household, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an unbeliever.'"

Walking home in the frosty air the last sentence rang in my ears. Next morning I sent for my nephew, George, and after some talk, gave him a place in my ware-room. I had refused him the position a month before in order that I might keep clear of unpleasant complications, but the new atmosphere I had been inhaling clamored for practical application.

Favors Received for the New Hospice.

CANCELLED postage stamps have been received from the following persons: C. O'C., Canton, Mass.: Miss J. C., Snyder, Ont.: P. F., Columbiana, Ohio: Miss S. M. F., Clarksburg, Ont.; Miss T. K., Wallaceburg, Ont.; E. F., Penetanguishene, Ont.: Miss M. F., St. Roch's de Quebec, P. Q.: Miss M. E., Pittsburg, Pa.; St. G's Academy, Rio Vista, Cal.: A. O'D., Toronto, Ont.: W. C. S., Paterson, N. J.; W. F. J., Fishkill, N. Y.: Miss M. A. S., Granton, Ont.: Ven. Srs. of C., Santa Cruz, Cal.: W. McC., Monkton, Ont.: Misses T. and F. R., Niagara Falls, N. Y.: Miss M. C., Englewood, N. J.: Miss M. M. O'D., Admaston, Ont.: M. T. McD., Philadelphia, Pa.: Ven. Srs. St. J., Rutland, Vt.: Mrs. F., Bornholm, Ont.; Miss A. J. H., Niagara Falls, N. Y.: Miss N. C., Philadelphia, Pa.; Ven. Sr. M. B. McE., Parkersburg, W. Va.: Miss K. B., Kansas City, Mo.: Mrs. B. L., New York City; also from several unknown sources. We acknowledge gratefully devotional articles from Ven. Sr. M. B. McE., Parkersburg, W. Va.

OBITUARY.

PRAYERS are requested for the souls of Edward Brennan, who died at Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1895; of Ven. Sr. M. Ursula McCoy, who departed this life February 6, 1895, at San Francisco, Cal.; of Mrs. Elizabeth Mittler, who died Nov. 15, 1894, at Buffalo, N. Y.: of Patrick MacCauley, whose death occurred on February 10, 1895, at Collingwood, Ont.; of Mrs. Patrick Kelly, whose death occurred January 15: of Patrick Kelly, who died January 22; and of Mrs. Matthew J. Kelly, who followed on January 24; these being victims of inflammation of the lungs: of Rev. Michael A. Finn, who closed his earthly career at Leavenworth, Kas., February 17, 1895; of Miss Bella Gavin, who died February 13, at Buffalo, N. Y.; of Patrick Walsh, who died Dec. 21, 1894. R. I. P.

A Catholic Dictionary

CONTAINING some account of the Doctrine, Discipline, Rites, Ceremonies, Councils and Religious Orders of the Catholic Church, by W. E. ADDIS and THOMAS ARNOLD, A. M. New Edition, revised and enlarged with the assistance of REV. T. B. SCANNEL, B. D. With the imprimatur of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York.

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Carmelite Review.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, ONT., MAY, 1895. NO. 5

HOLY MOTHER.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.

HOLY Mother! on thy breast
Fain my troubled heart would rest:
Jesus' sorrows thou didst share—
Help us all our cares to bear!

II.

Though thou art as pure as snow,
Still for sinners thy tears flow:
Contrite souls with sorrow riven
Through thy help may be forgiven.

III.

Holy Mother! hear my cry—
In Death's hour, O be thou nigh:
Bear me to a home of peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

A PLEA TO ST. JOSEPH.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY JANET C. MELLON.

I.

A lily sprung up out of Israel's desert,
And opened its petal so dazzingly white;
Its perfume, like incense, borne upward to heaven,
Sent back the fulfillment of Israel's light.

II.

'Twas then that God saw how this blossom so lovely,
Might droop 'neath the breath of the hot desert air.
And forth from all men, He thee called, dear St. Joseph,
To cherish and watch o'er this flow'ret so fair.

III.

Thou chosen protector of Israel's lily,
Thou guardian strong of her heaven-born Son.
How great must have been thy life's virtues and graces,
How spotless the soul which that rare favor won!

IV.

To thee 'twas first given to taste the great blessing,
Of dying in arms of that Mother and Child:
From thence we have called thee dread Death's strong, true patron,
And plead for thy presence so gentle and mild.

V.

Come then with thy Foster-Son and His sweet Mother,
Obtain this great boon for us now at their feet!—
Assured we will then be in Hope's last fond refuge,
Death's terrors our souls will triumphantly meet.

VI.

A galaxy holy, with Jesus and Mary,
Thou shinest, blest saint, as a soft, gleaming star;
Through Life's vale of shadows, through Death's awful portals,
Thy beams guide us safe to the dear shores afar.

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,

Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER V.

CONTINUED.

IT must then be evident to every true lover of the Republic, that the State, were it at liberty to favor any particular portion of the community, should favor its conservative element—the Catholics—instead of exacting of Catholics millions of dollars, to continue, by godless education, the impious work for the increase of the number of enemies of the Republic; it should rather supply Catholics with the means to bring up their children in the spirit of true freedom—in the spirit of devotedness to republican institutions. But as the State is neither Catholic nor Protestant, it should at least act justly and impartially: it should not favor its own enemies; it should not make a lie or a farce of our glorious Constitution; it should no longer play the usurper and the robber; it should no longer continue digging its own grave; it should not tax Catholics any longer to support infidel institutions—nurseries of all kinds of crimes—and thus continue to violate most atrociously the very letter and spirit of the Constitution, and to commit a direct outrage on the most sacred convictions of Catholics.

"It is the well-instructed practical Catholic that alone is capable of appreciating and realizing true freedom. Ever foremost to concede the rights of God, ever careful not to trench on the rights of his fellow-creatures, he is, for all this (and precisely *because* of this) well aware of his own rights and dignity as a man, as a citizen and as a baptized Christian—a regenerated son of God—and, knowing his rights and dignity, he dares maintain them! He protests against godless education as a volcano that is destined to bury law and authority, and bring about universal anarchy and prepare and establish the reign of Antichrist. We must, then, have separate schools to educate our rising generation in a religious atmosphere, and imbue them with the principles of Christianity. All those who oppose any longer truly Christian education, in any manner whatsoever, are traitors to the Republic, and the worst enemies of the country, and from henceforth the vengeance of God will not be slow to overtake them. On the contrary, he who will be first and foremost in promoting this noblest of objects, may truly be called the *saviour* of the Republic,—the *father of his country*; he will be as great, nay, even greater, than Washington himself. Upon him the blessings of heaven will descend in superabundance, and his name will be blessed from generation to generation." †

THE REV. JOHN EDWARDS, OF THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, N. Y., AND M'MASTER.

In the eyes of our journalist, none of the clergy displayed so divinely in their pastoral charge the character and mission of the Good Shepherd, as the priests who gathered their children into the Catholic parochial school. It is the common sense method of saving and increasing the flock by caring for its lambs.

Among others of the estimable clergy (hard-working and self-sacrificing) of New York City, the Rev. John Edwards, in particular, for his grand and admirable schools, received the merited commendation of the *Freeman's Journal*.

The schools of the Immaculate Conception Church of 14th street are pre-eminently among the progressive Catholic works, incalculably far-reaching, of the Archdiocese of New York. During a pastorate of twenty-five years, the Rev. John Edwards must have graduated from his schools ten thousand adults, men and women now, who form the best element of Catholic society, and the sturdiest people of the great metropolis of New York. That is the way to build up American Catholicity.

What a sight to behold a thousand boys and a thousand girls, file in to assist at daily Mass at Father Edwards' church,—and thence into the adjoining parochial school buildings. And this stream of Catholic youth from the altar to the Catholic school has flowed on, and out into society for a quarter of a century! What a flood of spiritual life.—to purify society.

Such grand parochial schools as Father Edwards' are also so many nurseries of blossoming, priestly and religious vocations. We cannot expect the godless public schools but to nip vocations in the bud.

To secure a thoroughbred Catholic generation of people, and to provide for an American, Catholic priesthood, the parochial schools are absolutely essential. Mixed marriages begin the mischief for

† Father Miller, C. S. S. R.

Catholic society, but godless schools consummate it. Neither Catholic people nor priest, nor religious may be expected from godless schools. In a word, they Herodize the Christian family. We heard one of the Fathers at St. Charles' College, Maryland, of the Society of St. Sulpice, a society of priests, the most valuable in the Church for the education of youths for the priesthood remark, that boys coming from the godless public schools were neither desirable nor hopeful candidates for the holy priesthood. They come out of vicious surroundings, and a freezing atmosphere to spiritual life, fatal to any germ of a priestly vocation. Besides, such boys bring often moral infection with them into the gathering at the petite seminary of holy youths, the very cream of Catholic society and raising. They come but to leave again, and to leave behind, perhaps, the germ of evil influence. This is a serious point of consideration for the seminary clergy, presiding over the education to holiest living and ecclesiastical spirit, of hundreds of tender youth. One bad sheep is known to give the rot to the whole flock. A pointer to good morals, and to strong faith, tender piety, to a truly sincere desire in a youth to study for the holy priesthood is his early attendance at the parochial school.

Says McMaster:

"A parent must see that his children receive the Faith. And this cannot be done by having them taught the catechism fifty-two hours, more or less in the year, and geography, arithmetic, and the other branches of a secular education, occupying all the rest of the time. A Catholic man who puts all things else before the Faith in the mind of his child, acts a horrible lie. He believes in God with his lips, and denies Him in his actions.

"It faces us—this duty to the children. The little ones must be surrounded with the atmosphere in which the Faith blossoms. Their eyes must rest on the Infant Jesus in the arms of His blessed Mother. They must be taught, as soon as their lips can form words, that they are children of the Queen of Heaven, and that the Infant Jesus is their model for life and death. But there is 'no time' for this at home. If there be a crucifix or a statue of the Blessed Virgin in the house, it may be put away into some remote corner, and it is as little noticed as the big show Bible on the parlor table. Where then can the children learn the value of that priceless gift which makes them equal of kings and higher than angels? Nowhere, except in schools. Nowhere, except in daily schools. Nowhere, except in schools where Catholic doctrine and practice, Catholic truth and tradition, are part of the daily routine—the oxygen of the daily atmosphere. There is no escaping this. Who can look forward to a happy death over the chasm of despair made by the neglect of the souls of His children? There are only two ways open to save the children through Catholic schools, or to let them drift into darkness and unbelief without Catholic schools."

RT. REV. BISHOP J. J. KEANE, RECTOR OF THE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, AND THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL. †

In his admirable brochure on christian education in America, the learned and broad-minded Rector of the Washington University, Rt. Rev. Bishop J. J. Keane, D. D., champions the cause of education, as McMaster in the *Freeman* never ceased to do. "As Christ," writes the eloquent American prelate, "is the light of the world, and enlighteneth everyone that cometh into the world," as "God is light, and there is no darkness in Him," so Christians must be the "children of light," and the knowledge of the truth is to make us free. For forty years, this was the banner that the *Freeman*, in its journalism proudly waved over our Republic, whose Constitution acknowledges God to shape the destinies of governments. The bishop brings argument and eloquence that captures, in his appeals for our country at large, to suffer religion to make education christian. "Not what manner of producer, but what manner of man the American of the future is to be, is the question, that the civilized world will bless America for bringing christian influences to bear on the children of the land as fully as possible."

The learned bishop concludes by admirably proving that the education of the children can only be great and complete, when fully christian: that the foundations of our christian civilization can only be sure by providing for the youth of the land a system of christian education.

The lecture is an irresistible appeal for the State to permit the people at large the use of the school taxes for the education of their children after their own christian

†NOTE. McMaster advocated the true principle that the education of the child is the inalienable right of the parent under the guidance of the Church of God. The State may assist with money. We may not exalt the State, as of old, was exalted the statue of King Nebuchodonosor, for adoration

views. Otherwise it is a taxation without a representation.†

HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL GIBBONS, AND MR. JAMES A. M'MASTER.

We remember to have heard His Eminence, when but Vicar Apostolic of N. Ca., remark that McMaster was a great agitator, but his subjects were ever grand and worthy of the strong canvas he gave them. Even at that early period, nearly twenty-five years ago, we remember the intense regard the then Rt. Rev. Bishop Gibbons had for McMaster's able advocacy of the parochial school question. One day, when the bishop was reading a leader in the *Freeman* on parochial schools, in our presence, he broke out into unqualified expression of the highest praise, declaring that McMaster's views found a staunch advocate in himself, a warm response in his own mind and heart. It was very true. As a priest with Rt. Rev. Bishop Gibbons of N. Ca., we can testify to his self-sacrificing zeal for the establishment of Catholic schools throughout the Vicarate, and under stress of direst poverty and the most adverse surroundings. To this end he not only sacrificed money, and time and labor in begging money: but descended to teach himself daily a class in the parochial school, to help and encourage the priests whose services, for the want of lay-teachers, had to be gratuitiously engaged. This spirit and esteem for the Catholic school the Rt. Rev. Bishop brought along with him to N. Ca. As a simple priest, immediately after his ordination and appointment in St. Bridget's Church, in Canton, Baltimore, Father Gibbons began a parochial school. He shared his own house, a long, two-storey frame building. He lived below; the school flourished above his head. The noise and tramping overhead, and the boys' shouts and noisy sports around the yard, continually reminded the amiable Father Gibbons that he possessed a parochial school. He was happy, for as pastor he had provided for the children of his charge. Appointed Bishop of Richmond, Va., he carried there the like apostolic zeal and spirit. He was the first to establish in the city a parochial school for boys on an extensive scale, erecting an attractive, commodious building, and, as Bishop, originating an ingenious plan in his poverty, to supply teachers. Admiring the Jesuits as educators, he copied after their Institute, and had his seminarians, in number as far as requisite, to suspend their divinity studies, and come and engage in teaching the parochial school. The young seminarists had a chance to show their strength of character, living in the city and out of the seminary, and at the same time they acquired a practical knowledge to serve them afterwards in the priesthood of the manner of conducting the parochial school, and its incalculable blessings to Catholic youth.

On his promotion to the Primatial See of Baltimore, the zeal and spirit, religion of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, now still further displayed itself in the erection of the Calvert Hall parochial school building, which in the massiveness, grandeur and magnitude of its structure, queenly rivals the proud Romanesque Cathedral itself across the way. The one is the necessary adjunct of the other.

The spiritual life of a Christian which the baptismal font of the Cathedral Church bestows on the child is within Calvert Hall, as in the bosom of a tender mother, nourished, protected and furnished against temptation with the defence of Catholic truths and holy living.

If schools and school buildings may speak, McMaster may count thus on His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, as one, all through his life, warmly admiring the *Freeman's* strong advocacy of the thorough Catholic education of youth by means of the parochial school system.

END OF CHAPTER V.

† NOTE.—Every American citizen should read this lecture. To be had by addressing *Church News*, Washington D. C. Price 10 cents.

OBITUARY.

OUR readers are requested to remember in their charity the souls of the following persons: Mrs. Mayer, the mother of our Very Rev. Provincial Fr. Pius R. Mayer, O.C.C., who fell asleep in the Lord on Ash Wednesday; also Mr. Patrick O'Neil, of Niagara Falls, N.Y., who has been our benefactor; Ven. Sr. Mary of the Holy Cross White, who died, fortified by the Holy Sacraments, at 3 a.m., March 21st, at the Convent of St. Joseph, Toronto, Ont.; Miss Kate Driscoll, who died at Lewiston, Me.; James B. Dodge, who died piously in the Lord on the Feast of St. Joseph, March 19th, at Pittsburg, Pa.; Annie Faulhaber, one of our benefactors, who departed this life last December at Carntown, Ky., R.I.P.

Our Irish Correspondence.

The Poor.

BY Rev. A. E. FARRINGTON, D. D., O. C. C.

For the Carmelite Review.

"Oft in life's stillest shade reclining,
In desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find,
A mirror in an answering mind;
Meek souls there are who little dream,
Their daily life—an angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm,
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm."

THIS year has been one of the hardest on the poor, since the famine of 1847. The weather was cold, and even severe since the opening of the year. The snow storm was greater than any since 1854. All this told fearfully on the poor, though a deal was done to bring them comfort. We hope that God will give us a good spring and summer, so that things may be restored to their normal state.

There is no subject on which such painful misunderstanding and bitter recrimination have prevailed between the peoples of England and Ireland as the workhouse system and the Irish famine. The enmities and antagonisms arising out of other historical events were comprehensible. The havoc and devastation of the war of 1641, the confiscations and proscriptions which followed the Stuart struggle in 1690, and the overthrow of the Irish Constitution in 1800 were causes of ire, on the one side or the other, as to the reality of which there was at least no controversy. But it was not so in this case. The English people, remembering only the sympathy and compassion which they felt, are shocked and angered beyond endurance when they hear Irishmen refer to the famine of '47, as a "slaughter." In Ireland, on the contrary, the burning memory of horrors of that awful period drives away every other recollection but that of disgust at the government of the day, who might have done more to bring relief to a starving people.

In 1841, shortly after the Poor Law came into operation, the population of Ireland was 8,175,124 souls. By 1845 it had reached to nearly nine millions. These millions living at best in a light-hearted and hopeful hand-to-mouth contentment, totally dependent on the hazards of one crop, destitute of manufacturing industries, and without reserves to fall back upon in time of reverse! What did all this mean but a state of things critical and alarming in the extreme? Yet no one seemed conscious of danger. The potato crop had been abundant for four or five years. Moreover the temperance movement had come to make the "good times still better." Everything looked bright. The workhouses were shunned and avoided, even despised.

The harvest of 1845 promised to be the richest gathered for many years. In one short month, in one week, it may be said, the withering breath of a simoom seemed to sweep the land, blasting all in its path. The smiling potato crop changed even in one night from a luxuriance to a shrivelled and blackened waste. A shout of alarm arose. The crop was profuse, and hopes were entertained that the healthy portion would reach an average result. The winter revealed the alarming fact that the tubers had rotted in pit and storehouse. 1846 came, the people begged and borrowed on any terms the means whereby to crop the lands once more. Anything to tide over the interval to the harvest of "forty-six." It was this harvest that sealed their doom. The last desperate stake for life had been played, and all was lost. A cry of agony and despair went up all over the land. The doomed people realized but too well what was before them —they must die!

The situation bristled with difficulties. The cry was: Do not demoralize the people by pauper doles, but give them employment. This was not done. Soup kitchens under committees were relied upon to arrest the impending famine. The world never saw so huge a demoralization, so great a degradation, visited upon a once high-spirited and sensitive people. All over the country large iron boilers were set up, in which what was called "soup" was concocted. Around these boilers there daily moaned and shrieked and fought and scuffled crowds of gaunt, cadaverous people, that once had been a people high-spirited and noble. The feeding of dogs in a kennel was far more orderly and decent. The people hardly ever recovered the shame of that public soup boiler scheme. It was heart-breaking, almost maddening, to see; but help for it there was none. It made easy the way to the *poorhouse*, which brought a deeper and more degrading system into operation. To write about these things makes the blood boil in the veins of every honest Irishman and spurs him on to wipe out this stain of degradation.

Brought to Rome by Stamps.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY REV. FR. JAMES, O. C. C.

"WELL, Tessie, I will depend upon you next Wednesday, then. I really do not know what I should do without you."

"You may, indeed," replied Mrs. O'Conner, as she led the way to the door, "the little I can do to make your house-warming a success, shall be gladly done. I know you will take all your new friends by storm, so you need not worry in the least."

Mrs. Irving had just taken possession of her new residence on Fifth avenue, and as she had only the one friend in New York, where her future home was to be, she was somewhat nervous about the first few months. Not that her husband was not more than sufficient; no, indeed! but then his large practice as a physician took up so much of his time, poor Mrs. Irving was so glad to have a friend to aid her until she was steady on her social feet. True, Mrs. O'Connor was a Catholic, and Mrs. Irving an Anglican, or, as she called herself, a "Catholic," too, but not a "Roman Catholic." Still, since their early girlhood days in St. Louis, the difference in religion had never been an obstacle to their warm friendship.

"Good-bye, then," and as Mrs. O'Connor opened the door, she was confronted by the letter carrier, who had just entered the vestibule with a letter.

"Oh, wait a minute, Maud," said Mrs. O'Connor, "this is surely from Terrence. Perhaps he may be coming home, and in that case I could not—well, we will see before getting alarmed." At this she intended to tear open the letter, when Tommy, her 9-year-old boy, came running down the stairs, exclaiming: "Stop, mamma, let me open the letter, please, for the stamp, you know! Don't tear it, now, please."

"All right, Tommy, use your pocket-knife and open it, as you usually do," replied his mother, with a laugh, and turning to Mrs. Irving, whose puzzled look invited an explanation, she said: "You don't know that this little chap is an A. P. A., although a Catholic. But he doesn't belong to the odious kind. My brother, you see, belongs to the American Philatelic Association, or, in short, the 'A. P. A.,' and he has managed to rouse Tommy's interest to a great extent, too. But Tommy has proved ungrateful, for, after a few months of faithful gathering of stamps for his uncle Jerry, he now gathers, as he calls it, on 'his own hook.' Come into the parlor, again, Maud, until I read the letter." Tommy had cut open the envelope and taken off the stamp, leaving a little margin around the stamp, which he intended to loosen from the paper attached at some other time.

"You can count on me," exclaimed Mrs. O'Connor, after reading the letter, which was a hasty note, dated Minneapolis. "Terrence has to stop over in Chicago and Pittsburg, and cannot be home until Saturday."

"I am so glad, but tell me, of what use are the stamps? I can understand boys gathering them for pastime, but you spoke of your brother belonging to an association. Am I to understand that there are really stamp societies?"

"Why, yes: not only one, but dozens of them. They have regular meetings, and there are over a hundred journals published in the interest of Philately, as the science is termed. 'What use do they put them to?' Well, the rare kinds are used for albums, of course. It is a craze, but a profitable one. The more common stamps are used for decorating purposes, such as wall paper, also ornamental little stands, paper weights and the like."

"Now, this astonishes me. I could get thousands of them through my brother Ralph, who is in the shipping firm of E—— & Co., and who, no doubt, throws them all into the waste basket. I shall ask him to save them for me, and then Tommy can call every week and get them at my house. This will be a good excuse for him to come, and I can send you communications much easier than if I had to post a letter each time."

"Oh, he will be delighted. But he does not gather for his uncle any longer, and I am afraid that if you find out what he does

with them, you will want to save stamps yourself for the same purpose."

There was a suspicious twinkle in Mrs. O'Connors eye, as she said this, for she knew her friend's heart well.

"Do you mean to tell me that Tommy has become a 'stamp merchant' himself, then?"

"No, Maud, not that, exactly: now he saves them and sends them to the Carmelites at the Falls, who are building the Hospice, and are collecting stamps in order to add a little to the Building Fund. In return, all those who help them, by money or in any other way, are considered as benefactors, and share in their prayers and masses. Sister Catharine explained this some time ago to the children of her class, and since that time there has been a holy rivalry among the young people to outdo one another in collecting the largest amount of old stamps. Tommy has been one of the most successful ones, and in consequence he holds a certificate which he has received for a box of some 5,000 stamps which he sent to the Falls three weeks after he started.

"Tommy, bring your certificate and show it to Mrs. Irving."

With evident pride the young A. P. A-ist returned from the nursery, exhibiting a beautiful little chromo of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, with the Divine Infant in her arms, and holding a Scapular in her hand.

"Oh, I understand now your fears, about my collecting 'on my own hook,' too. How lovely," Mrs. Irving remarked, as she gazed at the picture. "You know that I love the Blessed Virgin, (she always called the Mother of God, not merely the Virgin, but the Blessed Virgin) and you were afraid that my desire to possess one of these certificates would be a sufficient inducement to make me withhold the stamps from Tommy. Well, I will promise you, Tommy, that I will give you ninety out of every hundred that Ralph gives me. I do, indeed, desire to have such a beautiful picture of the Blessed Virgin, but since I can get thousands of stamps, I will merely reserve enough for one box full, and you can have the rest."

"Thank you, ever so much," replied Tommy, overjoyed at the prospect that he would now remain the 'facile princeps' stamp collector of his school.

"Well, I must go now, Tessie, it is getting late, the Doctor will be home from his office for dinner at 5 o'clock, and it is already half past two. Good-bye, then."

"Good-bye, Maud," and with an affectionate kiss they parted.

As Mrs. Irving was about to enter her carriage, Tommy came breathlessly down the stairs, with something in his hand, which he handed to Mrs. Irving, explaining: "This is one of the return envelopes with the name on, so'se you'll have the right directions."

Amused at Tommy's zeal, she took the envelope and deposited it in her reticule, giving Tommy in exchange, an orange, which she drew from the same source.

Mrs. Irving was a noble-hearted woman, and always on the alert to exercise her charity. It mattered not who or where the objects were. In the exercise of her religion she was most exact, and she felt great comfort in knowing that she could attend the High Church in New York every Sunday. As already hinted, she loved the Blessed Virgin, too, but her love was one of admiration rather than a filial love, such as every Catholic child instinctively feels towards the mother of God. Mrs. Irving was aware of this in a certain way: that is, she felt that she did not love Mary as she would wish, and she yearned to know what was wanting. She prayed to Mary, too, words of prayer, which her frame of mind would suggest, and still, after her prayers she always felt that something was wanting.

II.

About a week after the house-warming, Mrs. Irving called on her friend again, and after a few words of greeting, hastened to show her a letter she received in reply to the stamps she had sent to the Carmelites, at the same time producing a little Scapular which accompanied the letter, as a token of gratitude. Mrs. Irving did not mention that she had also slipped a little donation of money into the box. Her modesty would never allow her to display her charity unnecessarily.

"Why, Maud," said Mrs. O'Connor, after reading the letter, "the Fathers must have thought you a Catholic. What are *you* going to do with a Scapular?"

"That is just what I wanted to ask of you, Tessie. What is a Scapular, as you

call it, or rather, what use do you Catholics make of it?"

"That requires some lengthy explanation to one who does not know, still I may say in a few words, that it is the livery of honor which all Catholics wear, who wish to be called children of the Blessed Virgin in a special manner."

"Oh, do tell me all about it and its history, then: you know I love to hear all about the Blessed Virgin."

"Well, I will tell you all I can," and Mrs. O'Connor began with the history of the Carmelite Order, as she herself had learnt it from the REVIEW, to which she had been a subscriber since 1893.

This interesting conversation made an hour pass very swiftly, and as Mrs. Irving rose to take her departure, Mrs. O'Connor stepped into the library, and taking from one of its shelves her bound copies, she gave them to her friend, saying: "Since you are so much interested in the Scapular and the Blessed Virgin, I am sure you will appreciate the perusal of these books. You may keep them as long as you like. My brother Jerry also subscribes, and I can use his copy when I wish to read, which I do regularly every Saturday, whilst Terrence attends his C. M. B. A. and Casino meetings."

"I thank you, very much, Tessie, I do hope that I shall now learn to love the Blessed Virgin as I wish to."

"God grant it," murmured Mrs. O'Connor, inaudibly, saying aloud. "I am sure, you will."

"I shall call soon, perhaps, day after to-morrow: I have not met your husband yet, and the Doctor, too, is anxious to meet him."

"Very well, Maud, we shall be delighted: this just reminds me, you must come surely the day after to-morrow for dinner: it is the eleventh anniversary of my marriage, and although we do not intend to have a formal celebration, yet I wish to surprise Terrence, and yourself and husband, together with Jerry and my husband's niece, will make a nice gathering for the evening."

"Very well, then, Tessie, I shall be there for a certainty. Good bye."

Early the next morning Tommy called at the Irving residence with a note from his mother, briefly stating that Mrs. O'Toole, Mrs. O'Connor's mother, had been seized with an attack of pneumonia, and that in consequence she (Mrs. O'Connor) had to leave on the first train for St. Louis. She begged her friend, Maud, to do her the favor of enclosing a petition for the speedy recovery of Mrs. O'Toole in the next letter that she would write when sending stamps to the Falls. The Fathers would understand what was meant, she added. Mrs. Irving wrote the same morning, also sending another lot of stamps. She expressed her gratitude for the Scapular sent to her, and naively asked whether she "could wear the Scapular, not being a Roman Catholic, although an Anglican Catholic." She wished to do this, she added, to "show her love for the Blessed Virgin." The reply she received after a few days pleased her very much, the Fathers assuring her that nothing could be more beneficial to her soul, and that she, although not a Roman Catholic formally, was, however, one in spirit. After this, she sent a package of stamps every week, accompanied by a little note, which was the real reason of her sending the stamps herself. Tommy would have been quite willing to send them all, but as Mrs. Irving always put aside a large number for him, he was satisfied. The third week after Mrs. O'Connor's hasty departure for St. Louis, Mrs. Irving was preparing her last lot of stamps, which she would prepare and send herself, for some time. The Doctor would no longer permit her to occupy herself for more than 15 minutes at a time, no matter how easy the occupation might be. After all, counting and sorting the stamps had taken up quite an amount of time, and she felt fatigued by the time that a box was prepared. So, on this morning she called in her maid, Norah, to ask her to look after the stamps during her accouchement. The Doctor had already engaged a nurse, so that her maid would have plenty of time for the charitable labor. When Norah understood what it all meant, she showed the greatest delight, since it was in honor of the Holy Mother of God!

"You see, Norah," Mrs. Irving instructed her, "these two-cent carmine stamps of the United States you must put into a little basin of water by themselves, and after ten minutes take them out and spread them on a sheet of paper, and let them dry. All the paper adhering to the back of them will

easily peel off. The reason I wish you to soak this kind separately is, because I have noticed that their color will come off a little in the water, and thus they would spoil any other kind, if you put them in promiscuously. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'm," replied Norah, who was already beginning to 'do the stamp racket,' as Tommy would say, "I will take care to do as you say."

"As to the other kinds, you can soak them all together in a common basin. Then you can separate the different kinds—Oh! what are you doing? You should not cut those envelope stamps in that way. Have you cut many?" "No!" "Well, you see, stamps like that one, and all stamps that are not glued on the envelope or wrapper, but printed on them, must be cut off square, leaving a little margin of the paper around the stamp. You may throw those that you have cut round into the fire. They are of no use to the dealers. What was I saying? Oh, yes! Well, when you have separated the stamps, after washing them, you put all of one kind together, and count them, making little bundles of one hundred each. Then tie each little bundle with a bit of thread, and you will be astonished at the amount that you can, in this way, pack into a small space. Besides, it saves the Fathers a great deal of labor. I have been sending my stamps in little pasteboard boxes, but I saw Tommy packing his lately in a much more practical way. He takes some muslin, just enough for the amount of stamps he has to send, and then gets his nurse to make a little bag of the muslin, into which the stamps are packed until the bag is quite full. Then the bag is sewed together at the top, and the address written on a bit of paper is pasted on the outside. Boxes often break, and, besides, closed boxes are liable to arouse the suspicion of customs officers, whereas they leave a muslin bag unmolested since the stamps can easily be seen through the muslin. Take particular care with all Columbian stamps. All the envelopes that have Columbian stamps printed on them, are more useful if left entire. Do not cut out the stamps of such envelopes, but send the whole envelope as it is. So also with postal cards, which, as a rule, contain nothing of a private nature. It is better to send the whole postal card. Now, I am sure, Norah, I can rely on you to send them just as if I did it myself?"

"Certainly, I shall follow your instructions exactly, ma'am."

Just then the door opened and the Doctor came in, bringing with him Miss Kelleher, a young lady, whose charity had often brought her into contact with Mrs. Irving, in consequence of which a particular friendship had been formed between the two, after they had begun to know each other better. She had just met the Doctor at the corner, and although she intended to go a little further, she accepted his invitation to call and see Mrs. Irving.

The Doctor handed his wife some letters and papers addressed to her, which had come in the morning's mail. One letter bore the cancellation stamp of St. Louis. She opened this first. It was a brief note from Tommy's mother, excusing herself for not having written. Mrs. O'Toole's condition was no better; in fact, the physician had announced to her that evening, that two weeks would be the limit of her earthly existence. She begged her friend to ask re-doubled prayers when she would write again to the Review.

Miss Kelleher promised to send in a petition also to the Sacred Heart League. The other letter was from the Falls, acknowledging the last lot of stamps, and referring her to a little pamphlet which the Fathers thought might interest Mrs. Irving.

The pamphlet, the letter continued, was a plain "apologia" written by a recent convert from Anglicanism to the Roman Catholic Church, in which the writer sets forth the reasons that induced *him* to take the step. The pamphlet had been sent by a clerical friend of the Carmelites, who had known the writer personally for some years in London, and as the gentleman had formerly held a prominent position not far from Niagara Falls, he had sent the little pamphlet to the Carmelites, believing that they would be delighted to hear of their former neighbor's conversion.

Mrs. Irving's curiosity was hardly less than her anxiety. She had of late quite often had some doubts regarding Anglican doctrines. If her religion were the unadulterated pure thing, how was it that it failed to inspire warm devotion to the Mother of the Redeemer? Or was it

merely that she was at fault herself? No, this could not be. For, she was continually sighing and yearning for that feeling of satisfaction which surely the true religion must at times have in store for those who try to live up to its tenets as conscientiously as she had striven to do. She expressed this doubt to Miss Kelleher, and incidentally told her of the Scapular she had received.

"And do you wear it?" queried the latter.

"Most assuredly I do," was the answer, "and I have been reciting the miraculous prayer of St. Simon Stock every evening. Mrs. O'Connor was kind enough to give me one before I got one myself."

"Oh, if that is the case," exclaimed Miss Kelleher, "I am sure you will appreciate the services which shall take place in the Carmelite Church on East Twenty-eighth Street next Sunday. They will celebrate the Scapular Feast then, and in the evening there is to be reception into the Scapular Sodality and a beautiful procession in the Church. An eloquent sermon on the Scapular is also announced. Do you think you would care to come with me?"

"I shall ask the Doctor, and if he permits, the carriage shall be ready for us."

After Miss Kelleher had left, Mrs. Irving asked the doctor at once, and although he was somewhat reluctant at first, he consented finally. Had it been for one of Gilmore's concerts, he would unhesitatingly have vetoed the request. But, at last, he thought the opportunity had come, which he had hoped for, and in a way, foreseen at the time of their marriage. Otherwise, he would not have so willingly and apparently also with such little scruples, married a non-Catholic. Besides, his conscience had smitten him for some time past for having neglected to replace the Scapular which he had laid aside just shortly before their marriage. The old one was worn out, and not having one at hand, he had forgotten about it until after the marriage. Then his human respect asserted itself, and he did not care to go into explanations to his wife about the meaning of the Scapular. Since then he had often thought of resuming it, still he waited and waited. Surely the day could not be far off when his wife's unbounded charity would be rewarded by God, by leading her to *the* Church. So, if he refused now to allow her to go to the service at the Carmelite Church, perhaps another opportunity as good as this one, might not turn up for a long time again. He, therefore gave his consent.

In the meantime, Mrs. Irving's brain had become unusually active. The reasons which were set forth in the pamphlet to justify the Anglican's conversion were too clear, and when Sunday evening came, Mrs. Irving was, as far as conviction goes, a Roman Catholic. Had she not been, it would only have needed the beautiful service which she drank in that evening to make her one. At last her heart felt a sweet, tranquil peace, and she knew now what it was to love "Our Lady of Mt. Carmel," and to be loved by her.

Two weeks later her accouchement prevented her from taking active steps towards becoming a formal Catholic. However, her husband forestalled her, for she had, naturally told him all. When she had become sufficiently strong after the birth of her little son to receive visitors, the Doctor introduced Father T——, an old friend of his, to her, and when, after a little conversation, the good old Father asked her some questions about the change which the Doctor had told him of, he was astonished to find that there was very little instruction necessary.

The rest of the story is told in a few words, and can easily be guessed. Mrs. O'Connor came home about the first of August, having paid the last tribute of honor to her dear, departed mother, who had died a few days previously.

On the fifteenth of August, Mrs. Irving and her husband, with Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, Tommy and Norah, formed the centre of attraction of a large crowd that had gathered to celebrate Our Lady's Feast. Mrs. Irving made her formal declaration of faith in the teachings of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and received her first Holy Communion that morning, and in the afternoon, her baby boy was baptized and received the name of Thomas Albert, in honor of the sponsor's little son, Tommy, who, as Mrs. Irving remarked, had been the first cause of leading her by "Stamps to Rome."

But her happiness received the finishing touch, when she was enrolled into the Scapular Confraternity after the baptism of her child.

The Priest and the Explorer.

BY VERY REV. W. R. HARRIS.

For the Carmelite Review.

LA MOTTE, acting probably on instructions received from La Salle, now prepared to visit the Seneca chiefs. His object was to obtain permission to construct a fort near the mouth of the Niagara river, enter into a friendly alliance with the tribe and secure their good will and approval while building the Griffon. Father Hennepin with four men and one or two of the Iroquois fishing party accompanied him. The priest, as we have seen from his own account, was in a measure familiar with the language of the tribe, and as he was something of a diplomat and a man of indomitable courage and endurance, he was an invaluable companion of La Salle's lieutenant. Leaving a guard at the foot of the mountain ridge, now Lewiston, they set out on snow shoes and well armed and equipped, plunged into the depths of the cheerless forest. It was the Christmas morning of 1678, after the Sacrifice of the mass had been offered up, when they began their journey, bearing on their backs five hundred pounds of gifts of considerable value and several sacks of dried corn. For five days they held the Indian trail, and towards the noon of the thirtieth entered the Seneca town of Tegarondies, near the present city of Rochester. The Iroquois received them with distinguished consideration and conducted them to the lodge of the head chief, where their travel worn feet were bathed and rubbed with bear's oil, while a gaping crowd of women and children stared at them with awe and curiosity. Here, to Father Hennepin's intense delight, he met Fathers Julien Garnier * and Peter Raffeix, the Jesuit missionaries. In 1654 Fathers Chaumonot and Le Moyne opened the missions to the five Iroquois cantons, and from that year with hardly an intermission the heroic members of the great Jesuit order labored among these savages with an intensity of zeal and heroism of self denial that to-day excite the wonder and admiration of the historian.

The following morning Father Hennepin celebrated mass in the book chapel of the Jesuits, and after he had finished his thanksgiving and breakfasted he was told that the Seneca chiefs to the number of 42 met in grand council and awaited himself and La Motte. When the priest and his companion entered the council house they were received with courteous silence. The tall and lithe forms of the Iroquois, enveloped in ceremonial robes of beaver, wolf, and black squirrel, were as motionless as statues. When Hennepin and La Motte advanced to pay their respects to the assembly the chiefs squatted on bear skins, lighted their calumets, and with a dignity and stateliness becoming the importance of the occasion invited the strangers to speak. LaMotte made known the object of the embassy accompanying each request with valuable gifts, "for," adds Hennepin, "the best arguments in the world are not listened to by these Indians unless accompanied by presents." They accepted the gifts with apparent satisfaction, gave wampum belts in return, but answered La Motte's demands so evasively that the council ended without any satisfaction. Their gravity and diplomacy excited the surprise of the priest, and their bearing during the whole interview he compared to that of the senators of Venice. Before the discomfited embassy returned two prisoners of war captured near the boarders of Virginia were brought to the village, one of whom, ostensibly out of compliment to the French, was put to death with unspeakable torture. The priest and his companions, to show their abhorrence and condemnation of the scene about to be enacted, refused to witness the awful spectacle and withdrew to a neighboring lodge. Ten years before in this very town, when the

*Father Julien Garnier was the first Jesuit ordained in Canada and the last missionary of that order among the Senecas. At the early age of 25 he began in 1668 his labors among the Oneidas, and during the same year preached to the Cayngas and Onondagas. The following year we find him with the Senecas, having charge of the mission of St. Michael, and also that of St. James. In 1671, according to the Relations, he had charge of the three missions of the Senecas. After sixty years of a missionary life, filled with examples of heroism surpassing belief, he calmly died at Quebec in the month of February, 1730. He was well versed in the Algonquin, Huron and Iroquois tongues and was said to be familiar with their various dialects. It was from him that Lafiteau gathered his knowledge of Indian manners and customs.

Sulpician priest Father Galinee visited these people, the same awful tragedy took place, and the graphic description given by the illustrious priest in his journal still exists to record the ferocious thirst for blood and human agony that devoured the North American savage.

"During this interval," he writes, "I saw the saddest spectacle I had ever witnessed. I was informed one evening that some warriors had arrived with a prisoner, and had placed him in a cabin near our own. I went to see him, and found him seated with three women, who vied with each other in bewailing the death of a relative who had been killed in the skirmish in which the prisoner had been captured. He was a young man, 18 or 20 years old, very well formed, whom they had clothed from head to foot since his arrival. They had inflicted no injury upon him since his capture. They had not even saluted him with blows, as is their custom with prisoners on their entering a village. I thought, therefore, that I would have an opportunity to demand him for our guide, as they said he was one of the Tongenhas.* I then went to find M. de LaSalle for that purpose, who told me that the Senecas were men of their word; that since they had promised us a captive, they would give us one; that it mattered little whether it was this one or another, and it was useless to press them. I therefore gave myself no further trouble about it. Night came on and we retired. The next day no sooner dawned than a large company entered our cabin, to tell us that the captive was about to be burned, and that he had asked to see the "mistigouch."† I ran to the public place to see him, and found he was already on the scaffold, where they had bound him hand and foot to a stake.

"I was surprised to hear him utter some Algonquin words which I knew, although, from the manner in which he pronounced them, they were hardly recognizable. He made us comprehend at last that he desired his execution should be postponed until the next day. If he had spoken good Algonquin I would have understood him, but his language differed from the Algonquin still more than that of the Ottawas, so I understood but very little. I conversed with the Iroquois through our Dutch interpreter, who told me that the captive had been given to an old woman, in place of her son who had been killed, that she could not bear to see him live, that all the family took such a deep interest in his suffering, that they would not postpone his torture. The irons were already in the fire to torment the poor wretch. On my part I told our interpreter to demand him in place of the captive they had promised, and I would make a present to the old woman to whom he belonged, but he was not at any time willing to make the proposition, alleging that such was not their custom, and the affair was of too serious a nature. I even used threats to induce him to say what I desired, but in vain, for he was obstinate as a Dutchman, and ran away to avoid me.

"I then remained alone near the poor sufferer, who saw before him the instruments of his torture. I endeavored to make him understand that he could have no recourse but to God, and that he would pray to Him thus: 'Thou who hast made all things, have pity on me. I am sorry not to have obeyed Thee, but if I should live I will obey Thee in all things.' He understood me better than I expected, because all the people who are neighbors to the Outauacs understood Algonquin. I did not consider that I ought to baptise him, not only because I could not understand him well enough to know his state of mind, but for the reason that the Iroquois urged me to leave him, that they might begin their tragedy. Because I believed that the act of contrition which I had caused him to make would save him. Had I foreseen this event on the preceding evening I would certainly have baptised him, for I would have had, during the night, time to instruct him. So I could do nothing but exhort him to endure patiently, and to offer up his sufferings to God in saying to Him often, 'Thou who hast made all things, have pity on me.' This he repeated with his eyes raised towards heaven. In the meantime I saw the principal relative of the deceased approach him with a gun barrel, half of which was heated red hot. This obliged me to withdraw. Some began to disapprove of my encouraging him, inasmuch as it was a bad sign among them for a prisoner to endure the torture patiently. I retired, therefore, with sorrow, and had scarcely turned away when the barbarous Iroquois applied the red-hot gun barrel to the top of his feet, which caused the poor wretch to utter a loud cry. This turned me about, and I saw the Iroquois with a grave and sober countenance apply the iron slowly along his feet and legs, and some old men who were smoking around the scaffold, and all the young people, leaped with joy, to witness the contortions which the severity of the heat caused in the poor sufferer."

TO BE CONTINUED.

*Andastes.
†The priest.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, May, 1895. No. 5

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OWING to unusual calls upon the time of the exchange and review editor, we cannot give any notice this month of new books and magazines, sent to us for review. We will have them all in next month.

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TO OUR numerous readers, who are interested in the contribution of cancelled stamps to our building fund, the story appearing in this issue, "Through Stamps to Rome," will prove very useful reading. Besides, there is a beautiful lesson in this true story, which every one of our readers may learn with profit.

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AS WE stated in a former issue, we are now sending out bills to our subscribers, in order that they may learn the exact date of their subscription. We also enclose a return envelope, which will safely carry their subscription to our office, and leave the settlement of their indebtedness to their conscience. If you cannot pay just now, don't mind. These bills are not intended to dun you. Pay when you can, but keep the REVIEW. Our dear Lady will not allow you to suffer on account of your generosity to her "Brothers."

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BY a strange coincidence, three of our esteemed writers have chosen the same subject for their contributions to this May number. "Aunt Hilda" begins a story, dealing with the question of mixed marriages. The writer of the "American Foibles" in a masterly way treats of the iniquity of our marriage and divorce laws. And in "Twilight Talks" a touching incident is related of the sad results of a mixed marriage. But they could not have chosen a subject more welcome to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the Spouse of St. Joseph. Oh, if we could only teach all her children the holiness of marriage, and the sacred obligation of keeping it on the sacramental plane of the supernatural, far above the reach of possible degradation and unworthy considerations! There would be no more mixed marriages.

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THE novitiate of our Carmelite province in North America is located at New Baltimore, Pa. This little Catholic village is most romantically situated in the heart of the Alleghany mountains at an altitude of about 2000 feet above the level of the sea. Near the famous Mason and Dixon line, it combines the genial climate of Maryland with the dry atmosphere of the mountainous regions of Pennsylvania. As may be expected our novices and students know very little of sickness and ill health. Their number is increasing steadily and in consequence, a new addition to the building has been completed to accommodate them. A new chapel was dedicated in the new wing and on March 26th the first ceremony of profession took place in it. Frater Basil Koehler, of Meadville, Pa., was admitted to simple profession, whilst Frater Isidore Martin, Frater Anselm Werner, both of New Baltimore, Pa., and Frater Benedict O'Neill, of Niagara Falls, Ont., made their solemn vows.

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THE "Month of Mary" has many a feast dear to the lover of Carmel. The whole month is dedicated to Our Lady. On the third of May we celebrate the Finding of the Cross, which is so intimately connected with our peculiar rite, the rite of the Church of Jerusalem. On the fifth, St. Angelus, the Martyr, receives our homage. This year, the third Sunday after Easter, happens to fall on the same date, a Sunday set aside for the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. This Feast has been celebrated by the Carmelites for centuries, as the Order had chosen the Spouse of the Blessed Virgin, the Protector of the Mother, as the First Protector of her order. It was largely owing to St. Teresa that this

Feast has become universal. Then, on the 16th, we remember the favorite of Our Queen, St. Simon Stock, to whose hands she confided the priceless treasure of the Scapular. And finally, on the 25th, we gather around the incorrupt body of that saint of Divine Love, St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzis, who, in her eagerness to be like her crucified Spouse, desired "to suffer and not to die."

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The editor of the Carmelite Review desires to publicly tender his acknowledgements to the Very Rev. Dean Harris, who with characteristic courtesy has furnished for publication in the Review the first six chapters of his forthcoming work on the "Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula." We have been favored by the publishers with additional chapters of the work, and we have no hesitation in saying that the book will be one of absorbing interest. The Review will contain in its next number the balance of chapter six on the "Priest and Explorer," and by that time the book itself will be in the hands of the public. Referring to this work, the Toronto *Globe* says: "It gives the most complete history of the Neutral tribe ever published." Those of our readers desiring to secure the book may address the editor of the Review. We take the liberty of making this suggestion on the assumption that the articles already published have awakened sufficient interest to induce our readers to continue the subject.

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Among the many beautiful schemes, which are being continually devised by pious souls, for the spread of Catholic practices, one was brought to our notice lately, which must have been inspired by the Poor Souls, so sadly neglected in our pagan century. No custom could be more heathen, more senseless, than that of offering costly floral tributes at Catholic funerals. It serves no holy purpose. On the contrary it leads to the unholy neglect of the soul departed. Gifts, that would be of the greatest benefit to the poor soul, are made impossible, in order to make a vain show of pagan sympathy. The new scheme is this: Instead of sending flowers, Catholic friends of the deceased, send to his mourning relatives a beautiful folding card, which bears a printed form of presentation, with blank spaces for the insertion of number of prayers and masses to be offered for the departed, and name of the sender. These cards form spiritual bouquets, whose perfumes refresh not the living mourners, but the poor soul itself, and whose fragrance mounts to the throne of God. They are called "Eucharistic Flowers for the Dead." Mr. P. A. Kemper, of Dayton, Ohio, who has a hand in so many pious schemes, is trying to make this one known throughout the country. He will most gladly give all the information necessary to any one who asks for it. We hope many of our readers will adopt these Catholic flowers as their tribute to departed friends. There is no need to wait until it is a fashion. How can any Catholic object to such an offering for the benefit of his deceased relatives? God bless the man who first thought of this new code of etiquette towards the poor souls. Mr. Kemper's address is, Mr. Philip A. Kemper, Dayton, Ohio.

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Our readers will be glad to know that one of our literary contributors, Mrs. M. A. Sadlier, has been signally honored lately by the University of Notre Dame. The *Montreal Star* of the 2nd of April gives the following account of the presentation of the "Laetare Medal" to our venerable friend:

"Yesterday afternoon, the drawing room of the Archbishop's Palace was the scene of an event, the memory of which will live long in the minds of those who were privileged to be present. Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier, the gifted authoress, whose writings have made her name a familiar and beloved one to the people of two hemispheres, was being presented with a token of appreciation from Indiana. The Laetare medal is awarded annually by the University of Notre Dame to some person who, in the opinion of the authorities has proved by his or her literary achievements, worthy of the distinction. This year Mrs. Sadlier had been selected as the recipient, and the ceremony of presentation was performed in the presence of a select gathering, comprising some of the most prominent of the Irish citizens of Montreal. His Grace Monseigneur Fabre presided. Strictly, the event should have been celebrated on Laetare Sunday, a week ago; but, owing to the absence of His Grace in Manitoba, whither he had been

summoned for the consecration of Mgr. Langevin, it had been postponed till yesterday, 'Laetare Monday,' the anniversary of Mgr. Fabre's elevation to the episcopate. Among the clergy present were the Rev. Father McGarry, the new superior of St. Laurent College: Fathers Geoffrion, Carriere and Condon of the Congregation: Father O'Donnell, of St. Mary's: Father Quinlin, of St. Patrick's: Father Donnelly, of St. Anthony's: Father Doherty, S. J.: Father O'Brien, S. J., and Father Lefebvre, Provincial of the Oblate Fathers. There were also present Dr. Hingston and Mrs. Hingston, Dr. Guerin, the Hon. Edward Murphy, the Hon. J. J. Curran and Mrs. Curran, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, Q. C., Mr. Kearney, Mr. Leblanc, Mrs. Leblanc and the Misses Leblanc, Dr. Leprohon and Mrs. Leprohon, Mr. G. Lamothe, Q. C., Mrs. Rodrigue Mason, Mme. Crathie, Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. (Dr.) Pelletier, Mrs. Thibaudeau, Mrs. de Bellefeuille Macdonald, Mr. Michael Guerin, Mr. McCabe, representing the firm of D. and J. Burstall, Mr. and Mrs. Burstall. Mrs. Sadlier, Miss Sadlier, Mr. Joseph Sadlier and many others.

"Mrs. M. A. Sadlier occupied the place of honor to the Archbishop's left, Dr. Hingston sitting by her side with Senator Murphy on the right. The Rev. Father McGarry presented the medal, reading the following address:

'Friend of the friendless, lady, peace to you.
You that in past days fought our fight alone,
Benignant and firm-hearted, while the moan
Of your poor race in exile upward flew,

And found its answer,—fresh as morning dew
After parched days, as scent of lilacs blown
When snows are gone,—that answer all your own.
Gave sad hearts joy, and kept the tempest true.

Doubt feared the nimbus lucent of your pen.
You showed the exiled race their golden past,
In dreams you raised them from the sordid dross

Of daily toil; you made them live again
In ancient splendor;—o'er their lot you cast
The light of Hope, and kept them near the Cross!'

"Dr. Hingston said on behalf of Mrs. Sadlier:—'The advanced age and the enfeebled health of the venerable lady who is honored in this especial manner are the chief reasons why she does not acknowledge, in person, the appreciation of her work. She bids me speak for her, and to thank Your Grace for presiding at this ceremony and the reverend rector of St. Laurent college for the address. She hopes he will convey to the authorities of Notre Dame Mrs. Sadlier's gratitude for having sought her out in this her northern home.' Dr. Hingston added: 'Here my mission ends, but let me say to you ladies and gentlemen—representing a large class of readers everywhere on this continent—that the University of Notre Dame is to be congratulated on the wisdom and discrimination of its choice.

"'For upwards of half a century the writings of Mrs. Sadlier are to be found in many homes. She began her career as a writer nearly sixty years ago, when she was but eighteen years of age, and since then, a volume a year has been, in round figures, the product of her prolific pen.

"'If the writings of an author are to be measured by the effect they produce on the public mind then have the works of Mrs. Sadlier been of incalculable benefit in making virtue more attractive, and vice more loathsome.

"'I wish I could add that the gifted writer had reaped all the advantages of her labor, but as it often happens, to the publisher has been the chief tangible reward, while the brain worker has in great measure been unrequited save in the gratitude of her readers, and in this signal manner to-day.'"

Heartily joining in the chorus of congratulations, we, at the same time, acknowledge the debt of gratitude we owe her gifted daughter, Miss Anna T. Sadlier, whose charming story "Carmelita" gave such pleasure to the readers of the Carmelite Review. May both mother and daughter, for many a year to come, continue by their writings to foster true christian faith and piety.

The Feast of St. Joseph—Its History and Popularity in Spain.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

DEVOTION to St. Joseph is eminently popular and extends far and wide throughout Christendom, but amidst these vast regions of the world there is one nation that combines devotion in a special manner to the Queen of Carmel, with the church's beautiful veneration of her holy Spouse. There his festival takes its rank, as one of the

great feasts of the hearth and family. There the oil of gladness flows unimpeded in numberless households. Not only on the grand national festival of the 19th March, which is one of precept since 1890, this privilege, through condescension to the pious zeal of his devotees, rather than through official initiation, was conceded to this land the first to signalize its devotion to the Holy Patriarch by a holiday, and this devotion is continued on that of his Patronage. This land is the glorious Catholic nation of "Maria Santissima," historic Spain, from whose bosom sprang forth the great Apostle of the Josephine devotion, Carmel's illustrous and sainted daughter, St. Teresa of Jesus, she, whom, with the immortal hero of Pampilina, St. Ignatius of Loyola, Almighty God had chosen to be the great bulwarks against the heresies of the sixteenth century.

To reflective minds the popularity of this feast is no surprise: for what name in the church's calendar is more sympathetic than that of St. Joseph's? After those most sweet names, Jesus and Mary, what other more popular? What other excites more devotion, inflames more charity, and moves more compassion than that of this descendant of the Prophet King? For the life of the chaste Spouse of our sinless Mother Mary, even in the simplicity of its routine, in the utility and happiness of its ends, in the dignity of its genealogy, in the meekness and silence of its sufferings, supplies our devotion with a copious fountain of mystic tenderness. There the investigating spirit of the Christian philosopher finds conceptions of an order the most elevated: the imaginations of the past: pictures of beauty, the most ravishing; the labor of the preacher finds itself amply rewarded by the rich mine of spiritual wealth ever present for his explorations. Yes, there in all its details he will find a wide field in which his varied talents can expatiate, notwithstanding that the holy Evangelist, St. John, says comparatively little in his graphic gospel narrative of the life of the "Shadow of the Eternal." Yet, in psalm and prophecy, he has been prefigured, and the Holy Ghost pronounces his panagyric in the shortest, but most complete of sentences, "and Joseph was a just man."

Amidst this paucity of details in holy writ—amidst the absence of lengthened descriptions of the holy life at Nazareth, which by the providence of Almighty God was hidden, there is still sufficient to leave it, however imperfectly, as a figure of great, transcendental importance on the mysteries of the redemption. Nor in the councils after Trinity was it necessary that Joseph should shine with the dazzling rays of scientific renown, nor with the subjugating power of thrilling eloquence, or masterly erudition, nor carry with him the prestige of worldly achievements, whose fame would proclaim and drag it into popular light, with all the frenzies of enthusiasm. All this was not needed, for there was ample field for Joseph's fraternal affection, whether as he sat in ecstacies of contemplation besides the Crib of Creature Love, or bewildering in humble resignation when hunger knawed his vitals—and poverty and unremunerative labor in his wanderings to, and residence in Egypt, proclaimed, as it were, Divine abandonment, or when afterwards busied in his humble workshop at Nazareth in the company of His Son and His God, with the Immaculate Queen of Carmel as his unwearied companion, during his long and laborious life of thirty years. But, now, in the boundless sphere of his untrammelled Patronage, before the Throne of the Eternal, in union with our Sinless Mother, Joseph is ever active. Yes, when sorrows are to be soothed, temptations to be resisted, sins to be pardoned, tears to be dried, the tribulated spirit to be consoled, wounds to be healed, good works to be promoted, the last agonies to be sweetened, death-beds to be surrrounded there, oh, there, Joseph with Mary is busy at work. Who shall then wonder? Who shall not rejoice at the fact that in the midst of our trials and afflictions, by the domestic hearth, or in distant exile, the wisdom of one of the greatest Pontiffs of our day—the noble Pope of the Immaculate Conception, the fearless Pio Nono said to the Universal Church, "Ite ad Joseph"—go to Joseph, as Pharaoh of old said to the hungry multitude? Is it a wonder that the finger of the Church's infallible guide pointed to the carpenter of Nazareth, when we are assured that in the Heavenly Jerusalem "Joseph commands rather than suppli-

cates." In truth, then, this devotion conjointly with that to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, is to be found all the world o'er, by the hearths of the rich and poor, in the lowly hovel and in the gorgeous mansion, in one and the other it exists with impartial affection, for neither earthly happiness, nor the world's misery, close their portals to the veneration of their glorious Patriarch, "the shadow of the Eternal and the depository of the Secret Council of the Most High." In fine, it may be truly said that St. Joseph quickens the tenderness of Almighty God Himself towards mankind, and it glorifies His paternal goodness for sinners, while it fills our souls with that boundless trustfulness, that springs from having, as an advocate, with his Immaculate Spouse Our Loving Mother, in their Heavenly Kingdom, one of whose advocacy, his sainted panegyrist, one of the brightest stars in the firmament of Carmel, St. Teresa, assures us that we never appeal in vain to St. Joseph.

Nor, has this abiding hope and beautiful devotion been of recent growth. Gazing wistfully down the long vista of centuries, we read that the eastern churches celebrated the glories of the "Guardian of the Man God," long before St. Athanasius sent preachers into Abyssinia. The Persians had a traditional knowledge of the Holy Patriarch, and venerated him, whilst the Greek church had his images in their sumptuous basilicas. In the peerless Cathedral Church of St. Sophia, in the magnificent Temple of "Belin," which St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, had erected, in Constantinople, the statues of St. Joseph found a prominent site, whilst we find that in the twelfth century, Italy was aroused by the preaching of St. Bernardine, of Sienna, to venerate the virtues of the Spouse of Mary, and century after century, it has been propagated throughout Germany, Italy, France and England. It was the same devotion, which the example and burning exhortations of St. Teresa of Jesus caused to be spread, throughout the whole of the peninsula and its dependencies in the Old and New World, a devotion, then, and since, enriched with inexhaustible treasures of indulgences and privileges.

When the fell spirit of revolution and free-masonry had entered in their secret conclave into a sworn alliance and an unholy compact, to upset religion, to crush the Church, and exterminate the papacy, and with vain, impudent and untruthful vaunting, strove to convince the world that the gates of hell had prevailed against her, when such a one as the Prophet King, writing in a long distant century, far away in the vast past, so graphically describes, "For what reason have the people maddened themselves, and the nations concocted vain projects, and the kings of the earth have leagued themselves and the princes have formed a confederacy against God and against Christ," yet amidst this seething turmoil, this impetuous rush of angry waters, tossing and foaming towards the Niagara of their own destruction, Pio Nono guided the barque of Peter, through this tempestuous sea of that cycle of the nineteenth century, and neither the impetus of the winds, nor the roaring of the waves, nor the clamorous opposition of even some few of the passengers themselves, frightened him from the tranquility of what seemed to some, an audacious confidence. Neither did he for a single moment deviate from his course, at a time, the most perilous to human eye, in the church's history of this nigh expiring 19th century. At a time, too, when the poniard of the assassin, reeking with the life blood of a zealous minister of the gospel, had added another illustrious name to the long litany of martyrs to duty in the person of the Archbishop of Siberes, when the Orsini bombs of the Nihilists were bursting on the boulevards of Paris, and later when its skies were illuminated by the incendiary fires of the Communists, when the bigoted tumults against Catholicity, when the senseless ravings against Papal supremacy disturbed the nascent activity of the restored Catholic Hierarchy of England, when the armies of the east and west were in deathly grips on the heights of Alma, and on the slopes of Inkerman, and in the valleys of Balaklava, when Austria and Italy, Prussia and Denmark were rallying their vast battalions, when revolutions and dynastic disasters were daily chronicled, followed by the cowardly shooting of Maximilian in Mexico, when one fratricidal struggle desolated this Peninsula and another laid

waste the fertile plains of the "Union"—marshaling their sons in opposing camps and spilling the best blood of an ancient monarchy and a young republic on the battlefield. when the agonies of Poland and the martyrdoms of the church's children in America filled political Europe, aye, entire Christendom, with general consternation and profound sadness, in fine, when the church was sorely afflicted, bleeding and despoiled, and on all sides oppressed by the ungratefulness and greed of her unfaithful children, *but yet unconquered*, when society was threatened with a return to chaos, when the dogs of war were unchained and let loose, nowhere more unjustifiably than over the patrimony of Peter, then was the hour when Pio Nono from the innermost depths of his heart, repeating the words of holy writ, "*Domine de inimicis meis iracundis, ab insurgentibus in me exaltabis me; a viro iniquo eripies me,*" raised his eyes to heaven and invoked the protection of St. Joseph over the universal church. And now viewing the history of this comparatively short interval—a life of a generation—who will be so presumptuous as to deny that that solemn declaration and invocation of the great Pontiff of our Mother Mary's Immaculate Conception has not proved itself by subsequent events to have been an event in the political order transcendental for religion, for science, and for society, and one from which has flown an unfailing stream of consolation to the children of the church throughout the christian world from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.

Besides its popularity and its historical importance, this devotion has, in Spain in particular, a picturesque aspect, but, which on this occasion to describe in its beautiful details would, perhaps, be to weary your readers and to covet increased space in your valued Review, to which no production of the writer could lay claim. However, in a subsequent number we will strive to inspire an interest in your Catholic readers by carrying them in imagination to some of the many sanctuaries of our Immaculate Queen of Carmel that dot this favored land, where the feast of the Patronage is being annually celebrated. But, until another month we must say *adios* to your kind supporters, when we hope to return to scenes that may mutually interest those for whom they are written.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the Carmelite Review by Miss Matilda Cummings.

Is this the time to be gloomy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around—
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

Bryant—

NO, in truth it is no time to be gloomy and sad, for "the winter is now past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers have appeared, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

The heart and its springs of perpetual hope awaken at the touch of a hand, softer, more tender than even that of nature, beneficent mother as she is. The soul answers at once to the sweet strains of a melody linked with all the tender emotions of life. The ghost of a dead past arises from a grave over which bitter unhallowed tears had perchance fallen, and memory lives again the days of youth, of innocence and of joy.

Whence comes the magic charm which outwits even the power of nature in this balmy month of May? Why do heart and soul yield not unwillingly to the mystic influence of this month, which seems akin to all the true, the good and the beautiful within us? Because it is the month of May, sweet mother of fair love and holy hope. We are all little ones again at the mere mention of the words "month of Mary," and a softening of the heart, and a dimming of the eyes are the tributes paid to this sweet reminder of past days of grace, and hence of beauty. Now are the "days that begin and end sweet as a cup of milk," because of her whom Father Russel, S. J., so happily calls "our nursing mother," she who can so winningly touch the hidden fibres of hearts whom the world had either hardened or turned into themselves in a bitterness neither healthful nor holy. So do we welcome with a love ever new this gracious month whose influence is as the dew of Hebron on our souls. The years creep on apace and hope lives forever young

in the heart. Love may grow cold and faith grow dim, but "hope rules a land forever green." Hope is the dower of those who love Mary, and we would fain believe that 'tis a ransom sure, even when to human eyes a soul's cause is a lost one.

Strange how the love of the Immaculate Mother survives even amidst the most unseemly surroundings. A little child lying sick in a poor home was visited on the feast of our Lady's Dolors by her teacher, who, not knowing aught of the little one's religion, sought to brighten a dark little life by a cheery visit and a bunch of sweet spring flowers. She was not graciously received by the mother, who was gruff enough in her replies as to the condition of the little sufferer. "I am poor," she said, and unwittingly she told her life's story in the very words. The sight of the flowers seemed to soften her somewhat, and while she left the room to put them in water the teacher, glancing around the poor place, saw with a thrill of delight a picture of the Sacred Heart of Mary on the wall. "Oh, you are a Catholic, little one," she said. "I do not know," was the only answer. "Do you say your prayers?" "Yes." "What do you say? Do you know the Our Father, Hail Mary?" "No, ma'am." "Well, say it after me," and the child in her innocent confidence repeated her first salutation to the dear mother whom she knew not, and yet whose gentle presence graced the cheerless room. When the mother returned the teacher said to her, "Your little one is a Catholic?" "Yes." "She does not know the Hail Mary. Shall I write it down and send it to her that she may learn it?" "I don't know; I will ask my husband, he is the boss." "Oh, then *he* is not a Catholic." "No." "And you, do you go to church?" "No, I never come so close to the priests." "Why?" said the would be missionary, amused in spite of her growing anxiety as to the very evident desire of the mother to get rid of her. "Oh! I know no German." Then the child explained that her mother was born in Pennsylvania and spoke only the dialect of the Dutch in that section, and for that reason was unable to understand the German spoken in the Redemptorist church near her home. "Well," said the teacher, (hoping to make one impression even, before she left, and it needed not a little courage, since the good woman, who had been ironing a skirt, glanced longingly towards it and said, "It is getting dry.") "Well, life is short and der liebe Gott—the dear God—is all we have. He and the heilige Maria," (the holy Mary) this last only ventured on with a longing glance towards the picture on the wall. At once the stolid face broke into a smile, as in her broken English she said, "Oh, yes! I believe the holy Mary, she is all right." That broke the ice and the poor soul listened with as good a grace as she knew how to the parting words of the visitor, who knew less German than the mother knew English, and yet whose very soul was stirred within her as she left the home where the dear Heart of Mary was the only hope for better things in store.

'Tis only a simple little incident, one of many like it that are happening daily in great cities, but oh! the lessons it holds for the thinking ones, the evils of a mixed marriage, the sacrifice of the little one's soul to the husband who was the master of body and soul for his unfortunate wife, the desolation of a poverty that knew not the comfort of the holy faith, and a bitterness born of it all which resented even the kindly sympathy of a warm heart which owed much to the dear mother who shared her care of the poor little straying sheep with the teacher in a public school.

Strange are the designs of God. That picture of the Blessed Mother was the only vestige of a faith that was well nigh dead in a poor despairing heart. Who will say that it is in that home for naught? Oh, no! the motherhood of Mary is the great secret of her undying influence in the world. Just as her divine maternity is the point of vantage most attacked by those who love her not, so has it been the magnet that has ever drawn and kept the sinner and saint alike to her feet.

So now, in the twilights of May, let us pray with a gratitude too deep for words for an increase of faith, faith in God and man, faith in the justice and equity of the will of God, faith in a providence inaptly termed "the survival of the fittest," faith in simplicity, the faith of the child who kneels and says "My mother!" of the christian knight who grasping his sword says "My Queen!" This is the want of our day, a living faith which makes us

chary of how we venture out of the household, where perforce we must say, "Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God." The cedar is Libanus, the real Judith of her people, she whose cry was ever "Tho' He slay me, still will I trust in Him." She will teach us the lesson we need. But let us kneel at her knee while we learn it, children all of us while we cry, "Our life, our sweetness, and our hope." Not ours the cry of those who say "Where is our God?" No, as of old, all who seek shall find Him with Mary, His mother and ours. Having found her we find life, for "all good things come together with her."

Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

Translated for the Review

BY S. X. B.

IT is a fact widely known, and well attested," says a Carmelite Father, who has written much upon the Scapular, that upon the eighth of December, 1630, Mother Martina, superioress of the Royal Monastery of Montmartre, was attacked by two ferocious dogs, which rushed at her with such fury that all hope of escape seemed futile. No help was near, and the frantic creatures grew even more enraged at her efforts to keep them at bay. Her habit was torn, and her hands were bleeding. She held the Holy Scapular against her throat, for it was towards that point that the dogs had sprung several times, and fervently invoked Our Lady of Mount Carmel. When she had finished her invocation, her tormentors suddenly desisted, and went quietly away, leaving her throat unharmed, and the Scapular untouched.

She solemnly attested the truth of this remarkable preservation in presence of the Abbess and the older members of the community.

A missionary father relates the following: "We had fairly entered upon our duties at Cypress when I was told that a young Greek, a schismatic, was very ill, and almost at the point of death.

"It was a very pathetic case. He was a helpless idiot, and had always been so, yet his devoted mother, not wishing him to die without a prayer, had entreated that a Catholic priest might come to bless her child.

"The priest found the youth in his agony. He first put a Scapular on him, and a great change was at once perceived, for he who had never been able to utter a prayer, to the amazement of all, now asked what had been put around his neck, and then he called upon MARY. Those lips repeated over and over that blessed name, as if it were indeed honey to his taste. He died upon the morrow, his last words being: 'My Mother, take me.' Our Lady of Carmel recognized in this poor afflicted one her own true child."

There occurred on the 8th of May, 1842, on the railroad to Versailles, a terrible catastrophe, in which at least one hundred victims succumbed to the fiery fate, which so unexpectedly came to send them to eternity. May we hope they found a merciful Judge!

In this dreadful misfortune Mary manifested her goodness and power in favor of one of her most devoted clients. Three days later on, the following appeared in *L'Union* of May 11: "A young student accompanied his friend to the Neckar hospital, he having been seriously injured at the recent accident.

"While they were attending to the patient, the friend said to a Sister who was near him: 'O! Sister it was the Scapular that saved *me*. I owe my life to the Blessed Virgin. Of all those who were in my car, I alone was saved. I have not even a scratch. O! how can I ever show my gratitude to God!'"

Culte de la Sainte Vierge, p. 675.

(*From the Archives of Notre Dame des Victoires, Nov. 1863.—Dumax.*)

The following incident was narrated by a Marist Father, December 5, 1892: "It is fully two scores of years since I, a seminarian of eighteen, went to visit my uncle, the Vicar at Pornic, *M. l'Abbe Balteau*. One Saturday we made it up to take a plunge in the sea, in company with a third party, an ecclesiastic of our acquaintance, Monsieur Jean. As it was the day of our weekly confession, we, my uncle and I, wished before setting out upon the little excursion, to present ourselves at the Sacred tribunal.

"Monsieur Jean demurred, saying, we could attend to that upon our return. But as *pars major trahit ad se minorem*, he decided to follow our lead, so all three went to confession, to Pere Couthon, the pastor of St. Mary's. Then we started. Arrived at the spot, we laid aside our garments, and

assumed the bathing dress provided, but Monsieur Jean took off his Scapular also, and laid it upon his clothes, saying, that he could not swim with it on, as it greatly impeded his movements. We told him that we would, under no consideration, remove ours, but he persisted, and in we went. Alas! the sea was rough, the sandy shore glittered in the sun. Soon poor Monsieur Jean lost his footing, and struggled desperately in the water. I swam towards him with my utmost speed, but we all know that a drowning man will cling to the first object within his grasp, and as he seized my foot, I found myself in a similar peril, without the power to aid him or save myself. My uncle swam to our assistance, but, without letting go his grasp upon my foot, our hapless friend seized him also with that instinct of self-preservation so strong within us all.

"We were slowly being dragged beneath the surface, neither able to rescue our friend, nor to help ourselves.

"One vigorous effort finally set my uncle free, then Monsieur Jean let go my foot, and alas! sank to rise no more. My uncle, who had swallowed so great a quantity of water, was utterly exhausted. I was not much better, yet I tried to keep his head above the surface that he might breathe more freely until assistance came.

"At last we were rescued, but it was some hours before we were fully restored.

"And now to speak of what our dear Mother did for us. I say nothing of our companion, whose lifeless form was brought to shore. We said to each other, as we sorrowfully looked at poor Monsier Jean: 'Well, were we not right to keep on our Scapulars?' Still more. My uncle, who fully realized his danger, had made fervent acts of contrition, and added a vow to the Most Blessed Virgin: 'My dear Mother, save my life, and I promise to enter a religious congregation devoted to honoring you, and specially engaged in foreign missionary work, and I will set out for those missions without delay.' He was entirely ignorant of the existence of the Marist Fathers, and, of course, could not know that one of their dearest aims was the evangelization of unbelievers in pagan lands.

"Shortly afterwards Mgr. Bataillon, first Bishop of Oceanica, arrived at Nantes. Uncle Balteau, at 35, entered upon his novitiate as a Marist. Then he set out for Oceanica, where he remained for sixteen years according to the testimony of his brethren, a most devoted missionary priest.

"He returned to undergo a painful operation, which, instead of relieving him, caused his death."

"And you, dear Father, what did you do when beneath those cruel waters?" The Father began to laugh. "O! I went to confession before I began my story—but—but—(he seemed rather to enjoy the recollection of his adventure) "I followed my uncle into the congregation of Mary—Providence!" So the Scapular saved two lives, made two religious, and one faithful worker for the savage children of Oceanica!

CAMBRIDGE.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C.

THY name, time-honored town of scholars' fame!
Where learning's lamp hath never ceased to glow,
Brings back to memory another name,
When I recall the deeds of long ago!

There lived six centuries ago and more,
Within thy walls a good and holy friar,
Obedient by profession, chaste and poor,
Whom Mary's monks most wisely chose as Prior.

When loosed from parent-stock on Carmel's mount,
Without a shepherd came that scattered flock
To Albion, there, at Cambridge, soon they found
A guide and father,—great Saint Simon Stock.

With him, the saintly leader at their head.
They planted Carmel's fertile vine
Throughout the isle; and far beyond were spread
The branches which had flowered in Palestine.

When troubled was the heart of every brother
In Mary's pious, holy, prayerful band,
Then prayed St. Simon to Mount Carmel's mother
To shield her children from a hostile hand.

Behold his fervor as he kneels to pray
In accents new, which faith and love impart!
The saint of May salutes the Queen of May,
And "Flos Carmeli!" wells up from his heart.

As Christ, her son, His own in endless time
With bread celestial feeds, He being loathe
To let us faint, so too in every clime,
At Simon's prayer her own does Mary clothe.

We thank thee, Saint so dear to Mary's heart!
For her great gift to thee, the Carmelite!
Our Scapular, which ne'er from us shall part
In brightest day, or dark and gloomy night.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

"When we discussed law together, Mick, you mentioned among other laws that you wished to see abrogated our divorce laws, which you called licensed prostitution. Now, I would like to know what law you would substitute for them, since divorce laws are certainly necessary."

"Really?"

"How can you doubt it? I shudder to think of all the possibilities in case of a total extinction of those laws."

"Really?"

"Look here, Mick, your 'really' is provoking. Do you perhaps deny the right of the government to pass such laws, as this alone would explain your cynical question."

"Yes indeed, I deny the government has any such right, because marriage is an act of religion and a sacrament, and God gave the administration of sacraments and religion in general into the keeping of the church, not of the civil government."

"You forget, however, that we protestants do not acknowlege this, and you seem to forget likewise that we are not the only government passing such laws. Every other government has them likewise, even in Catholic countries, and thus you attack us for doing something, which you do yourselves."

"Your refusal to acknowledge the sacramental character of marriage will not change it, nor is it of any consequence that other nations act as we do, since it is not a question of fact but of right, and what you say of Catholic nations is but partly true. If they are really Catholics they may pass marriage laws, but not divorce laws; if they pass the latter they cease to be Catholic."

"But what is the difference between marriage and divorce laws? I am afraid this is a distinction without a difference."

"Not at all. Marriage has two sides, a civil one and a religious one. The civil side is represented by all the questions that come up concerning administration of property, protection of the wife's dowry, the right to inheritance and kindred matters. These matters properly belong to the realm of civil government. But the questions of the relative rights and duties of husband and wife, the obligation of raising their children and the like, are moral and therefore religious questions, and belong to the forum of religion, hence to the church."

"I cannot see this point. Marriage to me is simply a contract between two persons, and as the government has a right to legislate on contracts, and to stipulate the conditions under which a contract shall be valid or invalid, so in the very nature of things it has a right to legislate the marriage contract."

"But has the government also a right to invalidate a contract, entered into validly? Could it render null a sale of land which, before, it authorized and recorded?"

"No it could not."

"In this case it can neither invalidate a marriage which, before, it acknowledged as valid. Besides, you overlook the fact that matrimony is not so indissoluble by nature, as by divine law, and God certainly has a right to establish the condition, under which He will allow a union between his creatures."

"Acknowledging His right to do so, I deny that He ever did it."

"Did you not read what Adam said when he first saw Eve: 'This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, therefore man will leave father and mother and cleave to his wife and they shall be two in one flesh.' Christ quotes these very words and adds: 'what God has joined, let no man put asunder.' Here you have the divine law, forbidding man, therefore also any human government, to separate those whom God has joined."

"Yet the very bible you quote speaks of a brief of separation and mentions divorce in both the old and new covenant."

"In the old covenant there was divorce, I admit, but Christ told the Pharisees that Moses allowed it on account of their hardness of heart and added: 'It was not so from the beginning.' And you may see in chap. xxiv of Deuteronomy, how Moses looked upon divorce, for there, speaking of a dismissed wife, he says: 'She is defiled and is become abominable before the Lord.' As to the new covenant I deny that it anywhere sanctions divorce between Christians."

"Does not St. Paul write to the Corinthians: 'But if the unbeliever depart, let him depart, for a brother or sister is not under servitude?' What else is this but a divorce?"

"Yes, it is a divorce, but not among Christians. The apostle speaks of married people, one of whom is a Christian and the other a pagan, and he says: 'If the *unbeliever* depart let him depart: that is, if he does not want to live peaceably with his christian partner, and proves himself thus an obstacle to the practice of the christian religion, a divorce can be allowed, because in this case God takes away his power over the body of his christian mate, and as this power is the very essence of marriage, the contract becomes void. Moreover the same apostle adds: 'for to the rest I speak, not the Lord. If any brother have a wife that believeth not, and she consent to dwell with him, let him not put her away.' Consequently a divorce is allowed only in case of a marriage between an infidel and a christian, if the christian's soul would be in danger through their joined life, not otherwise. But where is the warrant for a divorce between christians?"

"Why, Christ says, that if one dismisses his wife, except for fornication, he makes her break the marriage. Hence he allows a divorce at least for fornication."

"You are mistaken. Christ speaks of a separation, not of a solution of the bond of marriage. This becomes perfectly clear, if you read the respective passages of scripture in connection. Mark x, says: 'Whoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her.' Luke xvi, says: 'Every one that putteth away his wife and marrieth another, committeth adultery, and *he that marrieth her that is put away from her husband*, committeth adultery.' In Cor. i, 7, St. Paul subjoins: 'But to them that are married, not I, but the Lord commandeth, that the wife depart not from her husband: and if she depart, that she remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband.' Where is there a permission of divorce?"

"Even if I admit that the texts you quote, speak against a dissolution of marriage, I still consider it a necessity of the times. For murder would often result from an indissolubility, and the warring couple only refrain from crime, because they know that they can get a divorce."

"How do you explain the universally admitted fact, that Catholics hardly ever apply for a divorce, and when it is granted, remain unmarried?"

"I suppose their church would not admit them to membership, if they acted differently."

"Of course not: but what I would like to ask, is: How can *they* get along without this panacea for all matrimonial woes?"

"Well, I think their religious convictions make them bear the yoke unflinchingly, but I look upon it as a cruelty."

"A cruelty? We do not look upon it that way. We believe that with the blessing of God, and the sacramental grace of marriage, it is not only possible but comparatively easy, to live together harmoniously, and to discharge the duties of wedlock faithfully."

"What duties do you refer to?"

"Naturally the duties intimately bound up in marriage vows, the procreation and education of their offsprings for God, mutual forbearance, conjugal love and fidelity, 'until death do them part.'"

"I don't see why we could not have all these things as well?"

"With divorce everlastingly staring in your face? What woman will care to burden herself with children, where she has to fear that her husband, on some flimsy pretext, puts her away shortly, or where she hopes, that she may find somebody she likes better than her husband, whom she is willing to abandon as soon as youth, position or wealth invite her to do so?"

"You evidently over-draw the picture. We have a good many happy marriages with numerous offspring."

"I am aware of this, and the reason for it is, that many non-Catholics are far more Catholic than they are aware or willing to admit. But the number of these happy marriages is constantly on the wane, whilst the number of divorces is just as constantly increasing at an alarming rate. And the more divorces, the less children, as experience proves. The evil has grown to such proportions that a Presbyterian minister in Boston, expatiating on the complaint, that the Catholics were supplanting the Protestants and filling the country, declared, that they ought to do so, as this was only the

legitimate outcome of the sacredness of their marriage ties."

"You seem to think that every application for divorce is also granted by our courts. Such, however, is not the case."

"It is the case in 99 per cent. And collusion, with subsequent perjury, is of daily occurrence. Foeticide, infanticide, adultery and the like are directly traceable to divorce as their fountain. Do away with divorce, and a great temptation to these crimes is removed. Divorce is an incitement to crime."

"But don't you think yourself, that on the other hand an unhappy marriage, without the hope of deliverance, is just as great an incitement to crime?"

"No, not in the same proportion. Besides, as I stated before, neither Christ nor the church is averse to granting a separation from table and bed, as it is called, so that those may live apart from each other, who cannot jointly live in peace. But even that is an extreme remedy, and should not be resorted to except in extreme cases."

"But where is the difference in the case between our divorce and your separation?"

"The difference lies in the fact that the couple are married, and remain married, and, therefore, look upon the separation, not as a deliverance, but a severe punishment for both, while your divorce laws hold out glittering prospects for the sinners, who may fall intentionally for the very purpose of securing a divorce."

"So you look upon a divorce granted by the court as an evil in every instance?"

"Not only this; I look upon it as absolutely null and void. What God has joined, let no man put asunder. These couples remain married after the decree just as well as they were married before the decree, and if they get remarried, they live in concubinage or adultery, and their children are illegitimate before God, no matter what they are before the law."

"Would you acknowledge a divorce granted by the ministers of the gospel?"

"Just as little: they are not the owners, but the stewards, of the people belonging to God, and God only can say what shall be done with them. The interests of mankind, which are really the interests of God, demand the sacredness of marriage, so that children, meeting a man on the street, cannot say, 'this man used to be my father.' There is no essential difference between the marriage of divorced people and ordinary prostitution: the education of children, if there be any, is neglected, parental authority destroyed, conjugal love exterminated, fidelity to promises uprooted, and the gates opened wide for any kind of licentiousness and crime. It's an evil, a great and thorough evil! Let the state confine itself to allowing separation in cases of incompatibility: but under all circumstances forbid another marriage as long as both the divorced parties are living. I tell you, the rebels of the 16th century in handing over marriage to the state, and divesting it of its sacred character, drove a nail into the coffin of their own creation, and as divorce follows divorce, nail rivets nail, until the consequences of that rebellion are buried out of sight, and the Catholic church lays anew the foundation of morality and happiness by laying anew the foundations of the christian marriage."

Favors Received for the New Hospice.

Favors have been received in the shape of cancelled postage stamps from Miss N. H., Lyndon, Wis.: Miss M. A. D., Conroy, Ont.: Miss M. St. A., Wallaceburg, Ont.: Mrs. S., Buffalo, N.Y.: Miss K. L., New York City: Miss S. M. D., Lyndon Station, Wis.: Ven. Sr. G., Longue Pointe, P. Que.; A. J. K., Lindsay, Ont.; Miss J. D., Lewiston, Me.: Miss M. T. K., Pomfret Centre, Conn.: Miss A. M., Falls View, Ont.: A. M. L., Kingston, Ont.: S. M. T., Clarksburg, Ont.: Mrs. W. D., London, Ont.; P. S., Pinnebog, Mich.: Miss E. M. O'B., Manchester, N.H.: Ven. Srs. St. M., Waco, Tex.: Miss T. H., Solomon City, Kas.: Miss A. B., London, Ont.: Ven. Sr. ——, Nfld.: M. A. M., Dorchester, Ont.: Miss M. M. O'D. Admaston, Ont.: C. H. R., *via* St. Mary's, Pa.: Miss S. X. B., Mrs. S. J. W., W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.: Mrs. W. M., Chicago Park, Cal.: Mrs. M. C., Chicago, Ill.: D. McS., Canton, Mass.: Aloysius, ——?: Miss K. W. Cherry Grove, Ont.; Mrs. A. H., Lanesboro, Minn.: J. G., C. P. Ry., Brit. Col.: Miss T. A. W., Indianapolis, Ind.: M. A. C., Perce, P. Que.: C. C., Rochester, N. Y.: also from many other places where no names were given.

Other favors have been received from Miss M. D., Niagara Falls, Ont.: T. McG., Niagara Falls, N. Y.: E. T., Penetanguishene, Ont.: B. S., New York City: Miss J. D. L., Hammett, Pa.: W. H. S., Minneapolis, Minn.: A. W. B., Montreal, P. Que.

The interior life is a bath of love in which the soul plunges itself.

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Mary Angela Spellissy.

Who Was Aunt Hilda?

IT is quite time to answer so pertinent a question. I remember her principally as the friend of my mother. In appearance, she was tall, and slight of figure, the expression of her face would have been severe, but that a pair of kindly, attentive blue eyes belied all suspicion that she was of a morose nature. She was naturally impetuous, and accustomed to arrive at a conclusion by the briefest possible measure; but submission to a rule of life had tempered much of her abruptness; at the time of her death she had passed her seventieth birthday. She was a native of the city of Dublin. Left a widow at the age of nineteen, she fled from associations that reminded her too painfully of happiness so rudely interrupted. For some years she lived in Paris, and, when time, aided by religion, had brought a degree of tranquility to her troubled soul, she became an active worker in many of the charitable societies of that wonderful city wherein are found, dwelling side by side, the pious and impious. I made her acquaintance one Sunday afternoon, when we were both visiting the charitable institution that owed its existence to her indomitable zeal. She found me an exile from home, and her womanly heart yearned to befriend me. "I remember well, my dear," she said, "when I, too, was a stranger in Paris. I had just lost my husband, whom I loved to idolatry, God forgive me. I was on the verge of madness. Oh! it was dreadful! It was a long time before I could look calmly on the face of my baby boy; he was born one month after his father's death. But all that is long past," she said, as with an effort she detached herself from the gloomy memories of the past. "My son has now a lovely wife, and an interesting family. My home is with them, but I keep myself free to go and come. They would spoil me if I remained permanently with them. I must 'work while it is yet day.' These little ones need me here; this day-nursery is my pet scheme, and I hope to see it securely founded before I am deprived of activity. I noticed that you were a stranger and a mother, and felt attracted towards you. If I can be of service to you at any time, seek me here. Your mother and I were classmates at Rathfarnham Convent."

Thus began a friendship with one from whom I had learned much. She was very sympathetic, although quick to discriminate between the real and the fancied miseries of those who sought her advice or compassion. Ten years after our first meeting she came to New York. Death had claimed her son; his wife and children needed her not. The day-nursery had grown to wonderful proportions; she had given it to the care of a religious order; she yearned for a life free from responsibility, in which she might reserve some quiet hours wherein to prepare for Eternity. Our city attracted her, especially because in one of its many religious houses lived the sister of that husband so fondly loved in that cherished long ago, which now returned to memory, renewing its claim, as the years advance, like the impressions made with some of those wonderful chemicals, and which remain indelible when the characters traced by a later hand have been erased. Near us Aunt Hilda led the life of a widow indeed, her only distractions—the poor—and the work of the Tabernacle Society. Wonderful is that mysterious attraction that reveals to each other congenial souls. My mother was delighted that her instinct had not misled her when she prophesied that "Hilda and Judith were made for each other." They had much in common; both were interested in young people. Many of our girl friends took pleasure in presenting the young men of their circle to Aunt Hilda, sometimes through eagerness for her opinion, but oftener still impatient that her judgment might approve their own fancy. Among these was Ethna Bryce, the only child of a widowed mother. Mrs. Bryce was a dainty, gentle creature, who, as "pretty Miss Eustace, of Norfolk," had received much homage. She was married when quite young to an elderly army officer, to whom at the time she felt very kindly.

Colonel Bryce was actuated purely by a benevolent desire to offer a home to the penniless orphan. Her's was a mind quite incapable of estimating properly the generosity of her husband, whom she regarded during the few years of their married life as an old fogy. The death of Colonel Bryce, after a short illness, left her a meagre pension. Her income appeared all-sufficient during Ethna's childhood, but as the time approached for her daughter's appearance in society, Mrs. Bryce found herself sorely straightened to procure toilets in which her darling might "look like other girls." A second cause of anxiety was presented to her by an alarming illness, during which she was confronted with the awful possibility of leaving the world before Ethna was settled in life. Restored to ordinary health, after a tedious convalescence, the thought of Ethna's marriage seized upon her mother's mind in a morbid fashion. Mrs. Bryce was one of those who consider it necessary to shape the designs of Divine Providence. She was quite ignorant of the wise old maxim that "Those who meddle often mar."

The pleasant cottage, "Sea-Side Holly," was rented to an invalid for the winter, and the cosy home exchanged for the questionable comfort of a boarding house in the city. In order that Ethna might see something of life, the place chosen was patronized by a variety of young men whose studies or business made the central locality desirable. Called away from home by an illness in my family, I was absent from town for many months, and on my return was informed that Mrs. Bryce and her daughter had gone home. I saw them but rarely in the years that followed, but was reminded of them when looking over "Aunt Hilda's Portfolio" last summer. I saw therein a package, bound with a silken cord of violet and crimson: over the knot that tied it was sealed a paper, whereon I read, "Not to be opened until after the death of Mrs. Ethna Bryce De Vere." I laid aside the bulky manuscript, and thought no more of it until during the past week, whilst indulging in the leisure permitted the convalescent, I read in the death list the notice:

"Please pray for the soul of Mrs. Ethna Bryce de Vere, widow of the late Jerome de Vere."

Opening my cabinet, I took the sealed packet reverently forth. The wrapper removed, I found myself confronted by a lovely girlish face, from which the soul looked out with appealing eyes, as if imploring deliverance from some calamity. In them I read reserve, sorrow, surprise. The eyelids appeared heavy with the weight of unshed tears; and this was a face made for laughter.

Fancy a merry, roguish baby, with eyes of blue, and hair a tangle of golden curls, and think of this joyous creature, when surprised by unkindness. An eclipse of the sun on a June afternoon has just such a weird effect upon the reckless bloom of that beautiful month: it is like death in the midst of life. The happy heart-beats of this innocent girl had evidently been suspended by some tragedy. "The lot of woman is full of woe," thought I. While I gazed upon the face of my friend of years gone by, a caller was announced; he was a priest, and my well-beloved friend; friend also to so many whose sorrowful hearts would have been desolate indeed but for the priestly consoler, rich gift from God's own treasury!

"I have come," said Father Clovis, "with a commission to you from a death-bed. Mrs. de Vere, whom I attended in her last illness, requested me to give you this packet."

"A singular coincidence," I replied. "Whose is this likeness, Father Clovis?" and I handed him Ethna's photograph.

"I know not, my child."

"Ah, look again, Father."

"No, my child," he said, after a careful inspection, "I have never seen the original."

"Why, Father, this was Mrs. de Vere at twenty."

"I do not doubt it, but I never knew the face of my penitent. She told me, on her death-bed, that she came to me regularly to confession when she was a young girl: but that was thirty years ago. Recently she came but occasionally; she lived far from our church."

I showed him Aunt Hilda's packet, which I had just unsealed, and prayed him to remain until I had glanced over these two legacies.

In Aunt Hilda's I found letters from Ethna. They were arranged consecutively,

and covered a period of seven months, from May until November, 1866. Ethna's bequest contained her diary from October, 1865 until October, 1866. A tiny note to me said: "The package in Aunt Hilda's portfolio, that bears my name, will complete the history I give you in this diary. I have often wished that the bitter experience that nearly wrecked my life, might be given to the young women of the present generation. You can so shape the incidents that my identity shall not be suspected. Perhaps, through my story, some vacillating soul may be heartened to choose wisely when tempted to marriage with a non-Catholic."

After careful reading, I found that the matter contained in the two legacies could not be presented intact in the limited space of THE CARMELITE REVIEW. I am, therefore, compelled to summarise, but will endeavor to adhere closely to the spirit of each.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PETITIONS.

THE following intentions are recommended to the prayerful remembrance of our charitable readers: Employment for 9 persons: 4 children: 2 spiritual favors: recovery from ailments, 11: 18 conversions: 7 cures: 22 seminarists: 3 special intentions: temporal favors: also the temporal and spiritual success of our students: progress of the Hospice and the prosperity of our benefactors and readers.

More Wearers of Our Lady's Livery.

NAMES have been received for the Registry of the Scapular of Mount Carmel from St. Leo's Military Chapel, St. Leo, Fla.: St. Francis' Church, Tilbury Centre, Ont.: St. Peter's Church, Troy, N.Y.: Amherstburg, Ont.: St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont.: Windsor, Ont.: St. Mary's Church, Toronto, Ont.: Lake Ainslie Chapel, N.S.: Amherstburg, Ont.: Watertown, N. Y.: St. Peter's Palace, London, Ont.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., names have been received from St. Francis, Wis.: Kankakee, Ill.: Golden, Colo.: University of St. Louis, Mo.: Holding's Ford, Minn.: Kenosha, Wis.: Bard Station, Pa.: Immaculate Conception Church, Chicago, Ill.: Trenton, N. J.: St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, Pa.: Belle Fonte, Pa.

At Holy Trinity Priory, Pittsburg, Pa., from Plymouth, Wis.: St. Clair, Minn.: Immaculate Conception Church, ?: St. John's Church, Ypsilanti: St. Kieran's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.: St. Agnes' Church, Chicago, Ill.

OBSTINACY is good for nothing: it is the caricature of firmness.

WHEN a soul is pure it cannot help loving because then it has found the spring of love which is God.

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Carmelite Review.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, ONT., JUNE, 1895. NO. 6

OMNIA PRO TE, COR JESU!

For the Carmelite Review.

LIFE on earth is all a warfare—
Foes within, and foes without,
"Jesus! Jesus!" Lo! the tempter
Flees before the battle spent.
In the fierce, unceasing combats,
Let our tranquil war cry be,
"Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!
Heart of Jesus! all for Thee."

This will nerve the arm that's weary,
This will dry the tear that steals,
This will soothe the wasting anguish,
That the heart in secret feels.
Ever in my heart 'twill slumber,
Often to my lips 'twill start,
"Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!
All for Thee, O Sacred Heart."

Ah! not thus, not thus, 'twas always!
Sinful dreams, begone, depart:
Jesus shed His heart's blood for me,
He, alone, can claim my heart.
God's pure eye that resteth on it,
Written in that heart shall see,
"Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!
Heart of Jesus! all for Thee."

All things, all things hard and easy,
High and low, bright and dark,
Naught too poor for me to offer,
Naught too small for Thee to mark.
Health and sickness, rest and labor,
Joy's keen thrill, and grief's keen smart:
"Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!
All for Thee, O Sacred Heart."

All, yes. all! I would not pilfer
From this holocaust a part;
Every thought, word, deed and feeling,
Every beating of my heart,
Thine till death, and thine forever—
My heart's cry in heaven shall be:
"Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!
Heart of Jesus! all for Thee."

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

PENTECOST 1895. BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

For the Carmelite Review.

The day is now far spent—the shades of eve
Have gathered, round my pathway comes the night—
Vouchsafe, O Holy Spirit, to illume
My soul with rays of Thy celestial light.

Abide in me, O Paraclete divine!
My soul's most sweet and ever welcome Guest:
In all the sorrows of this "vale of tears"
Let Thy indwelling be my peaceful rest.

My spirit seems a "desert pathless land."
And sighs for grace: let pearly drops of dew
Refresh the arid soil, that it may bloom
With fragrant lilies of a snow-white hue.

Let "songs of joy and praise" again resound
As in the aisles of Thy great temples flow
The strains of organ music thrilling grand.
Or dying softly, plaintively, and low.

Lifting the soul in prayer, as on the wings
Of angels, far above the shadows dim:
Breathing sweet echoes of the golden harps,
That e'er vibrate in one seraphic hymn.

So let my spirit ever sing to Thee
In ceaseless melody of ardent love;
Dying at last in cadence soft and sweet,
To raise for aye midst songs of joy above.

Veni Sancte Spiritus!
Dulcis hospes animae,
Dulce refrigerium!

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,

Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER VI.

McMASTER'S JOURNALISM FOR FORTY YEARS UPHELD EVERY MOVEMENT BENEFICIAL TO SOCIETY.—LOUIS KOSSUTH—ACQUISITION OF CUBA—THE UNITED STATES AND THE HOLY SEE—THE PASSION PLAY—THE DEFINITION OF THE DOGMA OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—TAXATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.—THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL UNDER McMASTER, AN ORGAN OF WIDE-SPREAD CHARITY, COLLECTING ALMS FOR GREAT NEEDS.—HIS CONSTANT AND MUNIFICENT PERSONAL CHARITY.

THE two great questions of Christian education and Papal authority have been the leading ones of the nineteenth century. But the *Freeman's Journal* has been identified with many movements, less than these from a comparative standpoint, but very important in themselves, and all tending to the general welfare of the Catholic Church. One of the most signal of these was the establishment of the American College in Rome, which has trained so many fine priests for the United States and given us several bishops. This journal was the first to suggest the idea, and for this purpose secured through its columns twelve gentlemen who subscribed $1,000 each before the subject was taken up in any other quarter.

Another important work which McMaster advocated, and that at a period when there was scarcely such a body in the country, was the necessity of associations for Catholic young men. Since that period organizations for Catholic youth have multiplied wonderfully, and the *Freeman's Journal* can justly claim to have been a mighty factor in educating a generation to the idea. It has often been critical, but that arose from its very interest in such bodies, whose cause it was the first to champion, and its care to preserve them within the lines of true Catholicity and eminent usefulness.

McMaster also advocated the introduction of canon law, so that the clergy would be placed upon the same basis as the Bishops—that is, as the Vicars-Apostolic had been changed to stationary Bishops, so should the mission priests be changed into parish clergy—is too well known to need mentioning here, and has been practically endorsed by the action of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.

During the forty years that McMaster was the proprietor and editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, scarcely a month passed that he did not drag to the light of day and expose to the scorn of men some proselyting scheme carried on at the public expense, many of which it was able to crush, while many still flourish with the vigor of hoary iniquity.

In the latter part of 1851, Louis Kossuth, the sham Hungarian "patriot," arrived in New York, and the occasion was marked by a good deal of fuss among the ignorant people. He was *feted* and applauded by such as are always ready to avail themselves of any chance for excitement. Few took the trouble to examine into the facts of the Hungarian Revolution, or to inform themselves in regard to the part played therein by Louis Kossuth. Simply because he had stirred up a lot of trouble and diverted a legitimate agitation for their rights by the Hungarian people into the broad channel of the general European movement against religion and society, he was hailed as a republican, and had oceans of cheap rhetoric poured over him by noisy orators anxious for a little passing notoriety. Against this senile exhibition of folly over a man who sported half a dozen secretaries, and had a platoon of soldiers with drawn swords standing guard at his door in the Irving House, this journal protested with all the energy of which it was capable—and that was not a little. It showed that Louis Kossuth was no republican—that he had no care for the Hugarian people, but acted solely for the benefit of the brutal Magyar aristocracy who held the Hungarians in a state of servitude compared to which the condition of the Southern negroes at that time was

happiness itself. It charged, furthermore, that the hands of Louis Kossuth were stained with blood, not shed in the fight for freedom, but in committing murder for the purposes of robbery. The evidence adduced was incontestable, and it opened the eyes of the more respectable portion of the community that had been betrayed into making a fuss over Kossuth: Horace Greeley raised a loud outcry against this unswerving paper, and went so far as to address a letter to Bishop Hughes, asking him if he was responsible for what appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*, and, if not, calling upon him to condemn the paper for opposing the European Revolution in general and denouncing Kossuth in particular. The answer of the Bishop was a crushing one. Of course he had nothing to do with the *Journal's* criticism, but he warmly approved of its course in general, and, in a masterful argument, showed the justice of its strictures in this particular case of Louis Kossuth.

In the summer of this same year began the agitation for the acquirement of Cuba, a thing not bad in itself, but a step to which Spain was opposed. Many, forgetting the valuable assistance Spain had given us in our struggles to throw off the British yoke, were proposing equivocal schemes to accomplish their object—proposing, in plain terms, to cheat Spain out of the island. It was the project of certain slave-owners, who thought thus to bring into the Union a reinforcement to their phalanx, and to extend the area of human bondage. Under the hot fire of the *Journal* the promoters of it dropped the scheme.

In 1864 the United States Government, very unwisely advised, attempted to obtain from the Holy See a veto power over the appointment of Bishops. Who instigated this senseless move, and what they hoped to gain by it, it is impossible to say to-day. The laughable thing about it was that the proposed Concordat was altogether one-sided: for, in exchange for the power of veto, the Government did not guarantee to pay the Bishops and clergy salaries and to see to the erection and preservation of churches. Indeed, the whole proposition was a puzzling anomaly, and must have emanated from the brain of a man ignorant of all ecclesiastical and civil history. What does a Concordat mean? When so-called Catholic nations have been temporarily convulsed with revolutions and the property of the Church confiscated, these nations, when they returned to the sense of their need of religion, and desired to be officially reconciled to the Church, instead of restoring the stolen property, merely gave salaries and other amounts for public worship from the regular tax budget, and further exacted this veto power over the appointment of Bishops. The arrangement has always been a vexatious one, and it would have been better both for Church and State had the latter simply handed back the stolen property to the former, and had they then agreed to let each other alone. In the United States, happily, there was no analogy to such a case. But the step was seriously contemplated, and might have exposed the country to ridicule by being officially propounded, had not the *Journal* most forcibly exploded this unconstitutional scheme.

In the fall of 1880 attempt was made to produce the so-called "Passion Play" on the stage of a New York theatre. The attempt to justify such an act by the precedent of the Tyrolese peasants was shattered in the columns of the *Journal*. There was all the difference in the world between the reverent religious acting of Tyrolese peasants in the open air, and what would be a travesty upon the most awful fact of history behind the glare of the theatre's footlights. The attempt was abandoned.

The year 1855 witnessed an event which was hailed with joy by the whole Catholic world, and especially by the faithful children of the Church in America—Pius IX.'s encyclical, containing the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mother of God, who, under this type, was later made the special Patroness of the Catholic Church in the United States. Some of the ultra Protestant sheets of the United States, inspired by malice born of ignorance, raised the old cry of "priest-ridden" countries, to which fact the poor fanatics attributed the definition of a doctrine that was, indeed, implicitly held by the Catholic Church for over eighteen centuries. To this charge a crushing reply was made in the *Journal's* columns. It showed that there were 6,000,000 Catholics and 1,100 priests in the United States, while for the 18,000,000 Protestants

there were 28,900 clergymen; in other words, one priest to every 5,454 Catholics, and one minister to every 622 Protestants. If there be any virtue in figures, the Republic of the United States was then, and is now, the most parson-ridden country on the face of the globe. One of the results of the agitation then started was the introduction of a bill by Mr. Putnam in the Albany Legislature, providing for the taxation of Church property, it being understood that the property of the Catholic Church would alone suffer. Archbishop Hughes, in an able letter to the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* of March 31st, exposed the shabby hypocrisy of the measure, and secured its defeat.

At various times the *Freeman's Journal* signalized its power and influence by calling upon its readers for aid when it was sorely needed in various parts of the Church—now for the Indian missions, now for the Pope in captivity, now for the shrine at Lourdes—and now for the Carmelite Fathers on the Holy Mountain of St. Elias, who, being sorely persecuted by the Turks, sent forth a cry for help, and the *Journal* responded by opening a list in its columns. When the subscription closed on October 2nd, after a few weeks, the total collected amounted to over $1,000.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

Translated for the Review

BY S. N. B.

The Scapular the Means of a Conversion.

GENERAL CHARTON, a brave soldier, and, later on, a senator, fell seriously ill, and entering into himself, made his long deferred confession, and was entirely converted to his God. Two of the senators—his friends—could not refrain from expressing their surprise at the event. "Follow my example, my dear friends," said the dying man, "and you will experience the truest happiness of your life. And I attribute my conversion to my having received the Scapular before the Crimean War. Never have I laid it aside, and in my most negligent moments I was careful to wear it, with a certain degree of reverence, too. Do as I have done. I repeat it, and you will be happy." And in these edifying sentiments, he peacefully slept in the Lord.—[*Monthly Review, on devotion to the Mother of God, Nov., 1889.*]

But there are dangers to be dreaded far more than those which we have thus far narrated, and which have been averted by means of the holy Scapular of Our Lady. Innumerable spiritual perils, excessive temptations to evil, repeated attacks of the demon. The servants of Mary, if they are faithful, could all exclaim with a youth who was one of her devoted clients: "O! wonderful power of Mary. I obtained a victory over the devil which afforded me the greatest consolation. Tempted most vehemently for a quarter of an hour, I had recourse to our dear Mother to help me. I held up my Scapular, as a shield, and then asked the evil one if he still would dare to remain about me to lure me with his wicked wiles. At that moment the temptation ceased, and I hastened to thank the divine Mother and her adorable Son." Confreres of the Scapular, the same weapon is at your service. You can defend yourselves. Do not neglect to do so! Is not sin the greatest of all evils. The greatest? It is the sole—the only one!

* * * * * * * *

The subject of the ensuing example is at present a nun, and it is from her former pastor that we heard the facts. Before her entrance into the convent she made a general confession to the saintly cure'd'Ars. He put the following questions to her: "You remember, my child, a certain ball which you attended a short time ago?" "Yes, Father." "You met there a young man, a stranger, elegant in appearance and of distinguished bearing, who at once became the hero of the fete? And you wished he would invite you to dance. You were jealous and vexed that he preferred others to yourself?" "You are certainly right, Father." "Do you recollect that when he left the 'Assembly' you thought you saw, as he walked, two small bluish flames beneath his feet, but you persuaded yourself that it was an optical illusion?" "I

remember it perfectly." "Well, my child, *that youth was a demon.* Those with whom he danced were in a state of damnation! And do you know why he failed to ask *you?* It was owing to the *Scapular* which you did well not to lay aside, and which your devotion to Mary impelled you to look upon as your greatest safe-guard."—[*From Anecdotes upon the Efficacy of the Holy Scapular. Annales du Carmel, p. 199.*]

HORROR OF SATAN FOR THE SCAPULAR.

In the "Life of Father Francis Yepez," who died in the year 1617, Father Velasco relates that this holy man, enlightened from above, declared that satan most especially deplored two kinds of mortals through whose efforts his greatest losses occurred. The first are all who promulgate and strive to increase devotion to Mary: the second, all those who wear the Scapular. The most numerous of these, by far, are wrested from his infernal grasp by the Most Blessed Virgin Mary.

In another place he confirms the preceding statement. Our Lord, by a still further illumination, gave him to know that amongst the many prevalent practices of devotion there are three which constitute the greatest terror of the devil. First, the utterance of the sweet name *Jesus*; second, the fervent breathing of Mary's holy name: and third, the devout wearing of Our Lady's livery.—*The Scapular* (*Father Velasco*).

THE SCAPULAR—THE LION.

In the year 1880, a christian, Joseph Gemonat by name, whose office it was to purchase wool for the Messieurs Asfar, merchants of Bagdad, set out alone on horseback to travel across the desert from Killa to Samona. At that season to hear or see a lion was of no infrequent occurrence, but thus far Joseph had been spared any such experience. Suddenly he heard a terrible roar, and a ferocious lion rushed towards him with frantic haste. Joseph felt as if he would die of *terror*, and his horse became rigid from fright.

In this extremity our christian hero recommended his soul to God, and taking his Scapular held it up to the angry beast, saying: "By the authority of the Blessed Virgin, I command thee to depart and not to do me any harm." Upon the instant the lion ceased his savage roar, and turning away was soon lost to view. Our Very Reverend Prefect Apostolic and several prominent personages heard this prodigy from the lips of the grateful Joseph, whose veracity was unquestionable.

His death occurred two years ago, but his brother-in-law, acting sacristan of our church at Bagdad, related the incident to me, with the assurance that Joseph, to his dying day, never forgot to entone the praises of Mary for his signal preservation.—(*Bagdad, March 2, 1892—Brother Pierre, of the Most Blessed Virgin.*)

Our Irish Correspondence.

The Irish Poor-Law System.

BY REV. A. E. FARRINGTON, D. D., O. C. C.

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."
—*Dante.*

THIS system of relief is over fifty years in working order in Ireland. In 1861, there were 161 workhouses in the country. These buildings are all constructed on the same plan, as a rule. There are a few exceptions. They are ugly, forbidding, unchristian-looking piles. The one we have charge of is one of the largest, not only in Ireland, but, perhaps, in the Empire. Its buildings cover nearly fifty acres, and are capable of accommodating 4,000 inmates. It is a regular town in itself. It was not originally built for the purpose it now serves.

A brief outline of the history of this institution may be of some interest to your readers. This was the famous Foundling Hospital, founded in the reign of Queen Anne in 1702. It was one of the most gigantic "baby-farming, nursing, boarding out," and apprenticing institutions these countries ever saw. Its object was twofold, namely: First, to prevent "the exposure, death, and actual murder of illegitimate children," and secondly, to educate and rear them in the Reformed or Protestant Faith, and thereby to promote and strengthen the Protestant faith in Ireland. These ends were not attained, owing to the operation of natural causes and effects; for death, during the carriage, the time they were there, or at nurse, saved many from the cruelties that those that survived underwent. Also Protestant

nurses could not be found in sufficient numbers, and the children had to be sent to Catholics, and they gradually imbibed the religion of their foster mothers, and when these children returned they refused to adopt the Protestant Faith, and if they did so, they soon returned to the Catholic Faith. This horrid institution also encouraged vice and immorality to a great extent, so much so as to alarm the governors.

Protestantism was the great object in view, and it was said to be "a great charity peculiarly suited to the kingdom, situated as it was in a great metropolis abounding with Papists of the lowest rank." The religious element gave great trouble to the authorities. The children, who came in from Catholic nurses to the hospital, used on Fridays and fast days to refuse the broth prepared with meat for them on these days. Then it used to be poured down their throats against their wills. In 1730, "a cradle or turning wheel," and a bell, for taking in the infants was provided at the gate for use, day and night, and this cradle was but too often the preliminary coffin of thousands of wretched little beings who were consigned to its cold clasp. There is no certain account of the number of infants that entered the hospital during its 150 years' existence, but it is computed that 200,000 passed the dread portal, the "cradle at the gate." This does not include the thousands that died on the way, or were exposed on the banks of the adjoining canal, or were drowned there. The account of the cruelty practiced on these poor children, the neglect of doctors and nurses, are things fearful to contemplate. The officials, all Protestant, seem to have been an immoral and dishonest lot. In 1750, there died 420 children. In the ten years ending, 1760, four thousand infants died. In the ten years ending, 1770, two thousand died. During the twelve years ending, 1796, there were admitted 25,352, and of these 17,253 died. Good God! what a disgrace to the religion and humanity of the Protestant power then ruling in this unfortunate country! ! ! During the thirty years ending 1826, about 40,000 children died. The Government ordered it to be closed, and not one hour too soon, for during its existence, nearly 750,000 children died through this medium of Protestant charity. I omit the dreadful state of neglect, filth and dirt of this place, as shown in the various reports. How the poor children were buried, had better not be told, suffice it to say, that they were flung naked into large pits and covered over with lime. The massacre of the Holy Innocents was mercy in comparison to what these children suffered.

This institution, enlarged by degrees to suit the wants of the poor, is what is now known as the South Dublin Union, of which we have the spiritual charge.

It was in a very disordered state in 1862, when we got the care of it, but now, thank God, it is most orderly, and the poor people are most devout and really pious. The average number of inmates is about 3,000, of whom 2,700 are Catholics. We have two large hospitals with 761 beds, besides a children's hospital of 200 beds, male and female lunatic hospitals 200 beds, also a Magdalen asylum and a Maternity hospital. There are also four large infirmaries, and two health departments. The hospitals are under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, as are also the female and infant schools. One thousand adults died during the year: we administer the last Sacraments per year to about ten thousand. The number of Communions each year is about 30,000. The baptisms are 150 each year. This shows how much work our Fathers have to go through, both day and night, in this workhouse.

When you are tempted have recourse to God immediately without reasoning with the temptation.

The historians of the saintly cure of Ars, whose decree of canonization the Holy Father hopes to publish shortly, have overlooked the fact that he was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. The Very Rev. Father Leonard, a Capuchin, now eighty years old, has made oath that one afternoon the venerable priest humbly knelt in the chapel of the Capuchins at Brittaux to ask for the habit of penitence. In recognition of this fact, a few days ago, six hundred pilgrims from Lyons, belonging to the Third Order of St. Francis, went to Ars as a tribute of respect to their brother in religion.

OLIVE'S OFFERING.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

I

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

US!"

"Yes, ma!" responded the boy in a rather tremulous voice, as was generally the case when his mother addressed him in such a solemn tone, for it was usually the prelude to something very serious.

"I think, Jus," continued his mother, "that you have had enough schooling. It is all very fine to learn how many cents make a dollar, to add up figures, to spell big words, and all that, but it's better, I think, if you turn in and try to earn a few pennies for the family. Besides, you are now twelve years old. Before I was that old, I had to work. Yes, Jus, to-morrow you'd better make a start at selling papers, for we can expect no help from your lazy father. He'd rather hang around Trotter's livery stable all day than put his hand to a pick or a shovel."

"But, ma——" said Jus.

"That's enough, now. There are no 'buts' about it: simply do what I tell you," said Mrs. Wright, for that was her name.

"All right, ma," said Jus, "I suppose what you say, goes. But I was going to say that it might be good if I remained at school until after the entertainment. Sister Serena said that only those who came for practice at the school hall every day would be allowed to go on the stage when the play comes off."

"Oh! those school shows might be very nice in their way," said Mrs. Wright, "but the fact of the matter is, Jus, that these things are often gotten up in order to give some folks a chance to show how fine they can dress up their boys and girls."

She considered this a crushing rejoinder to all the arguments which Jus had to offer, but her last remark only inspired him to say with animation:

"Say, ma, perhaps the Sacred Heart will send us help until after 'St. Aloysius night.'" said Jus, referring to the title of the play in question.

"Maybe," said Mrs. Wright, in a hesitating tone, "but, Jus, those special requests, 'intentions,' or whatever you say the Sister calls them, might be good enough for those nice young ladies who go to Communion in twos and twos on the first Friday, with white veils on their heads, and those red hearts pinned on their breasts. The likes of them are always asking everybody to pray for some *very special* intention of theirs. Oh, yes, I know what they are praying for. I felt that way myself before I married your good-for-nothing father. If I only knew as much then as I do now, I'd still be as happy as a lark, waiting on table down at the Hotel Murphy, in place of being the mother of a half a dozen hungry children, and having to wear this worn-out gingham dress to church summer and winter."

While his mother was thus relieving herself of the thoughts uppermost in her mind, Jus was endeavoring to mentally solve the financial problem, and having partly succeeded, was about to propose to his mother divers means of replenishing the domestic exchequer, when she cut short his boyish philosophizing by saying:

"Here now, take this and be off with you. It's not for the likes of you to be lecturing your mother." As she said this, Mrs. Wright brought from the hidden recesses of her dress five coppers, which she gave to Jus, in order to be invested in newspapers.

Poor Jus! It was evident that he was trying to chase away tearful thoughts, as he stood at the door vigorously dusting his cap on his corduroy trousers. He had struck the first snag in his happy school days. Dark clouds were gathering.

I have been calling my little friend "Jus," because that is the only name by which I ever heard him addressed at home or on the street. However, I think Sister Serena has the name correct, for, if I remember rightly, the first name on her "Roll of Honor" reads "Master Justin Wright." Nevertheless, I shall stick to the old name of Jus. It comes more natural.

There was no denying that Jus was a favorite at school, even if he was now and then taunted for being poor (as if he could help it) by one boy, whose father had made

a little fortune by getting shirts made at thirteen cents a piece, and then selling them at 99 cents, at "a ridiculously low price," as it read in his advertisements.

But Jus knew how to defend himself on such occasions. His usual reply to young Pfaffenhasser, the son of the "wholesale and retail dealer in gentlemen's furnishings," was: "If we are poor, we got the little we have by honest means."

Sister Serena had impressed upon the children in her school certain solid principles which, she said should be for them a rule of action during life. For instance, she would say: "Children, please God in all things. Be honest in the least thing. Do what is right, come what may."

These maxims made a life-long impression on Jus. In fact they became flesh and blood with him. Another thing seemingly trifling in itself and overlooked by the large class of pseudo-teachers, but of paramount importance, was that the good Sister taught her children to deny themselves daily in some little thing, no matter how small. "It will not only be worthy of reward in heaven, but will likewise teach you how to control yourself on all occasions," she used to say.

At another time, after school, Sister Serena said to Jus: "Never mind, Justin, if people call you poor. Riches do not make an honest man, nor does a brand-new Prince Albert coat and a silk hat make a gentleman. Poverty is pleasing to God, who preferred to live as a poor man when He came on this earth. And how many of us religious, of our own will, give up all riches because we know it pleases God."

There were a great many boys at the school much smarter than Jus, and unfortunately for some of them, too smart. But I preferred Jus to the whole of them, because he was honest and conscientious, and we all know that.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

I was very sorry when I heard that Jus had to leave school, but such things fall among the category of evils which we must bear with nowadays. In some cases, as with Jus, it cannot be helped, but there are families, by no means rich, in which boys are told to look for a job as soon as they have been confirmed, (and often before that), while on the other hand, every spare cent is scraped together—yes, and the family made to suffer, in order that one, or more of the girls, be perfected in an infinity of "ologies" and accomplishments, forsooth, which in the end evolve a transcendental creature who becomes a useless ornament on this planet of ours. Education is always good for any girl,—over-education is often harmful. This might be declared an exploded doctrine. Experience, however, bears out the truth of it. But I am digressing. Let us return to Jus.

After he left his mother standing on the door-step, Jus slowly wended his way towards the *Evening News* office. From time to time he admiringly counted over his five pennies. Finally he securely tied the money in the corner of what was an apology for a handkerchief. It was a big sum of money for Jus to possess. At another time he might have felt elated over it, but not so now. He was thinking of the kind of reception he might expect from the newsboys, who had been having a miniature strike of their own. Jus was also seriously meditating on his possible gains and losses, and on what kind of greeting he would get when he returned home. It is true his mother threatened he should go to bed supperless in case he did not convert the five pennies into ten, but that did not frighten him very much, since on more than one occasion he had heard that same threat, and what is more, had seen it carried into practical operation.

Jus was glad at least of one thing. There was no school, and he wouldn't meet any of his chums on their way home. If he did, they would surely suspect where he was going, and poke fun at him. "It won't matter what the boys may say when I am used to my new job, but for the first time I know I shall feel rather queer with a pile of papers, instead of my school books, under my arms," reasoned Jus.

He had to pass Sister Serena's convent, so he concluded that it wouldn't be a bad idea if he called on the Sister, and informed her of his leaving school. Up to this Jus had never seen Sister Serena outside of school or church, so it made him rather timid as he put his finger on the electric button at the big convent door, which at once flew open automatically, a fact which didn't serve to put Jus at his ease.

When Jus passed through the inner door he was feeling rather confused until his eyes caught the sign "walk in." A rather quiet reception, thought Jus, nevertheless he felt more at home than when gazing at the board with, "Look out for the dog" painted on it, over at Soursmark's orchard. Surprise number two came when Jus heard a voice saying, "Whom do you wish to see!" If you told him that the voice came from the other world, he would have believed it then. However, he summoned up enough courage to say in the direction of the apparition in the wall, "I wish to see Sister Serena, please!" Then followed a ringing and a counter-ringing inside the cloister. Jus said that it reminded him of the clanging of bells when the ferry-boat is about to leave the slip. While this conventual signal-service was having full swing, Jus went into one of the parlors set aside for visitors. There he managed to kill time by alternately gazing at a "Rock of Ages" in wax, and thumbing an illustrated volume, treating of "Glacial Formations."

When the boy was commencing to grow impatient, sweet Sister Serena swept into the room. She was accompanied by another Sister, who smiled whilst Sister Serena talked. "Now, Justin, tell us all about it. Poor boy, I'm so sorry," commenced the good Sister.

"Well, Sister," said Jus, "I am sorry, too, but I must obey my mother in everything that is not sinful. You, yourself, taught me that. Ma says I am to work, and that's all there is to it."

The Sister gave the boy some sound advice, and concluded by saying: "If ever I can do anything for you, Justin, I shall gladly do so."

"Oh, there's plenty of time!" said the Sisters in chorus, as Jus reached under the chair for his hat.

"Not for me," said Jus. "It is after four, and what is more, it looks as if it would rain."

So Jus took his leave, with his inside pockets well filled with Scapulars and Agnus Deis. When outside, he hastened his steps toward the newspaper office, for a storm was brewing overhead, and

> "The clouds like hooded friars
> Told their beads in drops of rain."

"It's an ill-wind that blows no good, and in such weather people won't pay much attention to my shabby clothes," thought Jus.

He was indeed rather shabbily dressed. The contrast between the dark blue militia coat of his father, cut to Jus' dimensions, and the bright, yellow patches in the elbows, was quite a strong one. However, the long coat covered a multitude of imperfections, especially in Jus' nether limbs. His cap, minus the peak, fitted nicely after being padded within with several layers of pages from Ayer's Almanac. It is true Jus had a better suit—his school clothes—but they had been rolled up and put away for his next older brother.

While Jus was on his way to the newspaper office, I went to take a peep into his home. It was rather watery above, and very muddy below. A letter-carrier tried to explain to us the location of "Wright's Roost," as some wag christened Jus' domicile, but I nearly lost my bearings and rubbers in the bargain. It was raining very hard, and as I pulled my mackintosh around me, I couldn't help but think of poor Jus, who had little wherewith to protect him from the elements. It was the last day of May, and little did I think of that dreadful night three years later, when the flood-gates opened on that ill-fated town in Pennsylvania.

We finally reached the house, a "roost" indeed, but from outside appearances, a rather uncomfortable one. The fence, with the exception of two lone pickets, had gone the way of all fire-wood. The first one to welcome, or rather, oppose, our entrance, was Jus' black-and-tan dog, "Danger." The poor brute's name was but an ironical misnomer, for he exhibited signs of an empty canine stomach rather than of ferocity. The interior of the house was in harmony with the exterior, but just then in such a deluge, any kind of shelter was welcome. The gaps in the windows were filled in with back numbers of *Sporting Life* and other papers, which Mr. Wright brought home from Trotter's. The living room, which served for parlor, kitchen and dormitory, was not overstocked with furniture. Three chairs, minus their backs, a springless sofa, and a table well veneered with a composite of grease and dirt, completed the outfit. A little bracket with a hanging lace-work of cobwebs supported a

small seventy-five cent alarm-clock, which had long ago rung out its last alarm. In the centre of the room a few bricks supported a red-colored stove, which seemed to give signs of foundering. The only thing in the shape of decoration were a few pictures clipped from newspapers, which Jus had pasted on that part of the wall least impervious to water. These products of the studio included the "Vision of Knock," "A Prize Fight" (in the fifties), Jus' First Communion card, and an advertisement for "Condition Powders," in three colors. (perhaps from Trotter's). The head of one of the prize-fighters was drooping, not from his opponents' blow, but from the rain, which caused the paper to peel off from the wall. At one end of the room was a sort of pantry—the "state room," as Jus called it, which was reserved as sleeping apartments for the female occupants of "Wrights' Roost." The father and boys slept in the eating, sleeping and culinary apartment, of which they had the privilege of the whole floor, and, moreover, the duty of keeping the fire going as long as the outside fence asserted its existence. Now and then the boys indulged in a stretch on the three-legged sofa, whenever it relieved itself of their father's prostrate form, which generally happened when he came home in an hilarious mood. How the family managed to live on the $1.25 which Mrs. Wright made at the wash-tub, was, and will remain, a mystery. As regards himself, Jus' father managed to live all right. A few bites at a free lunch counter, and a half-dozen of three-cent "shupers" made up his day's rations. Wright managed to make a few cents by doing chores at Trotter's, and now and then made an extra dime by holding the lines for some raw driver. Thus he could easily supply his own wants, and, moreover, have a little left for tobacco. Wright put in most of his time lounging around the hostlery discussing "Capital and Labor," or some other burning question of the hour. But let us return to Jus, and see how he fared down at the *News* office.

In return for his five pennies he received ten copies of the Fifth Edition of the *News*, at the head of whose columns, beneath a conspicuous "Extra! ! !" read "Scandal in High Life." Full of zeal, Jus launched forth on his new business venture —or I might say—he launched forth into the pouring rain, which somewhat dampened his spirits. Jus' first impressions of a newsboy's life were not of the most pleasing kind. However, his mother's parting admonition acted upon him as a sort of stimulant.

Jus soon heard someone whistling as if to attract attention—somewhat in the same way as he himself would call "Danger." Looking around, he noticed that it was someone actually calling him, and he quickly responded.

It was Jus' first customer—crossing the street he came face to face with a dyspeptic-looking individual who, reaching towards the papers under Jus' arms, exclaimed: "Paper, quick! You young brat, why don't you keep them dry?"

"Surely so well-dressed a person as you wouldn't expect change," thought Jus, as he took the silver dime from the man. But the customer did want change, and very quickly, too.

Unfortunately for poor Jus, he had invested every cent of his capital, and was accordingly in a dilemma. He hadn't dreamed of such a thing as change. Whilst he was hesitating, the customer shouted:

"Hurry up, now! Get change, and don't keep me waiting here in the rain!"

Jus entered the nearest store and asked for change. The grocery-man handed him back the dime, saying excitedly:—"Get out of here! Don't you see that sign?" pointing to a sign which read, "No mutilated silver taken here." Sure enough the dime had a hole in it, as Jus observed after he emerged from the atmosphere of dried apples and ancient cheese.

Poor Jus! His face was wet. It was hard to say what mostly caused it, the rain or his tears. Never mind my boy! Those clouds and darker ones will pass away. The thickest of them has a silver lining even if your purse has not.

Finally, Jus got change at good old Mrs. Lyons' toy and candy store. Just as he was hurrying towards his angry and impatient customer, another newsboy—but a veteran at the trade—was coming along Bogland square, shouting "Evening News! All about the newsboys' strike!" This boy took in the situation at once. Seeing the customer gesticulating wildly, the newsboy thought he wanted a paper in place of

making signs to Jus to hasten his steps, so hurrying up the newsboy shouted, "Say! Mister! Don't buy no paper from that greeny! He's a 'scab' and don't belong to our union." The man was too angry to pay attention to this appeal of Jus' rival, he simply snapped at the nine pennies and walked on, doubtless thinking, if not expressing, some bitter things of Jus and newsboys in general.

When the customer had passed on, the newsboy struck at Jus, landing the latter in the gutter, shouting as he did so:—"Take that, will you. Next time you'll know you hadn't oughter freeze onto my customers."

"You're no gentleman!" is about all Jus said, when he arose from the muddy street.

"Ga'long wid ye now. I want none of your 'sass'!" were the parting words of the other newsboy.

It was with great difficulty that Jus succeeded in keeping his papers dry. By degrees he managed to dispose of all his stock in trade. His last customer was a good-natured young gentleman from whose face radiated an infectious jollity.

"Yes, my boy!" said the gentleman in reply to Jus' meek, "Paper, please sir?"

"The customer handed Jus two cents. "That's too much!" said Jus. "Oh that's all right," shouted back the man with the smiling face.

Jus now turned in the direction of home. In his search for patrons he had gone a considerable distance. It was still raining very hard and he had a long wet walk before him. He stopped in front of the candy store where he had gotten the change. He did not go in, he simply stood before the window oblivious of the rain. After he had rubbed away the moisture on the window pane and made a peep hole, he commenced to think aloud.

"Yes, I am one cent ahead in my profits. That'll buy—lets' see—one of those candy-cigars, a pink mouse, a chocolate whistle and besides I ought to spend the money here because Mrs. Lyons was so kind to give me change."

Thus he mused. Suddenly, as if surprised, he said, "No, I won't spend this cent. Sister Serena told us that we must do some little penance every day, and here I am just free from school. I shouldn't forget my lesson so soon. No; I'll do without the candy, and keep that cent for some one who might need it more than I do."

Whilst he was wording these thoughts, Jus' eyes were making a general survey of Mrs. Lyons' varied stock. In addition to the tempting display of confectionery, was a goodly selection of toys, and in fact everything to delight the heart of a boy (and every girl too). Jus' eyes feasted on rocking-horses, sleighs, kites, bugles, fishing tackle, and "many other articles too numerous to mention," as the auctioneer says in his bills. But this didn't include Mrs. Lyons' complete stock. She had likewise a good supply of religious articles, including rosaries, prayer-books and pictures. On one long shelf stood miniature statues of the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, St. Peter holding a good-sized key of plaster Paris, St. Patrick dropping his pastoral staff on the head of a red, white and blue snake, and other specimens of devotional art.

Mrs. Lyons' store was the rendezvous of every boy and girl in the parish, for "Young America," who has an inborn businesss instinct, is always on the alert for the cheapest in the market. Whenever he is about to invest his money, he always asks himself: "Does it pay?" It did pay to go to Mrs. Lyons' place. Every child liked her, and had good reasons for doing so, for they invariably got more than the worth of their money. In many cases they not only received over-measure, but likewise an extra stick of candy for their little sick brother, who was at home laid up with the croup or some similar ailment. In addressing Mrs. Lyons it was noticeable that every boy and girl said "Thank you, ma'am," to their kind benefactress. Under such circumstances it is easily inferred that good Mrs. Lyons did not become rich. In fact she preferred to remain poor, in order to rejoice the young hearts of her patrons. She was a pious old lady, a widow, whose sole companion was a well-fed cat. "Some day I hope," (such was the good soul's daily prayer in the sunset of her life.) "Some day, I hope," she said, "to sell out and retire to some quiet religious home, where I can rest my tired feet and prepare for the journey to our home," when she would join

> "The innumerable caravan that moves
> To the pale realms of shade."

Jus didn't know Mrs. Lyons well enough yet. If he had he would have walked in and told his story as he dried his feet at the fire: he would have come outplus his extra cent and a pocket full of sweetmeats.

But Jus walked on. He felt tired, hungry, wet and miserable, even if he had disposed of his papers. He was near Trotter's which he thought might serve as a temporary shelter from the rain. The open door seemed very inviting so he slipped in thinking, "I guess it is safe enough, for father is certainly at home by this time." As he was wringing out his hat one of the hostlers noticed him and, in a voice loud enough to make the horses turn away their noses from their oats and look around enquiringly, shouted:

"Say, Wright! Here's your kid! I guess the old woman's sent him around to shadow you." This brought forth a great storm of laughter at Wright's expense. Laying down what he had just declared the "best lone hand ever held in any game" Wright made towards Jus shouting "Get out of here, sir! your skin will catch it to-night."

As quick as it takes to tell it Jus was again out in the rain. Poor boy! He felt miserable, muttering to himself, "It seems I'm welcome nowhere."

Never mind my little friend! Dry up your tears, and remember that

> "The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,
> The darkest waves have bright foam near it,
> And twinkles thro' the cloudiest night
> Some solitary star to cheer it."

Jus had advanced but a few steps more when he noticed a red light piercing the gloominess of the approaching night. "That must surely be the Church of our Lady," he thought, "and that is the light burning before the statue of the Sacred Heart in Our Lady's church."

When he came to the main door Jus entered it. That door was at least always open, and rich and poor, and saint and sinner, were always welcomed. Jus went up the side aisle on the left, and there he knelt for a few moments at the Blessed Virgin's altar, over which hung a very poor representation in oil of the most pure Heart of Mary.

"If I was rich, I would buy a large statue—like the one down at Mrs. Lyons'—only several times larger," thought Jus, after he had whispered a "Hail Mary!"

In this matter, Jus shared the thoughts of many other people. More than once had it been suggested to Father Seligmacher that a new statue similar to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, be placed on the Blessed Virgin's altar.

"That's all very true," the priest usually replied to those who broached the subject, "but why do not those, who see the propriety of having such a statue, go to work and raise enough money to buy one. Every spare cent I have is needed for the poor in my parish. There are more people applying to me for aid than you suppose. They do not want everyone to know their poor condition, as would be the case if they begged others for aid, so they come here, knowing that it will not be advertised throughout the parish."

After Jus had finished his little prayer to the Mother of God, he passed over to the altar of the Sacred Heart, which was nicely decorated for the month of June, which would be ushered in on the morrow.

After he had exhausted all the stock of little ejaculations in honor of the Sacred Heart, which he had learned at school, he spied the "Intention" box. Yes, he had a favor to ask, and he would write it down. But here a difficulty presented itself, for Jus didn't carry about him a stock of stationery. Luckily he found a stump of a pencil which had worked its way through the pocket and lodged between the lining in a far-off corner of his vest. Paper was the next desirable article, and Jus acknowledged that he felt strongly tempted to pull a fly-leaf out of a pretty "Young Lady's Manual," nicely bound in blue plush, which made its presence known by emitting an odor of some delicate perfume. Happily he thought of his hat, from the inside rim of which he extracted a sufficient supply of paper. He tore off the margin of a page which yielded easily, being well soaked with rain. Jus slipped over to the little red light and held the paper at a safe distance in order to dry it. He then scratched out the remaining few words of print which strove to immortalize the fact that Mrs. So and So "had been given up by all physicians," and then, in a bold hand, he wrote:

"Dear Sacred Heart, please help ma and

the rest of us. Also make pa better. Pure Heart of Mary, please help us, too."

The boy folded up the paper and dropped it in the Intention box. He then put back his pencil into a pocket with only an incipient aperture at the bottom, and in doing so, fished up the extra cent which he got from the good-natured young man, who had so kindly addressed him as "my boy!" As Jus went down the aisle he felt like going on his knees and praying for that good-hearted customer.

Ah! if we only knew the value of a gentle word which costs so little. The poet has truly said that

"The kindly word unspoken is a sin."

When Jus reached the porch he quietly dropped the "extra" cent into a box over which read a sign: "Help the Poor." "That's in honor of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary," he muttered to himself. No one saw or heard the small coin drop. What did it matter? It was only a newsboy's penny. But the angels recorded it.

Jus soon reached home. He got his supper, but escaped the threatened chastisement from his father, thanks to his mother's intervention.

The poor boy was completely tired out. He told no one of his day's experience, but went straight to bed—or rather he lay on his half of the springless sofa. He was soon asleep, oblivious of all the trying circumstances which ushered the first day of his occupation as a "bread-winner." Now and then he gave a start, accompanied by an exclamation which sounded like "You are no gentleman," or something equivalent. After that he was quiet. Now and then a smile passed over his face. Perhaps he was dreaming of the good-natured gentleman.

The next day Jus was at the same occupation, but things went more smoothly. He made fifteen cents clear profit. Besides, it did not rain, nor did he encounter the enstomer with the mutilated silver in his pocket and undigested food in his stomach.

I ought to mention that Jus commenced now to keep an account of his receipts and expenditures. He made quite a presentable pocket cash book with the aid of a needle and shears, and a few unused pages of a copy book. Itseems trifling, but I can hardly forbear mentioning the fact that at the head of one of the leaves of Jus' book was a copy headline with the capital letters nicely shaded, which read:—"Be just in all things." Although Jus stitched in this leaf little thinking of the headline, I considered it very pat. That little book of Jus' was also used for a memorandum book, and the dates therein were very useful to me when I first gathered data for this narrative.

On the next Friday, which, by the way, was the first Friday, (June 4th, 1886, it reads in Jus' book) Jus went to Holy Communion at our Lady's church.

It was an early Mass, and for some reason or other the server, young Pfaffenhasser, (son of the shirt-maker) was not on hand. Father Seligmacher in looking through the church espied Jus, and beckoned to him to to come to the sacristy.

When Jus approached the priest the latter said to him. "Can you serve Mass, my little man?"

"Yes, father," replied Jus.

"Well, then," said the priest, "put on one of those cassocks and light the candles, and light two on the Sacred Heart altar, also."

"All right, father," said Jus in a respectful whisper, as became so sacred a place.

"May I not likewise light two candles on the Blessed Virgin's altar, father?" said Jus as he was going out with the lighted taper.

"Of course," said Father Seligmacher, who couldn't help but admire the thoughtfulness of the boy.

After Mass Father Seligmacher said to Jus: "Come around when you have made your thanksgiving. You are just the boy I wanted to see, and I am glad I called you this morning."

When Father Seligmacher came over to the house to get his cup of coffee he found Jus waiting for him. The priest called Xantippe his housekeeper, and told her to give Jus a good breakfast, which was accordingly done, the housekeeper remarking, "Indeed father it's good that an occasional guest drops in so early, otherwise I might be forgetting how to prepare breakfast."

"Let's see, your name is Wright, isn't it?" said the priest, looking up from his breviary as Jus came back from the dining-room, whose surroundings had disappointed Jus, who, from young Pfaffenhasser's graphic description, had expected to see sideboards loaded down with gold and

silver plates, goblets, and other things used to decorate the tables of the rich.

"Jus Wright!" went on the priest musingly, "Jus is a very significant name, my boy! Jus means 'law in the Latin Lexicon.' You ought to be true to your name. Keep the *law* of God and you'll be happy. However when I come to think of it your full christian name is Justin—so it stands in my baptismal register. Yes, you were born on the feast day of a saint of that name. He was a great and holy priest of God. By the way Jus, or Justin, would *you* like to study for the priesthood?"

"Yes, father!" said Jus, "but we are very poor."

"I know that too well, and that is why I wanted to see you. Never mind, my boy, the sacred heart of Jesus has riches enough to give to those whom It loves," said the priest.

Father Seligmacher then took an envelope from the pocket of his cassock, and reaching towards Jus, said, "This is what I wanted to give you. I found the envelope with its contents in the League Intention box last evening. A little note therein will explain how that five-dollar bill came there. There is a little added (by himself) to it by someone else. Give the whole to your mother and tell her no questions are to be asked, for I myself do not know who put the envelope in the box."

Jus went home running—or rather jumping. He was over-delighted. Running up to his mother, he said, "Look ma! See what the Sacred Heart has done for us. Don't make light of those 'intentions' after this."

To say Mrs. Wright was pleased, would be putting it very mildly. There was no denying that she inwardly reproached herself for her great want of faith. Jus had taught her a lesson.

The little note, pinned to the crisp greenback in the envelope, was penned in a delicate female hand. It read:

"Dear Father,—Please give enclosed to some of your deserving poor, in honor of the Sacred Heart. From

"A Friend of the Hearts of
"Jesus and Mary."

Jus was dispensed from selling papers that evening, and the good-natured young gentleman, who acted so kindly to Jus that rainy night, had probably to walk down to Mrs. Lyons' for his "Evening News."

Who was the "Friend of the hearts of Jesus and Mary," that sent such timely aid to the Wright family?

I shall try to answer that question in the next chapter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BRUSH AND CANVAS.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY JOSEPHINE LEWIS.

"Let the thing we do be what it will, it is the principle upon which we do it that must recommend it."
—*Thomas a Kempis.*

"By the way, have you noticed that art notices are becoming of frequent occurrence in the literature of the people?" lately remarked an artist to a representative of the Carmelite Review.

"So much the better for us all," he added: "As we glance down the page we run across the sentence, 'the motif of the picture,' stumble an instant, but lack sufficient time to look up the term—Motif! What does the fellow mean? That's just it; it is just what the fellow meant—not his method of doing it, but his meaning underlying all method. And in the motif lies the essence of all true art, as of all right doing. We, in America, are beginning to talk of our school, our American art as of a national growth, and the motif or intention of the painter strikes through the picture as the Americanism through the man. We begin by demanding technical excellencies, and the artist who comes with his tools out of repair must not presume too much. So taking the power of expressing for granted, we look higher and search in the work for a bit of soul, and here lies the difference between a picture painted by an artist, and one painted by the sun—a photograph. The first catches a soul from its creator, whilst the other loses its motif (soul) through man's mechanical means.

"Now, motif 'is a force that underlies more things' than ever dreamed of, 'Horatio, in your philosophies.' In plain English we might call it intention. Before selecting the motif of a picture, we look for the motif in the man: for the former is but the radiation of the light in the man's soul. If his intention be spiritual, of the heaven's pure, the work of his hand will bear witness to the fact, in his achievements we will hold a spark of the celestial fire. Our future American art will bear the impress of future American character. Let the motif be a high one, and there will be no question of our future art ever failing."

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, June, 1895. NO. 6

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Feasts of this month are all Feasts of Divine Love. Pentecost, Corpus Christi, and the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

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ANOTHER half year stands to our account. Let us start the next half year with renewed fervor in honor of Our Saviour's loving Heart.

***

NOW when the angel of peace again hovers over the far East, the Church will come in for her share of the spoils, and reap a rich harvest in the land so dear to the heart of St. Francis Xavier.

***

REV. FRATER ANGELUS LAGER, of our monastery at New Baltimore, Pa., will be ordained during the present Ember days to the Holy Priesthood. He will celebrate his first Holy Mass in Pittsburg on Trinity Sunday.

***

AFTER the ordinations to be held by the Right Reverend Bishop of Pittsburg during the current Whitsuntide, another member of the order of Mt. Carmel will have been added to the sacerdotal ranks. May the Holy Spirit make the labors of our reverend confrere most fruitful.

***

JUNE is the first month of the summer season, the high-noon of the year. The June sun slowly warms up the earth and our bodies, so the burning Pentecostal fires ought to enkindle our fervor, and set our hearts aflame with love for that Heart, which is consumed with love for us.

OUR Most Reverend Father Superior General presides at the Provincial Chapter of the Irish Carmelites, which meets at Dublin this month. We learn from reliable authority, that the American Carmel is also to be honored by a visit from the venerable successor of Saint Simon Stock.

***

EVER since the Holy Ghost fired the Apostles with zeal, and the heroic desire to "suffer for Christ," the Church has seen no age, in which she has had no confessors and martyrs. According to the last reports from the Superiors of the Missions, at least eighty-three priests are known to have died for the Faith in 1894.

***

HE, whose sun is now bringing to maturity Nature's gifts for our bodily wants, is not unmindful of the soul's craving for nourishment. Does not the Feast of Corpus Christi remind us of this? It is true, the banquet is always ready for us, but Holy Church knows our forgetfulness, and by her festivals admonishes us not to forget the great Guest ever in our midst.

***

ONCE more does the Paschal season close. A season of grace for many a Catholic, who would probably never enter into closer communion with his Maker, were it not for the obliging Easter duty. A season of increased responsibility and accumulating guilt for, alas, too many indifferent Christians, who are a scandal to their friends, relatives and pastor. Luckily, the number of these dead members of the church is not on the increase.

***

NEXT month, so full of significance to our devout Scapularians, will undoubtedly attract many pious pilgrims to Our Lady's favorite shrine at Niagara. The hospice, which is now in full course of erection, will not be completed, but our friends will be able to form a good idea of its size and beauty by that time. At all events we shall do all in our power to make the visit of our friends a memorable day for them.

***

BOTH the Eastern and Western summer schools have prepared most excellent programmes. We wish both of them unlimited success. They deserve it. We

hope that the Carmelite Review will be as well represented at the Western school as it has been hitherto at the Eastern one, by the goodly contingent of eager students, furnished from among our readers. And we trust that we will make many new friends at both these commendable meetings.

***

Our schools and colleges close during this month. Boys and girls are counting the hours that must still elapse, before the holidays open. We take part in their bright anticipations, and hope all their dreams of innocent pleasure may be fully realized. But we warn parents not to allow them to indulge in pernicious literature. Our stock of wholesome, delightful, and entertaining books for the young, is growing larger every day. Our Catholic writers of juvenile literature are among the best in that field. Write to us, if you are at a loss, how and where to procure such books.

***

The very rev. author of the "Life of McMaster," now appearing in our pages, in a late letter to us, states that "In some districts of New England, where the population is largely in the majority Catholic, pupils, teachers and members of the school board have been mainly of the Catholic faith. Such public schools have had in them no menace to faith and morals. The opening mind and character of the Catholic youth in attendance have not had the germs of their faith and piety frozen out in an atmosphere of infidelity and of evil companionship. In such exceptional public schools, priestly vocations, like tenderest plants, have not suffered. We note, that some of the most talented and desirable graduates of the 'Petit Seminaire,' clerics of sturdiest faith and ardent piety, have been in early youth in attendance at such public schools, under such benign influences. But the exception argues the more strongly in favor of the ruling of the Plenary Council, on the necessity of Catholic schools for Catholic youth." We have such an exceptional public school in New Baltimore, Pa., where our mother house is situated. And, yet, although the school is in charge of sisters, and all the members of the board Catholics, there are some very annoying and objectionable features connected with it. The separate school system of Canada offers the only just solution of this momentous question.

***

His Grace Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, during his late visit to the Falls, kindly honored our sanctum by several most interesting calls. He takes great interest in the progress of the Hospice and of the Carmelite Review. We asked his opinion on the Eucharistic flowers for the dead. His Grace heartily endorsed them, and said: "The custom of lavishing flowers upon the dead is a pagan practice. You remember the passage in Virgil, in eulogy of young Marcellus, the nephew of Emperor Augustus,

"*Manibus date lilia plenis.*
Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere."

"Give lilies by handfuls. Let me scatter the blooming flowers; these gifts at least let me heap upon my descendant's soul, and discharge this fruitless duty."

The Protestants imitate this pagan usage. They cannot keep down the natural craving to do something for the dead. The humane heart is broader than their religious doctrines. The same feeling prompts them to make their cemeteries earthly paradises. But this is only an unchristian endeavor to rob death of its terrors. Catholics try to keep their cemeteries in a decent manner, but they should not imitate Protestants in their pagan tributes to the dead, when they have such powerful means at command to help their departed friends. The "Eucharistic" flowers are a truly Catholic idea, and will undoubtedly become popular among our Catholics.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The publishers of the popular edition of Hall's great work on Ireland, Charles E. Brown and Co., of Boston, Mass., have removed from 53 State street, to 68 and 70 Pearl street.

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The C. M. B. A. of Canada have now an official organ published at London, Ont. *The Canadian*, the first number of which appeared last March, is a monthly, well

edited and printed in English and French. We hope that it will serve to make this truly Catholic society known in every parish of the Dominion. It only needs to be known to become popular. Our bishops and priests are anxious to see this society thrive.

***

Our *Lady of Good Counsel* is the name of a beautiful little monthly, ably edited by Eleanor C. Donnelly, and published by the Augustinian Fathers. It is neat in appearance with a cover in blue and white, colors of the Blessed Virgin, and well printed. Somewhat younger than our Review, it is engaged in the same sweet mission of spreading the love of Our Lady. The May number contains an article from which we learn that the famous picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, venerated in the Redemptorist church at Rome, was formerly an Augustinian Madonna. There is also an able sketch of St. Monica, and the editor contributes several exquisite bits of poetry.

***

The Rev. N. Walsh, S. J., has written a sketch and a study, as he calls it, of *John Baptist Franzelin, S. J.*, Cardinal Priest, of the title S. S. Boniface and Alexius. The life of this great theologian and saintly religious was a simple, uneventful one, dedicated to study and prayer. One of the most eminent professors of theology in our days, he was so averse to any recognition of his learning that he could hardly be reconciled to the dignity and honor of a Cardinal's hat. Death alone could put a stop to his labors, so fond was he of work. The biographer, who personally knew him, treats his subject with warmth, gives an interesting account of the Roman and German colleges, which were the scenes of the Cardinal's activity, and enters fully into the study of the nature of religious vocation, religious life and religious practices, the sublime background upon which alone such a life can be sketched.

***

The *Ladies' Home Journal* for May publishes a musical gem composed by Bruno Oscar Klein. It is a concert Mazurka, which received the award of $100 in the *Journal's* series of prizes for original compositions, as the best original piano composition. We have also received an "Easy Guide to the Best Books" from the *Journal's* office, an elaborate illustrated catalogue of 5,000 books on all subjects interesting to the home circle. The list seems to be a select one, and most of the books can be recommended to Catholic readers. But we would not advise any Catholic woman to select any of the books under the heading Religion, as there is not a single Catholic book included. Renan's "History of Christianity" finds a place, but neither Pere Didon's "Life of Christ" nor Chateaubriand's "Genius of Christianity," nor any other of our standard books on religious subjects, have a place among these *best books*.

***

The *Popular Science Monthly* for May, publishes the first of a series of papers on "Professional Institutions," by Herbert Spencer. By proving, as he intends to do, that all professional institutions have an ecclesiastical origin, he will establish the fact, of which we are all fully convinced, that the priest is the fountain and source of all true civilization. Our Holy Father, the High Priest of Christendom, inculcates the necessity of the study of science for the clergy, that priests may again lead on to higher achievements in these fields, rather than follow in the wake of unphilosophical scientists, who usually start at the wrong end, or, at least, draw absurd conclusions from hypothetical premises. In this same number of *The Popular Science Monthly*, a review of the "Proceedings of the International Conference on Aerial Navigation, held in Chicago, August 1, 2 and 3, 1893," states that "the proposal to hold the conference, of which the proceedings are recorded in this book, originated with Prof. A. F. Zahm, of Notre Dame University, who communicated with Mr. C. C. Bonney, President of the World's Congress Auxiliary, and interested other persons in the project." Here we have a case in point. A priest gives the initiative for a conference on one of the most interesting scientific questions of the day.

***

The editor of the *Globe Review*, Mr. W. H. Thorne, is a man who must be terribly in earnest. He must be sincere, too, or he would not have obtained the grace of faith, nor the vigorous and apostolic cour-

age with which he professes it. The April number of his *Review* opens with a very forcible analysis of "The New England Conscience," which he concludes with this uncompromising verdict: "Thus, in fine, we see that New England has fallen as low in its faith as it has in its moral sense, and in its intellectual culture and integrity." Another strong article on "Patriotism vs. Protestantism," is furnished by Rev. Lucian Johnston, the son of the venerable Richard Malcolm Johnston. It shows that treason and disloyalty have always been so intimately connected with Protestantism that they seem to be a natural outcome of it. We have daily proofs of it in Canada. The Dominion is never threatened with dismemberment, excepting by "loyal" Orangemen, who are ready to sacrifice the welfare of their country rather than to allow Catholic minorities to have their rights. There is another article which strikes us as out of place in this brainy and brilliant *Review*. It is an essay on "M. Zola and his critics," which tries to give "the devil his due," by saying something apologetic about him. The devil, no doubt, deserves our respect for "his unity of purpose and certainty of conviction."

The Priest and the Explorer.

BY VERY REV. W. R. HARRIS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CONTINUED.

THE discomfited embassy began their return journey and exhausted, half-frozen and nearly famished reached, on January 14th, 1679, the banks of the Niagara. Meanwhile LaSalle, with Tonty, an Italian companion, had left Fort Fontenac, entered the Genesee river, and arrived at the Seneca village a few days after the departure of Hennepin and LaMotte. Ten years before, this hardy adventurer, accompanied by the Sulpician priests, Dollier de Casson and Galinee, had, when starting on his voyage to the Mississippi, passed some days with these people. He succeeded by his personal influence and commanding address in conciliating the Senecas, and after receiving their permission to build a blacksmith shop and store-house, he returned to the mouth of the Genesee, and sailed for Niagara. On the 26th January, he laid the keel of the Griffon at the mouth of Cayuga creek, and after encouraging his workmen with promises of reward, he returned to Fort Fontenac to obtain an outfit and supplies for the new vessel. Father Hennepin accompanied him as far as Niagara, where LaSalle traced a stockaded block house, which he called Fort Conty, in honor of his friend, the prince of Conty. Rene Robert Cavelier, better known as La Salle, was born at Rouen in 1643, and was of an old and distinguished family. At an early age he was sent by his father to be educated by the Jesuits, and, though never admitted as a member of the Order, it is probable he was a novice of that society for a short time. He distinguished himself in mathematics, and being of an ambitious and self-willed nature, he turned aside from the priesthood, and entered upon a career of exploration and discovery, that has won for him an enviable place among the early explorers of this continent. The intense longing for adventure, which was woven into his nature, induced him to visit his brother, who was a Sulpician priest in Montreal. So favorable was the impression which he made upon the Sulpicians, that they sold him, for a nominal sum, a large tract of land at Lachine, near Montreal. Soon afterwards he disposed of his possessions and organized an expedition for the discovery of the Mississippi.

Like all the early explorers, his ambition was to open a passage to the South sea, to bring Cathay, Japan and the neighboring islands into commercial union with the West and win for his country a new field of trade and prosperity. His imagination was fired and his ambition stimulated in reading the lives of the Spanish and Portuguese navigators, those restless and daring adventurers who through the two Americas, fearlessly and bravely bore the triumphant banners of Castile and Braganza. He had heard from his father the marvellous accounts of the heroic deeds of that galaxy of heroes, who at the dawn of the 16th century sailed away from the Spanish peninsula. He was familiar with the history of the Pinzons, the

companions of Columbus, of Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific, and the projector of the Conquest of Peru, who dragged his ships in sections across the Isthmus of Darien, to meet in the end with discouragement and an igmoninious death, of Magellan, the stormy petrel and intrepid hero, before whose achievements even the daring of Columbus paled. His ambition was stimulated and his energies aroused to activity in perusing the official reports of the Pizarros, who swept like a whirlwind to the Conquest of Peru and subdued an empire: of DeSoto, the companion of their exploits, who afterwards traversed the States of Alabama and Georgia, and reached the banks of the Mississippi 128 years before LaSalle himself was visited by his dream of conquest.

He was an earnest Catholic, and prevailed upon the Sulpician Order to permit two of its priests to accompany him to evangelize the nomad tribes that ranged the valleys of the Ohio, the Mississippi and the great lakes. On the 6th day of July, 1669, La Salle, Fathers De Casson and Galinee, with twenty-two men in seven canoes, escorted by a party of Senecas, began the ascent of the St. Lawrence. After twenty-seven days of incessant toil, in which they suffered severely from disease and exposure, they entered lake Ontario, and coasting its Southern shore, landed on the 10th of August about four miles east of the Genesee river. He next proceeded overland to the Seneca villages, to obtain a guide to conduct the party through the unknown wilderness, that stretched in unbroken slumber between their villages and the sources of the Ohio. Failing in his request, he returned to his canoes, and paddled westward till he reached Burlington Bay. He then proceeded to the village of *Otinaowataona*, where he met the explorer Joliet returning from a fruitless expedition in search of the copper mines of lake Superior. Here LaSalle was taken ill, and leaving the two priests to proceed on their journey, he returned to Montreal. At the period of which we write, 1678, he was entering upon his second expedition to the Mississippi, and the indomitable courage, perseverance and endurance which he displayed on this expedition, mark him as one of the grandest men that ever trod the American continent. The explorer was detained at Frontenac much longer than he expected, and during his absence the Griffon was completed and safely moored two and a half miles up the river, where she could ride securely at anchor. Father Hennepin now returned to meet La Salle, and invite some Franciscan priests to accompany him on his mission to the great west. On arriving at Fort Frontenac, he received a generous welcome from his Franciscan brethren. La Salle greeted him warmly, and as a mark of his friendship for the Franciscan Order, and in return for Father Hennepin's kindness, deeded to the Recollects 18 acres of land, besides the Fort for a church, residence and cemetery, and 100 acres in the adjoining forest. This was on May 27th, 1679, and was the first Catholic church property in the Province of Ontario.*

On the return of La Salle and Hennepin, they were accompanied by three Recollect priests, Gabriel de la Ribourde, Zenobe Membre and Melithon Wattaux.† These priests were natives of Flanders, affiliated to the Spanish Recollects until Louis XIV conquered Andulasia, and made it a French province, when the Recollects came under French jurisdiction. Wattaux and Membre were in the prime of their manhood, animated with a devouring zeal for the salvation of souls, and all aglow with a generous enthusiasm for missionary work. Father Gabriel de la Ribourde,‡ the Superior of the Order in Canada, and the last scion of an old Burgundy house, was a cheerful and vigorous old man of 64, whose martial bearing was equally adapted to the struggles of the camp or the hardships of the mission-

*Gilmary Shea in his "History of the Catholic Church in the U. S.," vol. 1, p. 322, is clearly wrong when he states that La Salle deeded 4½ acres to the Recollects at Fort Niagara. No mention of this deed is found in Hennepin's works, La Salle's Journal, or in the Margry documents, and as La Salle never owned a foot of ground in the State of New York, he could not give that which was not his.

†These Recollects were members of a branch of the first Order of St. Francis. St. Francis of Assissium, was born in Umbria, Italy, in 1182; established the Franciscan Order, August 16, 1209; and died October 4, 1226. The reformed branch of the Order, known as Recollects, from their living at first in hermitages, was inaugurated by Father John Gaudaloupe in Spain, in the year 1500. The Recollects were introduced into New France by Samuel Champlain in 1615. The first mass celebrated in Canada was by one of them, Father Joseph le Caron, at Riviere des Prairies, June 24th of that year. Shea's Charlevoix, vol. ii, p. 25.

‡"Father Gabriel, who was 64 years old," writes Hennepin, "underwent all the fatigues of this voyage, and ascended and descended three times the three mountains, which are very high and steep in the place where the portage is made."

ary field, and who, if he had been a Crusader, would have swung the sword with the same courage and loyalty with which he now bore the cross through a wilderness, three thousand miles from home.

The ship which bore La Salle and the priests, carried also the anchors, sails and rigging for the Griffon, and were, with considerable trouble, dragged from Lewiston to Cayuga creek. At last the Griffon was finished; a party of men, with Father Melithon as chaplain, were left to guard the fort, and La Salle, with Hennepin, Tonty and their companions entered the vessel which sailed away with swelling canvas into the virgin waters of lake Erie. As they glided into deeper water Father Hennepin intoned the *Vexilla Regis*. His companions took it up, and to the strains of this historic hymn, the Griffon, outward bound, headed for lake Michigan.

□ The Apostolic letter of Our Holy Father to the English people is a noble and pathetic appeal to "men of good will." It calls the attention of the "prodigal son" to the love always shown him by the Father, when he was still in his Father's house, praises him for the good qualities still found in him, does not find fault with him or blame him in the least, but with the voice of the loving father exhorts him to make use of the only means to bring him home, fervent and humble prayer. He asks the Catholics of England to join him in offering up prayers for the return of England to the unity of faith. He grants "to all those who piously recite the following prayer, to whatever nation they may belong, an Indulgence of 300 days: moreover, a Plenary Indulgence once a month on the observance of the usual conditions to those who have recited it daily."

PRAYER FOR ENGLAND.

O Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God and our most gentle Queen and Mother, look down in mercy upon England thy "Dowry" and upon us all who greatly hope and trust in thee. By thee it was that Jesus, our Saviour and our hope was given unto the world; and He has given thee to us that we might hope still more. Plead for us thy children, whom thou didst receive and accept at the foot of the Cross. O sorrowful Mother! intercede for our separated brethren, that with us in the one true fold they may be united to the supreme Shepherd, the Vicar of thy Son. Pray for us all, dear Mother, that by faith fruitful in good works we may all deserve to see and praise God, together with thee, in our Heavenly home. Amen.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Miss Matilda Cummings.

What is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever come perfect days.
—J. R. LOWELL.

A PERFECT day! The words sound strange to ears that are but ill used to hearing of completeness in the things of earth. And yet why deny that there are perfect days on earth? Nature seems to revel in such in this, the month of roses-flowers above all others that seem to hold within their ruby chalices the very fullness of beauty. The rich blood red roses of June, fit type of the burning love of the Sacred Heart, to whom its sunny days are consecrated. What a delightful fitness there is in the economy of the church. 'Tis positively restful in these days of perpetual rush and trolley system to let one's mind dwell on the symmetry and perfect adaptation of rubric and ritual and dogma and discipline to the wants, nay almost the caprices of her children. May, in all the captivating beauty of the gay young spring, makes a vestal virgin feeding the fires of love at the shrines of immaculate Queen of Virgins; and now June, in its wealth of summer splendor is as a standard bearer carrying the royal colors of the King that ravishes all hearts.

Happy they whose hearts beat in union with the great heart of mother nature in these fervid days of June. Every throb of her bosom speaks of love, the motive power of the world.

Her fields and forests are teeming with fragrance. Her gardens are radiant in beauty; the sign of the rose is the watch-word of love, and its almost intoxicating perfume is shed within the enclosed garden of the sanctuary, where it dies at the feet of the Victim of Love.

The twilights of June! Would that they could be spent in the spots where one could "put his heart in sweetest tune," where one could "drink in the country with long loving look." But since the days of Eden and its "happy walks and shades," are no

longer ours, let us betake ourselves to the nearest approach to paradise on earth.

Father Faber with his characteristic generosity concedes the claim to a Jesuit novitiate. Well, we can not all be of Loyola's soldier band and so we will take his watchword, "*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*," with us into the nearest open church or chapel, and fill the twilights of June with one thought, one desire, one aim in life—reparation. Oh! how much it is needed in these days of a diabolical ingenuity in outraging the majesty of God. How much each loving Catholic heart can do to comfort the heart of Jesus in June. So appealingly does it come before us, so wistfully does its plaint fall on our ears, which turn aside from the world's great crowd, that one must needs be cold indeed not to become imbued, in even a slight degree, with the spirit of Blessed Margaret Mary when she cried out in a transport of love, "We *must* love that Sacred Heart will all our strength. Yes, we must love it and establish its empire despite all its enemies."

Who are it's enemies? Ah! that question brings back to us the scene in the upper chamber, when the chosen twelve each said in turn, "Is it I, Lord?" Let each heart repeat it in the quiet quarter of an hour before the blessed sacrament during the grace laden twilights of June.

"The world's unkindness grows with life," and so for many of us they will be a blessed time to forget how very unkind the world can be. "Blame not your faults that so things come to pass, for this is destiny." Yes, if for destiny you substitute the will of God! There's one grace that seems to be the especial blessing of advancing life. A devotion to the Providence of God, a growing affection for His Will, a feeling that

> "Ill that he blesses is our good.
> An unblest good is ill;
> And all is right that seems most wrong,
> If it be His sweet will."

It takes long to learn the lesson, it takes long to quaff the seemingly bitter draught, whose sweetness lies at the bottom, but 'tis a law of compensation that submission to the will of God more than makes up for the joys which made life almost heaven when "I was young." We smile as we say it, but very tenderly, very lovingly we revert to the days of yore, the days of Auld Lang Syne. Every loyalist loves the old regime. Now in the twilights of June let us go over the past at the feet of our Lord. He, most indulgent of Masters, will not blame us, if some tears of regret well up at the thought of the days departed, will find no fault because our hearts yearn for the loved ones who have left us to wonder, why earth can still be so beautiful in June, and they not here. Ah! No! His heart is a human one, feels for and with us, only let us not forget Him and His dear cause of reparation while sweetly and sadly dwelling on the past. 'Twere a pity if sorrow should make us selfish. Oh! No, let it broaden and elevate us, and let the world which needs us, as far as making it happier is concerned, *feel* what we are doing for it and for ourselves in the twilights of June. Sympathy is the bond of union between hearts. The deeper, the truer, the more faithful it is, the closer, the sweeter the union. Ah! let us be generous to the loving heart of Jesus. So many offend Him, so many forget Him and so many more simply ignore Him. Let us one and all draw very near to Him in the twilights of June. He will know we are before the door of his tabernacle home, even if our tongues be mute. The sense of companionship is a very cheering one. Let us not leave Blessed Margaret Mary sole mistress of the Heart of Jesus this June. Gladly will she welcome all who will share her vigil at the post of love.

When we give ourselves up to our passions we plant thorns round our heart.

Go through the whole Scriptures and thou shalt find the servants of God, men and women, all walking through the path of suffering.—St. Antonius.

Exempt from original sin, the beautiful soul of Mary never stopped, but flew unceasingly towards God, loved Him unceasingly, and believed unwaveringly in His love.

"Give me the practical Catholic, the intellectual man! Give me the man of faith! Give me the man of human power and intelligence and the higher power, divine principle and divine love! with that man, as with the lever of Archimedes, I will move the world."—Father Burke.

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Mary Angela Spellissy.

LOVE AND LOVERS.

ON a lonely evening in May the congregation were dispersing from the Church of St. Paul, at the conclusion of the devotions of that beautiful month. The pave was crowded in all the ways radiating from the church. Groups of young and old, husbands and their wives, mothers and their children, chattering girls, sweethearts and their lovers, passed each other as if all of one great family; and so they were, children of one fold, fed at the same table, offering their prayers for the needs of each other, remembering affectionately the departed souls of each bereaved household when the dead passed to life eternal. Mrs. Bryce joined Aunt Hilda and Miss Judith with the inquiry:

"Will my company be an intrusion?"

"Not at all," politely responded Aunt Hilda.

Truth compels me to acknowledge that Miss Judith gave her a severe pinch at the same minute, as an expression of her disapprobation that their hour of peaceful intercourse should be sacrificed to one less congenial.

"Where is Ethna?" inquired Miss Judith.

"Gone for a glass of soda water."

"Alone?"

"Oh, no; Mr. Stuart invited her."

"And pray, who is Mr. Stuart?"

"One of the young men who boards at the house."

"I thought so. You are the very dickens for picking up with strangers, Susanna."

"Indeed, Judith, Mr. Stuart is a gentleman."

"You don't know one when you see him. Remember your friend the Prussian diplomat who is now languishing behind the bars at Sing Sing. I don't worry on your account, but I do suffer in seeing her father's daughter in company with every stranger she meets in the *omnium-gatherum* of a boarding house. Her father would not have tolerated such a condition of affairs."

Mrs. Bryce laughed merrily as she asked:

"Wouldn't he think it awful, Judith?"

"I wish *you* had some sense of the impropriety of it."

"Indeed, Judith, I think it is all quite natural, young people are not to be locked up."

"Nor should they be allowed the companionship of the immoral, the irreligious or the doubtful. What do you know of this Scotchman?"

"He is an excellent youth, his people are well to do in a manufacturing town in Blankshire. He has a lovely father and mother, he is one of six brothers and sisters: he showed us their pictures and the photograph of their home. The garden is just like those you read of in Julia Kavanagh's stories."

"Of course Mr. Stuart is your only authority for all this."

"Judith, you are growing too suspicious for anything."

"I wish you were more so."

"Indeed Mr. Stuart is one of the nicest men I have met for a long time."

"I despise *nice* men."

"What is the matter with her, Mrs. Acton: she's awfully cross isn't she?"

"I must let Miss Judith speak for herself. I have always found her equal to any emergency."

"I want to talk to you both about Mr. Stuart, I want your opinion."

"You mean approbation, Susanna, and I have none to give. Mr. Stuart is possibly well enough as men go, but he is not a Catholic, and that is enough to make me condemn the intimacy that you have encouraged all winter. I might have known you were into some mischief when we saw so little of you."

"Indeed Mr. Stuart appears very much interested in Catholicity; he escorted Ethna to church during Lent: he has a lovely voice and learned our hymns very quickly. We have had some talks on religion and he appeared very much interested; he never knew any Catholics until he

met us. Can you lend him 'Milner's End of Controversy,' Judith?"

"I have none to lend at present, there is no use in wasting your powder, Susanna. I know more of Mr. Stuart than you do, and am not prepared to be made a party to your scheme. I tell you plainly that I have the most utter contempt for match-making."

"Why, Judith, this is very unprovoked."

"You may think so, but listen to me. I wished to spare you, but I am compelled to speak before Mrs. Acton, you can trust her prudence. I know you very well, Susanna. I comprehend the motive that prompted you to leave your lovely comfortable home where you were known and respected. You wished to marry off your daughter, and to do that you have brought her to this great city, that seethes with all that is foul to soul and body. You have placed her amidst men whose very look is insult. Since you want to see Ethna married, why did you treat so discourteously last summer the son of your old friend, when he made some visits to your house and appeared to seek Ethna's society? He is a young man of good principles and well mannered, but you had cast your maternal eyes on the swell from Chicago and considered Frank an intruder. When the summer vanished the dandy effaced himself, but not his board-bill: that remains on the books of worthy Mrs. Housekeeper, and I am out of pocket some fifty dollars, because she must postpone her payments, when her boarders default. Frank could not submit himself to a repetition of your discourteous treatment, he took himself to a family that appreciated him, and to-night he and his lovely bride knelt devoutly before me at benediction, one in faith and one in heart."

"What had he to marry on?"

"The same that your father and mine began housekeeping with, an honest heart, an intelligent head and industrious hands. God often blesses such. Frank is employed in a firm that is developing the power of electricity as a motor; he has been an earnest student of the subject, and some of his discoveries are being adopted in various companies. Frank is on the high road to prosperity; already he has achieved an enviable position in the community, and he might have been your son-in-law this minute, but for your nonsense."

"Why I never saw anything in him."

"No, Susanna, you never see worth in your neighbors, you are taken by the glitter of the dross, and dazzled by the ostentation of the fools."

"Good evening, friends, is my mother with you?" said Ethna's gleeful voice. "Isn't this a lovely night, 'the moon doth shine as bright as day.' Allow me to introduce Mr. Stuart, Mrs. Acton and Miss McLeod."

Slipping her hand within Miss Judith's arm, Ethna resigned her escort to her mother and Aunt Hilda, saying, "we girls have some secrets to discuss and will follow you."

"Miss Judith, won't you say a prayer for my intention?"

"Pray your own prayers, child."

"What is the matter, Miss Judith, are you offended with me?"

"Not at all, Ethna, I love you better than you love yourself, that's all. You know my eyes are usually open when I'm awake; I've lived too long not to know where to look for the sun when I see the shadows. I was young once and I would spare you sufferings such as I have tasted."

"Don't you like Mr. Stuart?"

"Very well outside our circle."

"He's only a friend."

"I fear you are deceiving yourself, ask the Holy Ghost to enlighten you."

"Will you come in, friends?" inquired Aunt Hilda as the party reached her door.

"Not this evening," said Mrs. Bryce, "I'll call to-morrow for that pattern, Miss Judith."

As the two friends seated themselves in their cosy little parlor, Miss Judith relieved herself of some of her irritation.

"I do not understand why Susanna Bryce follows me so persistently when she's into mischief, When we were girls I always knew that there was trouble brewing when she was particularly coaxing. She knows my aversion to her methods. In her daughter's interest she renews the follies of her youth. I have been silent all winter. I knew that she was practising on that Scotchman. Boarding-house gossip flows out like a river, and, as I am in business, I cannot avoid hearing much that I would rather know nothing of. Ethna, poor darling, is quite unconscious of her mother's arts, and unaware that her mother and herself are the talk of the neighborhood. The

mother's manœuvres keep away many young men of good repute, that *I know*. If she would but mind her own business, and refrain from making her daughter so cheap by throwing her at the head of every man she considers desirable. I know Susanna is only silly, but I am often tempted to think such people are at times more objectionable than downright rascals. She has spoiled my benediction for me."

"Not at all. Your vexation is a mark of your love, you will say a fervent prayer for both mother and daughter, thus the good shall surpass the evil."

"You are not stirred by this, Hilda, as I am, because you do not know the attendant circumstances."

"I see plainly that Mrs. Bryce evidently appreciates your good sense, and hopes to win your aid."

"I know this man better than Susanna does; he is a fine fellow as men go, he is a class-mate of my nephew. Hearing of the intimacy at the boarding house I questioned Dermot, and learned that young Stuart is the son of a red hot Presbyterian: the family have a pretty home in a manufacturing town in the north of Scotland. Archie has been gracefully reared in the bosom of a family of which he is the idol. He came here to take a course in mechanics before taking charge of a new branch in his father's works. He is canny, conceited and clever, but decidedly provincial. Ethna has been a substitute for the sisters he left at home, she and her mother have coddled and flattered the man just as his home folk did, and Archie accepted it all, for Archie loves no one so well as himself."

"You often show wonderful perception of character, Judith."

"It is a questionable gift. A business experience often confers that insight into the minds of men. People do not realize how recklessly they give themselves away."

"I confess that I cannot comprehend a mother desiring to subject her innocent girl to the promiscuous intercourse of an American boarding-house. Of course, I am accustomed to conditions so widely different that those of this country are a shock to me.

TO BE CONTINUED.

How shall we behave on great occasions if we are weak in little ones?

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

SCHOOL AND EDUCATION.

Sam and Mick met accidentally. The former had attended a meeting of the public school board.

"Mick," he said, "I have just come from a most important meeting. The members of the school board just came to the conclusion, to furnish all the children the necessary books free of charge. That's glorious. Now there can be no excuse for not sending the children, and you will see that in a short time our schools will surpass anything of the kind in the world. America beyond doubt is the most civilized nation on this earth."

"This is a regular panegyric you are preaching, Sam. The more is it a pity, that there are some people in the States who do not feel quite as much elated as you."

"Oh, I know, you Catholics have always been inveterate enemies of our public school, tho' why I cannot for the life of me say, unless it is that you insist on teaching your religion in the schools, as if it could not be taught just as well in the church."

"Go slow, Sam, go slow. You are taking things for granted which are very debatable, to say the least."

"For instance?"

"For instance, the question whether religion can be sufficiently taught outside the school."

"This is no longer debatable, experience proves it, since it is done by all Protestants."

"The question is not whether it is done, but whether it is done successfully.

"How can you doubt it? Do not the Protestants hold their own pretty well?"

"Not if we can trust the reports of the ministers and newspapers. Ever and again the question is raised how to reach the masses, and complaints are many, that especially men become more and more conspicuous in Protestant meeting houses by their absence. But since you cannot speak of religion where there is no public worship, nor any set tenets of faith, I am very much afraid the Protestants do not hold their own, but lose their hold upon the people."

"I do not at present wish to discuss this point, but supposing for the sake of argument that your charge were true, how can you blame the public school for it? There is nothing said or done in our schools calculated to keep the people from church."

"Certainly not, but on the other hand there is nothing said or done in your schools calculated to bring the people into the church, and there the fault lies. Any schooling not striving for this result is worse than useless, it is highly detrimental to the individual and the commonwealth."

"Do you really mean to say, Mick, that it is the duty, and even the foremost duty of the school, to bring a man to church?"

"Of course I do. It is not the only, but the chief obligation of the school."

"Well, that beats anything. The logical consequence of your astounding proposition would be that we could not have any public school at all, as it would be impossible to teach there the two hundred and aught religions which are in vogue in this country."

"Not as it is at present, I grant. But the loss would be a very small one, and a substitution could be made which would be of the highest importance and the most gratifying results to government and people, that is to say, the denominational schools could be transformed into public schools."

"I know, Mick, this is what the Catholics strive for, but I am sure they will not gain their point, at least not in this generation. If they persist to keep aloof from what opportunities we offer them, let them look out for themselves, and not try to compel us to educate their children in their religion for them."

"Well, Sam, this remark shows a good deal of narrowmindedness and proves that you, like so many others, are unable to see the point in question. I do not speak of the Catholics alone, but of the education of every child in the country, and what I claim for the Catholics, I equally claim for every Protestant and Jew, because education without religion is impossible."

"I cannot see that, as I said before."

"Please tell me what you understand by education, and how you would educate a child?"

"Why, education I take to be the development of the mental faculties, in order that the future man may be able to judge rationally of questions regarding government, commerce, trade, etc."

"Which mental faculties do you refer to?"

"Of course, the intellect, reason and memory."

"But has not man also a will that needs direction and development?"

"Yes, he has, but the will following the lead of the intellect will be developed by developing the intellect."

"Development in what?"

"Naturally in those branches which form the object of teaching, like reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography and the like."

"Stop now for a moment, Sam, and let us try to find out what is in your principle. You say that developing the intellect develops the will at the same time. Now suppose a boy in school is a first-class mathematician and knows his multiplication table, fractions, decimals and equations to perfection, or he has the history of the United States at his fingers ends and can give you the desired information about every river, mountain, cape and bay of the world, how will this knowledge direct his will? What deductions for practical life will he draw from it?"

"Mick, you are a trickster. You intentionally left out the principal branches of reading and writing in order to put me into the wrong. But this will not benefit you. It is in reading chiefly, and learning to develop our own thoughts and commit them to writing, that the education of our mind consists, and the branches you mentioned are only subsidiary, tho' highly useful, especially mathematics, which force the mind to think logically and yield to established laws."

"That's good enough, Sam, but a man can think very logically and still arrive at conclusions altogether wrong, because he starts from the wrong premises, in which case the better the logic, the more baneful the result. Hence, the education, in order to be proficient in good, must inculcate good principles as a starting point of thinking. Now your school books contain descriptions of landscape, sea, seasons, dogs, cats, cows and other ruminating animals, they tell us that 'Mary had a little lamb,' they describe in fluent rhyme some ad-

ventures of war, etc. Will you please tell me what follows practically from these premises?"

"Our books contain not only the things you mentioned so flippantly, they also contain the often repeated advice to shun bad and do good, to be liberal and kind and the like. Are not these principles calculated to direct the will in the proper groove?"

"They would do so if these books gave us a standard to judge what is good and what is bad. Do they do so?"

"They do not, and cannot do it, because the standards differ. We believe things allowed which you consider forbidden, and *vice versa*."

"Then all the morality your books inculcate is a vapid thing without substance. It tells you to do right, but does not tell you what is right, it cautions you against wrongdoing, but leaves it doubtful what constitutes a wrong. It has no base, no clearly defined lines, no definite scope: it is an intangible, hazy phantasmagory, a bubble that bursts whenever it is touched, and I never yet could convince myself that a bubble is a ball."

"You are unmerciful in your deductions, Mick."

"I am only logical, sir, and you yourself praised logic as a development of the mind. However, I am not through yet. What I said applies to the common elementary schools, and it is bad enough. The scoundrels who swindle and cheat the government and their fellow citizens most, were very proficient in your schools. The inmates of prisons, penitentiaries and brothels show a large quota of public school children, and, as we shall know the tree by its fruits, the results hitherto obtained by public school education are nothing to be proud of. But matters get worse when we look at the high schools and non-sectarian colleges. The principles of morality taught there are taken from pagan philosophers, chiefly Plato, and any students that give time and attention to these studies, will leave the school confirmed infidels."

"Don't go too far, Mick, in making such sweeping assertions. How many splendid men, ripe scholars and Christian gentlemen, successful ministers, or barristers, or merchants have been educated in these schools. They disprove you."

"They do not. If they escaped their studies unscathed, it was not by what was taught them then, but by the traditions and examples of homelife, or private studies at variance with their schoolbooks. They remained or became Christians, not through the schools, but in spite of them, and this is the severest condemnation that can be flung at your vaunted schools. To believers in any religious creed the public schools are death, and it is almost incredible, how this patent fact could escape the eyes of Protestant ministers. Instead of realizing the danger to themselves and their flock, they join in the general alarm and war cry, for fear the Catholics would be able to educate their children without bearing the burden of double taxation. It is literally a case of biting off one's nose to spite one's face. They are the grave diggers of their own denominations. Their churches are getting more and more empty, the younger generation becomes more and more estranged from any positive faith, and yet they fail to see the signs of the times. All right, gentlemen, just stick to your principles. Another fifty years of public schools according to the present system, and your occupation will be gone: there will be only infidels and Catholics in the country, and what this means, the French revolution of a century ago demonstrates."

"Well, Mick, your prognostications are certainly gloomy enough."

"It is the logical development of your own American premises. But their chief objection, that of a want of practical moral principles, is not the only one. I have a good many other objections to your public schools, which I am willing to discuss when we meet again. For the nonce believe me, that Catholics object to your schools, not because they are not in their hands, but through an earnest regard for the present and future well-being of their children. Morality is interlinked with religion so that the two are inseparable. The pagan countries of Greece and Rome show what becomes of a morality divorced from religion, and history repeats itself, because human nature remains the same, if left to itself. The nursery rhyme taught to the babe-class of elementary schools in Germany: 'With God begin, with God do end, to God all earthly things shall tend,' contains more sound morality than you get in your public schools through all its grades. Good-bye for the present."

A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE.

Catholicism stands like a rock, one of the most wonderful of human institutions in its continuity, its adaptability to human nature, its power over the minds of men. Those outside its influence can estimate the peace and joy which its communion brings only by seeing its effect on those within. Possibly Protestantism of the highest sort has a hard fight before it. There must be something wrong when so many of the noblest minds have, within the last fifty years, left its ranks and put their reason under the yoke of Catholicism. If Protestantism is permanently to withstand the attracting influence of its great rival, it must perhaps become more definitely based upon principle, not upon the maintenance of the prestige of any one or other of its churches, or adherence to any particular creed; it must prove itself a religion of the heart and daily life, not alone or the schoolmen and the Sabbath.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Favors Received for the New Hospice.

Cancelled postage stamps have been received from the following persons, and are herewith gratefully acknowledged: Ven. Sr. M. G., Fredericton, N. B.; Miss D. B., Wallaceburg, Ont.; Miss M. T. K., Putnam, Conn.; Miss J. C., Bethany, N. Y.; Mrs. J. H., North Hartland, N. Y.; Ven. Sr. M. of M., Montreal, P. Q.; Miss L. M. C., Rivervale, N. J.; W. C. S., Paterson, N. J.; E. F., Penetanguishene, Ont.; Ven. Srs. of C., Santa Cruz, Cal.; J. S., Findlay, Ohio; Miss M. C., Englewood, N. J.; L. F. R., London, Ont.; J. L., Paterson, N. J.; Miss M. H., Lyndon Station, Wis.; Miss E. B., Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss A. E. C., Lockport, N. Y.; Miss M. C. O'H., Brookline, Mass.; Miss M. M. O'D., Admaston, Ont.; J. H., and M. E. M., Dorchester Station, Ont.; Mrs. A. C., Hazelwood, Minn.; Rev. Srs. de N. D., Misconche, P. E. I.; M. W., Seaforth, Ont.; Miss M. St. A., Wallaceburg, Ont.; P. C., Acton Vale, P. Q.; Mrs. B. L., New York City; Misses T. and F. R., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss K. McD., New York City; D. McS., Canton, Mass.; W. R., Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. B. S., Chicago, Ill.; and several unknown sources.

OBITUARY.

Our readers are asked to remember in their charity the souls of the following: Mrs. Lane, who was buried at Boston, Mass., March 26th; Mrs. Sarah Hunt, who died after three days' illness, March 27th, at New York City; Mrs. Mary McNerny, who died March 8th, at Pawtucket, R. I.; Timothy Regan, who died suddenly at Logan, Ont.; Mrs. Margaret Fitzgibbon, one of our faithful workers, who departed this life April 7th, at Kinkora, Ont.; John Maher, who died at Boston, Mass., January 27th, 1895; Chas. McCall, who died suddenly at Falls View, Ont., April 30th, 1895; Edward Smith, who died at Toronto, April 6th, 1895; Sr. Mary Benedicta Coughlin, who departed this life at Toronto, strengthened by the last Sacraments, April 8th, in the 25th year of her age, and the sixth of her religious life. R. I. P.

PETITIONS.

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our charitable readers: 11 cures; reform of 7 persons addicted to excessive use of liquor; 10 temporal favors; 8 conversions; employment for 8 persons; 2 parents, 2 families, 32 spiritual favors; 16 special requests; all the students of our Order and several other students; also the temporal and spiritual welfare of our benefactors and readers, and the progress of the Hospice.

Our Lady's Own.

Names have been received for the Registry of the Scapular Confraternity from San Petro, Hana, H. I.; Mainadieau, N. S.; St. Joachim's Church, Ruscon River, Ont.; Drayton, Ont.; Seaforth, Ont.; St. Joseph's Church, Snyder, Ont.; Lake Ainslie Chapel, N. S.; St. Mary's Assumption Church, Herndon, Kas.; St. Peter's Church, Memphis, Tenn.; Glendale, N. S.

At St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J., from St. Patrick's Church, Valley Falls, R. I.; Good Shepherd Convent, Troy, N. Y.; Holy Name Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City, N. J.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Trenton, N. J.; St Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa.; Holy Trinity Church, St. John's, N. B.; St. Joseph's Church, Trenton, N. J.; St. John, the Evangelist's Church, New York.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from Menominee Ill., Franciscan Convent, Trenton, N. J.; University, St. Louis, Mo.; Carbondale, Pa.; Herman, Mo.; Holy Rosary Church, Minneapolis, Minn.; Chester, Pa.; Evoca, Pa.

What human dignity is equal to the dignity of the ministers of God?

Adulation to power and arrogance to poverty mark a plebeian in mind as well as in origin.

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, ONT., JULY, 1895. NO. 7

THE CHILD OF CARMEL'S QUEEN.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

SHE knelt within the altar rail
Before our Lady's shrine:
The waxen tapers glimmered pale
About the Queen divine:
Whilst, (o'er the maiden bending down),
The priest with whisper'd prayer,
In Mary's livery of brown,
Vested her client fair.

II.

Long lingering near our Mother's throne,
She prayed and sighed unseen:
"O Mary! I am all thine own.
The child of Carmel's Queen!"
And thro' the night, with strange delight,
She touched that symbol blest,
Or shyly kiss'd the ribbons white
That held it on her breast.

III.

Ah! many a long and weary day
Has passed since that glad morn.
The holy priest sleeps 'neath the clay,
The girl is ag'd and worn;
But still she wears her livery brown,
Still sighs, (tho' changed her mien):
"O Mary! I am all thine own,
The child of Carmel's Queen!"

TO OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.

SOFTLY murmurs a mystical cadence
Of beautiful melody,
And it breathes like the zephyrs of Carmel,
Sweet thoughts, gentle Mother, of thee;
And oh! what a silvery radiance,
As fair as the evening star,
Shines forth through the clouds of my spirit
From shadowless skies afar.

II.

I lift up my eyes to its beauty,
It gladdens their longing gaze,
And I walk in the light of its beaming,
The path of its guiding rays;
'Tis the star gleam of Mary shining,
The gift of maternal love,
And it soothes all the pains of exile
With hope of the gladness above.

III.

As I gaze through the long past vista,
Of grace in the dear dead years,
There is ever a shrine of our Lady
Shining fair through a mist of tears;
She was there in the dawn of morning,
When the sky was of cloudless blue,
And e'en in the shadowy twilight,
So faithful and loving and true.

IV.

But now, O my Queen of Mt. Carmel,
I feel more than ever thine,
And around me in joy and sorrow
Thy love and compassion entwine;
When shadows of death gather round me,
Like twilight so dim and grey,
Shine forth, O thou star of my spirit,
Fair herald of golden day.

V.

And after this mournful exile,
Sweet Mother, the dearest, the best,
Show forth to my gaze thy Jesus,
Afar in His kingdom of rest:
There is joy for each day of mourning,
For suffering eternal balm,
When we gaze on the glorious vision
Of thee and of God and the Lamb.

In grateful remembrance of being made a "Child of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel."

May, 1895.

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,

Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER VI.

CONTINUED.

IT will not be out of place to call attention to the motives which induced McMaster to render public charity to the Holy Father, to religious communities, and priests, etc. He knew that the charity which tends most to the public good, is the most meritorious in the sight of God. So whenever occasion presented itself for rendering public charity, he never hesitated to call on his readers to contribute.

Moreover, he knew that the Lord is merciful in various ways to us for the charity which we show even *to the least* of his brethren on earth. By saying "to the least of these my brethren," he gives us to understand that there is another class of his brethren who are great in his sight, and whom he loves most tenderly. Now, if God bestows such great blessings upon those who are charitable *to the least of the brethren* of Jesus Christ, how much more abundantly will he not bestow his blessings upon those who are charitable to his great friends! Those who show themselves very charitable to the friends of God, to the pastors of souls, to missionary and religious priests, and in general to all those who have consecrated themselves for ever to the service of God and their neighbor, shall be blessed in a still more extraordinary manner. The Holy Ghost calls our particular attention to this great truth when He says in Holy Scripture (Ecclus. xii., 1, 2.): "If thou do good, know to whom thou doest it, and there shall be much thanks for thy good deeds. Do good to the *just*, and thou shalt find great recompense: and if not of him, *assuredly of the Lord.*" To the just, especially to those of them who are eminently so, may be applied what the angel of the Lord said of John the Baptist, namely, that "he was great before God." (Luke i., 15.) The reason of this is, because Jesus Christ lives in the just by His grace. "I live, now not I," says Saint Paul, "but Christ liveth in me." (Galat., ii., 20.) Hence, whatever is given to a just man is given to Christ Himself in a more special manner. To show this in reality, Christ has often appeared in the form and clothing of a poor man, and as such begged and received alms. This happened to John the Deacon, as is related in his life by St. Gregory. The same saint relates also (Hom. xxxix., in Evang.,) that Jesus Christ, in the form of a leper, appeared to a certain monk named Martyrius, who carried Him on his shoulders. The same happened to St. Christopher. Also to St. Martin, Bishop of Tours; when he was still a soldier, and receiving instruction for admission into the Catholic Church, he gave one half of his mantle to a poor man. The following night, Jesus Christ appeared to him, wearing his mantle, and said to the angels who surrounded Him: "Behold, this is Martin, who gave me this mantle."

"He that receiveth a just man, in the name of a just man, (that is, for the reason of being just), shall receive the reward of a just man: and he that receiveth you (*i. e.*, the apostles, or their followers, religious, etc.,) receiveth me, and he that receiveth me, receiveth Him that sent me.

"He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet, shall receive the reward of a prophet." (Matt. x., 41-42.) He who receives a prophet, says our Lord—that is, he who receives a true prophet, a true preacher of the Gospel—will receive the reward of a true preacher. The reason of this is, because by this charitable aid he contributes towards the spreading of the Gospel, and therefore, as he thus shares in the labor and in the merits of the Gospel, he must also share in the reward promised to the true ministers of God: and this reward is always in proportion to the charitable aid he gives in spreading the Gospel. "A willow tree," says St. Gregory, "bears no fruit, but, supporting as it does the vine together with its grapes, it makes these its own by sustaining what is not its own." (Hom. xx., in Evang.) In like manner, he who supports the just man makes his own

those works of righteousness which are performed by the righteous man, thus doing through him what is righteous; and he who supports the true minister of the Gospel, the missionary priest, preaches and prophesies through him, hears confession through him, converts sinners through him, consoles the sick through him, encourages the desperate through him, confirms the just in their good resolutions through him: in a word he sanctifies the world through him, and is, through him, the cause that the Most Precious Blood of Jesus Christ is not shed in vain: and he gladdens, through him, the angels and saints in heaven, and especially the Sacred Hearts of Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary.

On this account, St. Ignatius, in his epistle to the Smyrnians, rightly concludes from the above-mentioned sentence of Christ on the last day, that he who honors a prisoner of Christ will receive the reward of the martyrs, because by honoring such a prisoner he encourages him to suffer martyrdom. For this reason, many Christians formerly merited the grace of martyrdom, because they encouraged, fed, served, and buried the martyrs. In like manner we lawfully infer from the aforesaid sentence of Christ, that those who receive and aid doctors, apostles of the Church, pastors of souls, missionary priests and religious persons, will receive the reward of doctors, of apostles, of the pastors of souls, of missionaries and religious persons.

Finally, McMaster knew also quite well that there are degrees in this well-doing. The more just a man is both for himself and others, the more souls he leads to justice, to holiness of life, the greater will be his reward, and consequently the greater also will be the reward of him who assists such a just man. "They that instruct many to justice, shall shine as stars from all eternity." (Dan., xii., 3.) To whom can these words of Holy Scripture be applied more truly than to fervent pastors of souls and missionary priests? They devote their whole life to the salvation of souls, in much labor and penance. There is nothing more pleasing in the sight of God than laboring for the salvation of souls. "We cannot offer any sacrifice to God," says St. Gregory, "which is equal to that of the zeal for the salvation of souls." "This zeal and labor for the salvation of men," says St. John Chrysostom, "is of so great a merit before God, that to give up all our goods to the poor, or to spend our whole life in the exercise of all sorts of austerities, cannot equal the merit of this labor. This merit of laboring in the vineyard of the Lord is something far greater than the gift of working miracles. To be employed in this blessed labor is even more pleasing to the Divine Majesty than to suffer martyrdom." Hence McMaster felt extremely happy when he could assist such saintly and zealous souls. He complied in an eminent degree with the command which our Lord gave us when He said: "So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven." Matt. v., 16.)

But our journalist complied not less faithfully with what our Lord told us when He said: "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thy alms be in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee." Matt vi., 3-4.

"His charity bestowed in secret upon the poor," says Mr. M. F. Egan, "always kept him poor." When he went to the market to buy certain articles, he used to buy them from the poor. On the day of his last Christmas on earth, he expressed the wish that whatever money he had remaining in the bank should be given away in charity, and given where it was most needed. On hearing that the amount was about $500, he replied that he had not always had that amount to dispose of, but that when he had, he considered it his duty to give it in alms. And, indeed, how much money has he not spent as honoraiy for Masses for the souls in purgatory, and other charitable purposes! We are a witness of this charity to his neighbor.

"If it is not in your power to give even a little," says St. Alphonsus, "then recommend your neighbor to God, by saying at least a Hail Mary for him." I remember a charitable woman, who, when she had nothing to give to the poor, made, in winter, a large fire for them, that they might be able to warm themselves. There are many charitable persons, who, not having any means of their own to assist the poor, or the priest, in building churches, hospitals, asylums, and school-houses, beg

the means of others to assist them, and bear patiently, for the sake of Christ, and the poor, the insults they receive on many occasions. "Be, therefore, merciful according to thy ability," said Tobias to his son: "if thou have much, give abundantly: if thou have little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little." (Tob. iv: 8, 9.) but with the generous will to give more if you were able: thus the liberality of your heart will prevail upon the liberality of God to give you more: because the Lord will not suffer Himself to be outdone in liberality. "If any one," said our Lord to St. Gertrude, "desires, for the love of me, to perform a good work, but, for the want of means, cannot accomplish it, I will so esteem the purity of his intention as to consider it as if it had really been carried into effect: and even if he never commences what he wishes to undertake, he will not fail to obtain the same reward from me as if he had accomplished the work, and had never committed the least negligence in the matter." (Life and Revelat.)

O the great goodness of God, who receives the good will for the deed! Who can, then, have a lawful excuse if he be deprived of the abundant blessings which the Lord has in store for the charitable, both in this world and in the next?

What a happiness to be able to give! "It is a more blessed thing to give, than to receive!" (Acts xx., 35.) What a happiness to have opportunities to imitate the charity, mercy and liberality of your Heavenly Father. Every little charitable contribution will add to the beauty of your soul: it will render your prayers more powerful: it will multiply your temporal goods a hundred-fold: it will cancel your sins and temporal punishments due to them: every little alms will avert from you God's anger: the sacrifice of propitiation and praise of your charitable donations will cause great joy in heaven: it will be for you a subject of consolation in the hour of death: it will inspire you with great confidence in Jesus Christ your Eternal Judge, and gloriously prevail upon Him to pronounce sentence in your favor; every little contribution will give you one more claim on heaven: it will be one more precious stone wherewith to adorn your palace in paradise: it will bring you nearer to the delightful company of the great Saints, the noble children of God in heaven: there, in reward for your charity, you will shine like the sun, exclaiming with all the saints in joyful accents: "Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor, and power, and strength to our God for ever and ever." (Apocal. vii., 12.)

END OF CHAPTER VI.

OUR LADY OF CARMEL.

BY VERY REV. PIUS R. MAYER, O.C.C.

Carmel, "The Woods of God, or the Garden of God."

HOW many reminiscences does not the very name awaken! Like a spur of the famous Lebanon the promontory projects into the Mediterranean sea. Olives and laurel skirt its base, oak and pine crown its summit. Abundant waters diffuse themselves over its pasture grounds and fields, rendering it at once one of the most fertile spots and one of the most enchanting views. Hundreds of caves big and small pierce its limestone, affording shelter to the husbandman and his cattle, refuge to the fugitives, and homes to the recluse. Can we therefore wonder that Carmel in the Sacred Scriptures stands for the type of beauty and bountiful blessing, or its devastation as the figure of the divine chastisements? In Isaiah xxxv., 2, the reign of the Messiah is compared to the beauty of Carmel, and in the Canticle of canticles (vii., 5) the bride herself, on account of the beauty of her head, is likened to Carmel.

The shape, environment, and fertility of the mountain are in themselves reason sufficient to arrest the gaze and rivet the attention of the beholder, but there are besides historical reasons to render the mountain sacred, surrounded by the halo of sanctity, and pointing it out as a fountain of grace. Even before the division of Solomon's kingdom, the God-inspired seers of old were wont to retire to Carmel for the

purpose of communing with God. But when the Thesbite gathered the scattered sons or disciples of his predecessors, and founded on Mount Carmel the first school of prophets, the fountain of Elias supplied not only the water for slaking the thirst of bodies, but a spiritual fountain sprang up, changing the desert of souls into a blooming garden, laden with the fruits of holiness, and diffusing its sprays of hope and patient desire over the downtrodden chosen people.

A large cave 60 feet long and 45 feet wide was the cradle of this school. There the promise of a Redeemer, made in paradise, was elucidated: there the adepts were told that personal sanctity, intercessory prayer, and fervent desire might accelerate the fulfilment of the promise, and an anticipated "*Rorate, coeli desuper*," rose from the assembled prophets.

Hence we need not be surprised that God, in answer to so many aspirations, gave a sign. Elias sees rising out of the sea a little cloud shaped like a man's foot, and inspired by the Holy Ghost, he knows it to be not only a sign of the rain promised to Achab, but a token of the immaculately conceived Virgin, who rises pure out of the contaminated mankind, a pledge of the coming redemption. The signal is given. Henceforth the sons of the prophets centre their aspirations in the future Mother of the Messiah, and as prophet succeeds prophet, as the prophecies become clearer and more pointed, as the time of fulfilment approaches, their hopes grow stronger, their longing more intense, their prayers more fervent.

Could it be otherwise, after Achaz had been told: "The Lord Himself shall give you a sign. Behold a virgin shall conceive and shall bring forth a Son, whose name shall be Emmanuel, that is, God with us?" Could they sigh for the coming Redeemer without yearning for His Mother? Could they pray that the second Adam would retrieve the lot of fallen mankind, without looking for the second Eve, who in an eminent sense was to be the mother of all the living?

Thus there is a nucleus of devotees of our Lady of Carmel anticipating her veneration, and this nucleus at the same time foreshadows, as far as possible in the Old Law, the highest flower of devotion—religious life. For these sons of the prophets formed a community under an acknowledged superior: they had their devotions in common, and the traditions of their school were as sedulously guarded and as conscientiously handed down as the constitutions of any religious Order of the New Law. Why should this not be so? As everything else of the New Law found its figure and type in the Mosaic dispensation, so the prophetic school prefigures the perfect abandonment of man to God, which is the essence of religious life.

As the plenitude of time approached, God revealed the fact to some of these sons of the prophets, and by them the joyful tidings were communicated to St. Ann, the mother of the Blessed Virgin. It would indeed be difficult to picture the transports of delight engendered by these news. What they had so long and ardently prayed for, their own eyes should behold realized. Their own gaze should fasten upon the morning dawn, heralding the rising of the Sun of justice. From this time the intercourse between Nazareth and Mount Carmel was not only frequent and amiable, but it was the intercourse between a sovereign Lady and her vassals. Deeply interested in the weal or woe of the favored persons, the sons of the prophets never for a moment lost sight of the fact that it was the Mother of the Redeemer of the world and its co-redemptrix, they were privileged to see and to speak to. And the more the extraordinary graces became patent, which God showered upon his child, the more tender and reverential their affection for her grew. They anticipated the Magnificat: "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

When the holy night saw the birth of the Saviour, and angelic hosts announced the glad tidings to the shepherds in Bethlehem, they spoke to Essenians, and these Essenians stood to the sons of the prophets, the hermits of Mount Carmel, in the same relation as a third Order does now to the first Order. Consequently the inhabitants of Carmel were soon apprised of the occurrence, and the "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will" resounded in the caves of Carmel.

The years pass; the hermits are witnesses of the hidden life in Nazareth, of the public appearance of the Messiah, of the catastrophe of Golgotha. They fully under-

stand the heroism of the sorrowful Mother and the deep significance of the "Son, behold thy Mother." Tenderness, sympathy, gratitude and love, all combine to render Mary dearer and dearer to them, if such a thing were possible. The sermon of St. Peter on Pentecost finds them attentive listeners, and the waters of Baptism, there and then received, transform the hermits into a Christian community, the shadow yields to light, the type finds its complement, and the Mother of Jesus for them is no longer the Mother of a promised Redeemer; she has become their own Mother, because in giving birth to redemption beneath the cross, she bore also them as branches of the true vine. This filial love finds expression in the erection of a sanctuary on the heights of Carmel, dedicated to Mary in the year 38, during her lifetime. *It was the first church in the world, in her honor.*

Vicissitudes of life come. The persecution of the synagogue and the Roman empire thins their ranks, drives them for a time from their asylum on Carmel. Hundreds die for the faith, but their ranks close again, their numbers are replenished, and the tradition is kept alive, according to which their chief object of life is the veneration of the Blessed Virgin, Our Lady of Carmel. Pilgrims visiting the sepulchre of Our Lord are sure to visit also the hermits of Carmel, for, as Jerusalem enlivens their faith and love for Our Lord, so Carmel nourishes their devotion to Mary.

The conquest of the holy land by Arabs, and later the Turks, gave occasion to the Crusades. Some of the Crusaders remained in the holy land, joined the hermits on Mt. Carmel, and owing to the difference of nationality, education and aspiration transformed the eremitical into a cenobitic life, electing St. Berthold their first Latin General in 1156; but since the victories of the Crusaders were soon changed into defeats, and life in Palestine became impossible to the Religious of Mount Carmel through the persecution of the Mohammedans, they resolved to leave Palestine and settle in Europe.

The years from 1238 to 1244 saw the foundation of monasteries of the Carmelites on the Isles of Cyprus and Sicily, in England and France. Pope Innocent IV in 1245, counted them among the mendicant Orders, and in 1247, approved the rule of the "Order of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel."

No good work was ever successfully accomplished in this world without opposition, and the Carmelite Order experienced its full share of it. So much so in fact, that its very existence was for a time threatened. St. Simon Stock, the General of the Order, in this extremity did not try to secure help from the mighty ones of the world, he addressed himself to the Blesssd Virgin, praying for a token of her protection. Our Lady of Carmel did not remain deaf to his fervent appeals, she gave him and through him to the Catholic world the Brown Scapular of Mount Carmel.

At the same time she appeared to the Pope, commanding him to announce authentically her favor, and be favorable to her Order. Like the sun breaking through the clouds and dispelling the gloom, this revelation changed matters for the Carmelites. Their enemies were silenced, their friends exulted, the devotees of Mary felt themselves bound to them by a mystic link. They hastened to enroll themselves under this new banner of their Queen, and to wear her livery in order to enjoy the privileges attached to it. Also the membership of the Order increased so rapidly, that in a very short time its monasteries dotted all Europe, so that it was said a pilgrim might start on foot from Norway for Rome, and spend every night of his journey in a Carmelite monastery.

But since even the Church of God has its vicissitudes, sees its times of ebb and tide, mourns to-day over the defection of some of her children, rejoicing the next day over new accessions to her ranks, we are not surprised to see also this old and favored Order share in the drawbacks of the world.

The western schism inflicted upon it a deep wound, of which it never fully recovered. The great apostasy of the sixteenth century involved hundreds of its monasteries in the general ruin. Those that escaped for the time, fell victims to the thirty years' war, or later still, to the French Revolution, the Russian persecutions, the rapacity of Italy and Spain, and the hatred of France. Thus this strong tree was shorn of its principal limbs, and it bore the aspect of a trunk withered by lightning. Yet as the Blessed Virgin

assured St. Peter Thomas, the vitality of this trunk is indestructible, because it blossoms under the ægis of the Scapular. Slowly it recovers from all the blows, and even pinching poverty can but retard its progress.

Wherever there is a Carmelite monastery, it forms the natural centre of the devotion to Our Lady of Carmel, and especially the feast of the Scapular, the historical anniversary day of the first apparition of the Blessed Virgin to St. Simon Stock, is solemnized with all the pomp at command. The confessionals are thronged, the number of communicants is surprising, the churches hardly hold the people, flocking to the devotions of the Confraternity of the Scapular.

To see these manifestations of an ever-increasing love of Our Lady of Mount Carmel on the part of the faithful, we need not migrate to the Old World, we have the proofs in our very midst. In 1864 two friars of Mount Carmel arrived on American soil, without patronage, without money, strangers to the English tongue. In thirty years they increased to nine monasteries, with a membership of about 120. Of every one of their churches it is true that it forms the natural centre of devotion to Our Lady of Carmel.

Since our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., extended to the Carmelite churches the privileges of the Portiuncula, the circles are getting wider and wider, the interest taken by the people and clergy is intensified, and questions innumerable are asked by those who are not content with the general information of the people but wish to know the exact tenor and extent of the obligations and favors of the Scapular, the Sabbatine privilege, the Third Order of Mount Carmel, etc.

To satisfy these queries and to spread, as in duty bound, the devotion of Our Lady, the White Friars, at Falls View, Ontario, publish since January, 1893, a monthly, CARMELITE REVIEW, and the rapidly increasing number of suscribers, as well as the unsolicited encomiums of the press, prove that the venture was a timely one, and will prove a successful one. It does not, therefore, savor of arrogance if we recommend this periodical to all the clients of Our Lady, the more so, as the annual subscription of one dollar places it within the reach of all.

Everything bad and reprehensible nowadays is ventilated in the press. Why should not also the good use the same channel, to reach the multitude, edify them, and thus stem the tide of corruption emanating from the secular press? Mary, with her Son, has been a stumbling-block for thousands, but also the redemption of thousands. Who will count the number of those who, by means of the Scapular, were recalled from infidelity or indifference, who were rescued from the very jaws of hell on their death-bed? Who can count those who were defended in peril of soul and body by this Scapular? No wonder, then, that the Scapular, like the Rosary, has long surpassed the limits of a mere private devotion, but has become an important factor in the life of the Church. At least one hundred millions, about one-half of the members of the Church, wear the Scapular to-day, and the number is constantly on the increase. The more willingly the people enroll themselves under the livery of the Blessed Virgin, the more powerful her intercession will be, and it will be found by every devout wearer of the Scapular, that Our Lady of Mount Carmel still holds herself bound by her promises, that the Scapular still is what it always has been, "a sign of her Confraternity, a safeguard in danger, a token of everlasting alliance," and that he that piously dies in this Scapular will not suffer hell-fire.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

SCHOOL AND EDUCATION.—II.

"Since our last discussion, Mick, I thought a good deal of your assertion, that morality is interlinked with religion, so that the two are inseparable. You gave pagan Rome and Greece as an example of what became of morality when divorced from religion. Now, it seems to me, that these examples are badly chosen, because Rome and Greece based their morals upon their religion, and when we charge them with immorality we necessarily lay the charge to their religion, or if we consider their morality as

distinct from and independent of their religion, it would prove that morality without religion can exist."

"Don't go too fast. We have to distinguish between the different epochs of history. As long as religion was the mainspring of action in Rome and Greece, morality existed as far as it could exist in paganism, but as soon as religion lost its hold upon these nations, the moral depravity became such, that their own pagan authors had no excuse, but only satire in describing it, and there are writers of the time in sufficient number to prove, that even the pagan felt convinced that there was no remedy on earth, only a God could save mankind. Hence these pagans understood what the American seem unable to understand, that religion alone can give us morality."

"Your charge is over-drawn. We have thousands of churches and ministers and spend millions of dollars annually for religious purposes. This proves the high value we set on religion."

"But at the same time you rob your children of the opportunity of availing themselves of this religion, by giving them a purely secular education."

"I cannot see the connection. The public school will not prevent them from having religion."

"Yes, it will, as experience proves. The child is the father of the man. 'Happy those who bear the yoke of the Lord from their youth,' says the Bible. But in your system, the child does not do this; on the contrary, by carefully avoiding all reference to religion in schools, the children are trained to look upon religion as a secondary and gratuitous matter, whilst secularism holds the sway. Indifferentism and materialism are the necessary outcome of such a training, education I cannot call it, and the result, as I mentioned before, is to empty your meeting houses, and to swell the flood of immorality, which threatens to engulf this country."

"You say you cannot call our schooling education. Now, if it is not education, I would like to know what it is?"

"It is instruction, pure and simple. A development so one-sided that it works mischief."

"In what way?"

"Supposing a man plants a tree, but he intends that this tree should have branches only toward the North, West and South, whilst on the East side he would lop off any shoot as soon as it appeared. What would be the result? If the tree lived at all, it would be an unsightly caricature, and this is just what you do with your children. You develop intellect, reason and memory and carefully shut out the heart, the will, and the consequence is a caricature."

"But surely you will admit yourself that the state cannot teach the two hundred and ought religions in the country. This certainly would be a caricature of teaching."

"True enough, and therefore the state should not teach at all, unless requested to do so by those who alone have the right and the duty of educating children, viz: the parents."

"Do you deny the right of the state to educate?"

"I do. The state cannot educate. It can, at most, instruct, and it has no right to force its own instruction upon people that do not want it. Hence I would only admit the right of the state to provide instruction for those who prefer it to any other arrangement."

"What do you understand by education as distinguished from instruction?"

"Education consists in the forming of a man's character, impressing from his earliest youth certain guiding principles, which will mould his way of thinking and determine his actions. Instruction or illiteracy are but minor points in this education. A child may be an analphabet and yet well educated: it may, on the other side, be a prodigy of learning and yet uneducated, as is the case, unfortunately, with so many now a-days."

"Your kind of education, Mick, is the duty of the parents, the school cannot help in this."

"You are mistaken. Undoubtedly it is the duty of the parent to educate the children, and this education must commence the moment of conception, but if the parents are unable or unwilling to educate the child throughout by themselves, the church and the school have to take a hand in it, and it is the inalienable right of the parents to say which church and which school shall occupy their place. Any other measure infringes upon a natural right, and

therefore is an outrage. The school can aid very materially in this education, because reading, history, composition, etc., can be chosen with reference to a moral lesson, and in close alliance with parental admonition and religious tenets, and only if all the factors co-operate harmoniously will the result be satisfactory."

"Your assertion, Mick, that education has to commence at the moment of conception is most astounding. How, in the name of common sense, can you educate a child yet unborn?"

"In exactly the same way in which the soil is chosen and prepared for the different kinds of plants. Only under favorable circumstances will a plant reach its full development, if set in poor soil it will be stunted. Experience proves abundantly that the offspring of licentious people are licentious themselves, the children of drunkards are inclined to drink, the children inherit scrofula, consumption, insanity, melancholy, etc. As, therefore, the children receive from the parents moral and physical deformities, in order to raise good children it is necessary that the parents in the moment of conception be free of any vices, that can and would be transmitted, and thus the principal part of the education is accomplished, viz.: a good foundation for it is laid."

"Well, Mick, I cannot deny that there is a good deal of truth in what you say. But you will admit that in numerous instances the children of good parents turn out badly, and very badly. How do you account for this?"

"It just proves what I said all along, that home, church and school have to unite their efforts in order to produce satisfactory and lasting success in education. The children you speak of had in them the material of first-class Christians and citizens, but they were neglected. The principles inculcated by the parents were not sustained, or openly contradicted by the school, thus scepticism was thrown into the mind of the child, it was practically taught to look upon the advice of home as an old-fashioned idea, that was long ago superseded by the brilliant light of 19th century learning. This feeling is also transferred to religious teaching, and thus the cockle overruns the wheat and destroys the crop."

"But where is the remedy?"

"The remedy is in denominational schools, whose teaching is in full accord with the religious and worldly principles and views of the parents. These schools of necessity develop the will, and by doing so give a proper direction to the intellect and proper storage to the memory—they educate, whilst your schools only instruct."

"Supposing, however, your views would be adopted, it would be the death knell of the public schools, and this is a pill you cannot make us swallow."

"This pill would not be so bitter, if the States had a sense of justice and fairness, and would adopt the Canadian system."

"What system is that? I plead ignorance in the matter."

"The system is a very simple one. Every taxpayer pays his school taxes to the school to which he sends his children, be it the secular, Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, or whatever school. All these schools are public schools, their teachers are examined by the government, their school boards are recognized by the state, allowed to assess the school taxes, raise loans, give mortgages, and also to collect the school taxes by process of law. The government inspectors visit all these schools periodically, examine the children, report to the government, and the government distributes its school grants according to the proficiency. This system is fair and just."

"But is it also successful as to the standard of learning?"

"They are successful in every way. Their instruction as a rule is superior to that in the public schools, as the exhibits at the Chicago exposition conclusively proved. They are by far more economical, in a good many cases the cost being scarcely 50 per cent. of that of the public schools. They are more moral, because a stricter discipline both during hours of instruction and recess is exercised, and they come far nearer to the ideal standard of a school than all your redoubtable public schools."

"This is a regular panegyric on denominational schools. I doubt, however, its accuracy. How many brilliant men and women have graduated in our public schools. Can you show a proportionate number in sectarian schools?"

"Not only this, but wherever there is a fair competitive examination for high

schools, grammar schools, cadetships in West Point or Annapolis, there the pupils of sectarian schools scored grand victories over their competitors from public schools."

"That your schools are managed more economically I know, but your insinuation of the grosser immorality of our public schools I look upon as an insult to them."

"Because you probably misunderstand my meaning. I do not say that teachers or books inculcate immorality, but there is no supervision outside of school hours. And where all classes of children congregate there are always some bad ones, who infect and seduce the others, as experience proves."

"This same charge might be brought against private schools."

"No, sir, because all the children there belong to the same religion. The moral laws of their religion consequently can be and are enforced in theory and practice, and this forms an efficient counterpoise against the vicious inclinations of a few. The records of both schools prove this to a demonstration."

"Then you maintained that your schools came far nearer to the ideal standard of a school than ours. What do you mean by this?"

"A school, in my opinion, is not to be judged by the actual amount of positive knowledge gained, but its proper mission is to put the children on the road to acquire knowledge, to give them the positive instruction needed for the purpose, viz: the three "Rs," and to teach them to observe, to digest their observations, forming them into judgments, and applying the criterion of revealed truth to the result of their own mental work, as it is by these means that characters are formed. Now, the Catholic schools do this as far as possible, whilst in your public schools there is a superficial cramming process, and the efficiency of a school is judged by the number of school-books, and all the "ologies" and "isms" presented. This standard is absolutely false, and these schools would be far more efficient if they dropped one-half of their branches, teaching the other half more thoroughly."

"Well, well, I see your friendship for our schools is not very great."

"No, certainly not, but my opposition is the more avowed, and it would be a happy day for the American youth if others could see the point, as I do. Good-bye."

A Letter from Spain.

To the Editor Carmelite Review.

VERY REV. FATHER:

THE "May" number has followed me in my journeys northwards, and altho' through my own fault a few typographical errors crept into my article, still I feel grateful for its insertion.

I have delayed in this cathedral city, to visit the Carmelite convents and churches, as both branches of the Order are represented, as well as to pay a visit to the cloister of its Basilica and contemplate the statue of the distinguished philosopher, Father James Balmes, which adorns its patio. Afterwards I intend to visit Our Lady's Sanctuary of "Santa Maria de Ripoll," a magnificent Benedictine monastery recently restored. Then I shall go to Olot, where the Carmelite Fathers were again re-established within the last three years.

Will you please, in the July number, include in the obituary list the name of *Sr. Don Jaime Codinach*, of Olot, Spain, the respected father of the Very Rev. Fr. Carmelo Codinach, O. C. C., professor of philosophy at the Carmelite College of Candete. Don Jaime died on the 31st of December, 1894.

R. I. P.

I have a personal request, to ask your kind readers to pray for my intentions during July and August, and if it please Almighty God to hear my prayers and to grant my request, through the patronage of Our Blessed Mother, invoked by the pious readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW, I promise to have three masses said in the three principal sanctuaries of Our Lady in this Peninsula for their spiritual and temporal welfare.

The enclosed MSS. is intended for the August number. Whilst traveling it is not easy to gather one's thoughts, and still more difficult to transcribe one's notes.

I hope you have enrolled me as one of your benefactors, so that I may be entitled to all the spiritual privileges, which flow from being associated with the brown and snowy robes of Carmel.

Yours respectfully,

JUAN PEDRO.

Vich, May the 21st, 1895.

—THE—

Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, July, 1895. No. 7

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE call the attention of our readers to the date printed on the labels containing their address. It means that their subscription is paid up to that date. This date on the label will serve in future as a receipt to those who remit their subscriptions. In order to have the date changed in time for the next issue, subscriptions should be paid before the fifteenth of the preceding month.

***

ON Tuesday, July the sixteenth, the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel will be celebrated with unusual solemnity in our Pilgrimage church at Falls View, Ont. The High Mass will be at 10 a.m. Confessions will be heard on the preceding day and on the morning of the feast until 10 o'clock.

***

ALL those, who visit a Carmelite Church between the hour of Vespers, 2 p. m., of the 15th day of July, and hour of sunset of the 16th of July, can gain a Plenary Indulgence *at each repeated visit.* To gain this Indulgence, it is necessary to go to Confession and Communion, and to say some prayers according to the intentions of the Holy Father at each visit. Five times the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," and the "Glory be to the Father," etc., are sufficient. Holy Communion will be given at all hours of the morning, and for the accommodation of our visitors we have made ample arrangements to supply necessary refreshments.

***

THE Church of Our Lady of Peace, which is served by our monastery at Falls View, is a Pilgrimage Church. All those, who visit this Church, can gain a Plenary Indulgence *once a year*, after having duly received the Sacraments. To every other visit of the Church during the whole year, an indulgence is granted of seven years and seven quarantines.

***

PILGRIMS from Buffalo will do well to take the Michigan Central train which leaves the New York Central station in Buffalo at 7:05 a. m., arriving at Falls View at 7:54. Visitors landing at Niagara Falls, N. Y., after crossing the upper Suspension Bridge, will find themselves at a station of the Niagara Falls Park and River Railway, an electric trolley line, of which an advertisement will be found in our advertising pages. Conductors should be asked to stop at the Monastery crossing.

***

PILGRIMS who cross Lake Ontario from Toronto, should take the Michigan Central train at Niagara-on-the-Lake, which arrives at Falls View at 9.40 a.m.

***

FOR the convenience of the faithful, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, by a decree dated Aug. 31, 1892, allows the great indulgence connected with the feast of Mount Carmel to be transferred to the Sunday following the 16th of July, together with the celebration of the feast. All the Carmelite churches of our Province, excepting our monastery at Falls View, are making use of this privilege. The indulgence can be gained *only* on the day on which the feast is solemnized. Therefore, in all those of our churches which solemnize the feast on the Sunday after the 16th of July (viz., on the 21st of July) the indulgence cannot be gained on the 16th. Our celebration at the Monastery of the Falls will always be on the sixteenth day of July.

***

THE hospice is approaching completion very rapidly. The working men are beginning to put on the roof. Our friends and benefactors will undoubtedly be willing to continue their kind and generous help when they see the splendid result of their co-operation. It will fill their Catholic hearts with feelings of noble pride to see Our Lady of Mount Carmel honored by

this monument of their filial love, erected by their efforts on the most beautiful spot on earth. Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, bestows a special blessing on all those who aid, abet and foster this glorious work in honor of the Mother of God, on the confines of two great countries of the Western World.

***

The beautiful group of Our Lady of Mount Carmel giving the Scapular to Saint Simon Stock, which is the subject of the charming engraving forming the frontispiece of this number, was prepared at the request of the *Rosary* magazine. It is reproduced from a photograph of a most artistic altar panel carved in wood for the new Carmelite church of Holy Trinity, Pittsburg, Pa. We are also indebted to the *Rosary* for a copy of an article on "Our Lady of Mount Carmel," written for that magazine by our Very Rev. Father Provincial Pius R. Mayer, O.C.C., which our readers will find on another page. Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly most kindly contributed the poem on our first page. We are also indebted to the Rev. Chas. Warren Currier for the interesting and masterly essay on St. Arsenius, which appears in this number.

***

On Sunday, June 9, the corner stone was laid of the new Church at Niagara Falls, Ont. The parish of Niagara Falls is in charge of the Carmelite Fathers. Father Dominic O'Malley, O.C.C., a member of the Monastery at Falls View, is the present pastor of the Church. Our Very Rev. Provincial preached the sermon at the laying of the corner-stone. The impressive ceremony was witnessed by thousands of Catholics and Protestants, who had gathered from both sides of the Niagara River. In our next issue we hope to give our readers an illustrated sketch of the new Church, and a short history of the parish.

***

A great institution of learning, probably one of the greatest in the world, is celebrating its golden jubilee as we are going to press. It is the university of Notre Dame, at Notre Dame, Ind., founded fifty years ago in a western wilderness by the late venerable Father Edward Sorin, the first Father General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. To a Carmelite, anything bearing the name of Notre Dame, "Our Lady," must be dear. But when it is an institution which has gradually become one of the foremost of the Catholic church in America, when its educational influence is seconded and upheld by a publication of the highest religious and literary merit, when it does so much to encourage and honor the efforts of Catholic men and women to represent Catholic ideas in every field we glory and rejoice in its name and its success. The best of everything in nature and art is not too good for our Queen. Therefore, it is meet, that Notre Dame University should be the best of its kind, and the "Ave Maria" second to no other Catholic publication. We could not personally present our congratulations, but whatever will have been said during these days of jubilee at grand "Notre Dame" in its praise, will find an echo in our heart.

***

The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, Dean of St. Catharines, Ont., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his priesthood on Tuesday, June 11th. Our readers know him. His scholarly and deeply interesting studies on the early missions of Western Canada have been one of the most appreciated features of our Review. We owe him a debt of gratitude, which we are glad to be able to acknowledge publicly. He was the first to encourage our undertaking, and his generous donation was the first contribution we received for the building fund of the new Hospice. Our Very Reverend Father Provincial came to honor our illustrious benefactor, who seems to have established similar claims upon the affections of everybody, who ever came in contact with him. For, among the eighty clergymen, who had gathered around him from all the neighboring dioceses, we noticed beside the prominent ecclesiastics from the secular clergy, no less than three Provincial superiors of religious orders, and three local superiors. It is not our custom, in these pages, to enter into details of such celebrations, but there was one feature connected with this jubilee which, to say the least, was exceptional if not unique. Every guest was presented with a souvenir of the jubilee, consisting of a copy of the Dean's latest work, which had just been published. We

shall review this book, full of masterly research and hitherto unpublished historical lore, in our August number. Our readers have had the first fruits of it, as the Very Reverend author generously placed the advance sheets at the disposal of our magazine. We know how highly these chapters were appreciated. The book is beautifully bound, richly illustrated, and is entitled "The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula, 1626-1895." No wonder, that the Dean received as many congratulations upon his literary labors, as upon his successful career as parish priest. It is certainly a lesson to be heeded by all our young priests, to witness the work of a man, who found time, not only to build up one of the best equipped parishes in the Dominion, but also to save from oblivion the glorious records of the missionary labors of the past in the same district, in which his lot is cast. We wish him many years in which to reap the fruits of his successful labors.

BOOKS AND EXCHANGES.

We have received from H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, the "Life of Blessed Alphonsus Orozco, O.S.A." by Rev. W. A. Jones, O.S.A. A review of this timely work will be given in our next issue.

***

We also hold over for review in our next issue, the latest and most meritorious work of Dean Harris: "The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula."

***

The *Catholic Register*, of Toronto, gave the best accounts we have seen of the laying of the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Church at Niagara Falls, Ont., and of the jubilee celebration of St. Catharines' popular deah. A very good picture of our Provincial Superior, and a fine illustration of the new Church building, embellish the account of the former ceremony. It is highly creditable to the management of this paper, that in both instances, full and correct reports are given of the eloquent sermons preached. We are grateful to have the eloquent words of our Vicar-General, the Very Rev. J. McCann, preached at the Jubilee High Mass of the Dean of St. Catharines, preserved for us in print. And we are equally indebted to the *Register* for its report of our Provincial's sermon at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Church.

OLIVE'S OFFERING.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

II.

"All these offerings for My friendship call."—*Pope.*

OLIVE REINHEART, like every other girl, had her faults. For all that I think she very fairly resembled the "ideal woman." The two last words would make the text for many bulky volumes. I suppose there are as many "ideal" women, as there are people who have minds to create an ideal something. I shall at once resist the temptation to digress on the point which I have raised, otherwise I shall find myself in a labyrinth from which it will be impossible to find an exit. Even Solomon hesitated to say at once what made a perfect woman. So he starts by asking the question, "Who shall find a valiant woman?"

Who is she? Is she to be found at the end of this dying century? Or, is she the so-called "New Woman" ("man-woman" I would call her) spoken of in the lectures of *peripatetic and romaniacs?* I think not.

A young man, some time ago, gave the definition of his ideal woman as "One who is as pretty as a picture." Unfortunately that young man represents a large class. It is not alone personal charms that forms the perfect woman, for does not Solomon the Wise man again tell us that "Beauty is vain: the woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised." Again, how many women do you not meet, to whom nature has been very sparing with her gifts and who, notwithstanding this, are attractive. Religion and virtue can do more than cosmetics.

We Catholics have not far to go in order to find the woman's true mission and her true model. Her mission is to endeavor to make the world better and happier—to refine and improve—and her principal workshops are the kitchen and the nursery. There is a great work for woman to do, but she must do it quietly, and then, and then only, can it be said that

"The hand that rocks the
Cradle, rules the world."

The true model of Christian womanhood is in God's Church—Mary—the holy Virgin and Mother. Her life was a hidden and obscure one; nevertheless she has exerted a continual and potent influence on women of all ages, even on those who know little of the Madonna, except as a work of art.

Do what the Church has been ever striving to do. Raise woman to the standard represented in Mary, and then you have discovered the true meaning of female emancipation.

Olive Reinheart was a rather good composite of the best girls in her parish. She had a good training at the Normal School. I do not suppose she courted chronic headache in endeavoring to master all the occult sciences, and a thousand and one things of which she had no earthly use, but Olive knew enough and a little more, and was well able to hold her own in any company. She could not only analyse the chemical properties of an "angel cake," but likewise knew how to make it. Housework with Olive was more a matter of choice, than a case of necessity.

In praising Olive's good qualities, I am only indirectly giving a due meed of praise to her mother, who had long since gone to her reward. Yes, she owed everything to home-training. In the family, indeed, that "nursery of immortal souls," is moulded the character of the rising generation.

"That is as it should be!" exclaimed our present great pope Leo XIII., when a mother in presenting her daughter said, "I myself Holy Father, have undertaken her education at home."

When her mother died Olive devoted all her time and energies to the wants of an aged and well-nigh helpless father. Her devotion to him only ceased when he passed to his fathers.

Many of Olive's acquaintances twitted her on being so old-fashioned. One of them volunteered to introduce her into society and coach her at the next "at home". Olive laughed at such proposition. I do not mean to say she was unfit for society—so-called. Olive knew too well that initiation into the sacrosanct inner circle of her friends with the hyphenated names did not make a lady. She did not believe in posing as a decoration in any one's parlor. Although she meant well, and spoke the truth, on one occasion Olive offended a student in heraldry, whose father was a rich landlord.

"Olive dear," said this girl one day, "do tell me what would be appropriate to paint on our new carriage."

"An eviction scene!" was the staggering reply.

That young lady after that probably chose some other than Olive to teach her how to enter, and retire from the room in a graceful manner at receptions.

More than one suitor sought Olive's hand and heart. She, on her part, was in no hurry to give a satisfactory answer. It was a serious, matter and with her choosing a life's vocation required much thought.

Some hailed her as a new leader in the growing army of "lady bachelors," while the most of her acquaintances expressed displeasure in her provoking procrastination in choosing a life-partner, so on the whole Olive found it not an altogether easy matter to keep on the even and "single" tenor of her way.

One day some girl brought Olive a voluminous and confidential list of titled and untitled possible husbands.

"That's all nonsense," said Olive "what do I know of these persons? Young men may be nicely painted, but are not always what they are represented to be. A large number of them may be, it's true, *born* in order to link their fortunes with another, but they do not always *live* for the one marked out for them in the eternal fitness of things. Young men expect us to come on the matrimonial market as perfect angels, while their own wings may be badly soiled. Oh no, girls, I'm not going to make myself miserable, I prefer to give the matter much and serious consideration," concluded Olive.

On other occasions some of her visitors essayed to give Olive sound advice on these vital questions, but it was generally nothing but cheap talk. Olive felt that, and said so.

"Matrimony is no plaything" she often repeated, "it means the saving or losing of my soul, and that of others. In case I marry, I wish only to join hands with one, who will sympathize in my many endeavors to make others happy here and hereafter."

Ennui never bothered Olive. Instructing or helping the poor was her panacea for feelings of lonesomeness and its con-

sequences. Olive's services were ever at the disposal of the needy, especially poor struggling working girls, whom she not only helped along, but likewise taught how to sew, cook, read, write and a score of other things. If they were remiss in religious duties, or in danger of being led astray, Olive soon brought them to a sense of their duty. In this point she was somewhat like Solomon's perfect woman, "in that she opened her hands to the needy, and stretched out her hands to the poor."

Olive was always busy, in fact she seemed to follow closely in the footsteps of Martha of old, the saintly

> "Patron of tired feet that ache,
> The while they tread the weary road,
> Of brains that throb, and hearts that break,
> Bearing their undivided load."

One afternoon Olive dropped in to see one of her acquaintances, Hyacintha Hopewell, thinking the latter might give her a helping hand in making up some sham pillow slips for the Industrial Home. When Miss Hopewell, opened the door she greeted Olive with a piercing exclamation, which startled her visitor.

"O Olive, it's awful!" exclaimed Miss Hopewell.

"Why, what's the matter, Hyacintha?" enquired Olive. "No one dead I trust."

"It's poor Zolo. He's dreadfully ill," sobbed out Hyacintha.

"Drown the brute and put him out of his misery!" curtly suggested Olive. "Let's sit down" she continued, "and talk of something more important than sick dogs. I want you to give me a little help with some work I have."

"O Olive, how can you dare to ask a favor after the way you have spoken!" said Miss Hopewell who felt like going into a prolonged fit of pouting. But Olive kept her to the point.

"How can I help you, Olive," went on Miss Hopewell." I am so *very* busy. Why, there are three dances this week. To-morrow Madame Vanderich is to show her china, and, besides, I have to prepare a lecture for the Feminine League on 'How to Manage Husbands' By the way, Olive, have you read this novel on 'The Baron's Bride,' its just lovely, and—"

Just then the door bell rang. Miss Hopewell called to her servant girl, "Dula, see who is at the door again, but don't disturb Zolo."

Approaching the parlor door, Dula said, "Please, ma'am, it's a poor old beggar with wooden legs."

"Tell him I don't wish any to-day," said Miss Hopewell.

"Please tell him to call at my place in about half an hour," said Olive, who then went off into a fit of laughter at Hyacintha's misinterpretation of her servant's message.

"O Olive, dear! come in to-morrow," said Hyacintha, unconscious of the cause of Olive's risibility, "George is going to bring a nice young man to dinner. He belongs to the Chrysanthemum club, and—"

"That's enough!" said Olive. "I came to talk business. I guess I better go now—so good bye. Take good care of Zolo," and she was out of the door, feeling completely disgusted with Hyacintha Hopewell.

When Olive reached home, she not only found the poor old man patiently awaiting her on his crutches, but likewise a couple of Sisters of Charity on the point of ringing the bell. Everybody in need of help knew that they were welcome at that door, and what is more, they knew that they would not go away empty-handed.

"Sure enough," thought Olive, "to-day is the first of June and the good sisters are making their monthly visits. The day after to-morrow will be my Names-day, and the next day the First Friday, that means two Holy Communions this week.

As she approached the sisters, Olive said to them, "Welcome, sisters! I was thinking of you and your poor last night during the terrible rain-storm."

"Miss Reinheart," said Sister Niceta, who was well known to Olive, "this is Sister Bona. She is spending a little vacation at Sister Serena's convent and I am taking her around to see our kind benefactors."

"Yes," said Sister Bona, "some are very good to us. I am sure if they could they would hand over their own selves together with their gifts."

There was more in that remark of Sister Bona than might be at first supposed. Her superior was always glad to give her a little vacation every summer, not only because she deserved it, but likewise because Sister Bona usually returned triumphantly with a bevy of postulants.

"I suppose, Miss Reinheart, you are very lonesome since your father died," said

Sister Niceta, following up Sister Bona's train of thought.

"My father's death was a sad blow and I miss him very much, but I am not *lonesome*, dear sisters. I never knew what it is to feel that way," replied Olive.

It appeared to me that Olive's reply brought a slight look of disappointment on the faces of her hearers. I may be mistaken, but one thing is certain, which is, that if Olive had been convinced that God had called her to a religious life, she would have packed up there and then, handed everything over to her younger sister, and gone straight to the convent.

So Olive Reinheart's name was reluctantly erased from Sister Bona's list of "possible candidates." Providence did not intend that Olive should be

> "A pensive nun devout and pure,
> Sober, steadfast and demure."

Taken all in all, Olive's life, although active, was a quiet one. Outside of her own small circle of friends she was little known, except to the poor, who always looked upon her as a visiting angel.

"She is indeed a highly cultured lady," is about the way it would be put, if you asked for an impartial diagnosis of Olive Reinheart. Olive had made it her study to imitate her patron saint. She strove to become kind and gentle, and especially to copy the Virgin martyr's purity—that "fairest virtue above the rest."

Having convinced herself that she was not called to a religious life, Olive began to consider seriously the advisability of marrying or remaining single. It has been seen clearly that it was hopeless for her to expect any sane advice on so important a matter from her giddy acquaintances.

"After all," said Olive one day, "experience has taught me, that my best advisers and counsellors are our Lord Himself and His holy Mother, who have never failed to solve my doubts, either in prayer, or through my spiritual director." Hence, during the month of May just past, Olive had made more than one novena in honor of our Blessed Lady, in order that she might know her true vocation.

In a matter of such great moment Olive had particularly begged the prayers of one poor old widow, whom she had helped along for many a month. Whenever this poor old person thanked Olive for some favor she always added a fervent "God bless you, my child." Olive knew that God heard the prayers of the widow and orphan, and that of such a good old soul it could be said, as Cardinal Newman once said of another pious old lady, that

> "Through her earnestness were shed
> Prayer-purchased blessings on our head."

At the end of May, Olive concluded that it would be better if she had a partner—one who would help her in her many works of charity. Yes, she *would* marry. Whom? Here was another question to be solved.

On the 3rd of June—a Thursday (1886)—Olive spent most or her time in church. She always felt at home there, but never more so than to-day—her own Names-day—the Feast of St. Olive. It was getting towards evening, and Olive seemed unconscious of the approaching twilight. She seemed absorbed in deep meditation, as she knelt before the Statue of the Sacred Heart, and the soft red light poising in mid air, in casting its rays over Olive's countenance, revealed the fact that her lips were moving in earnest prayer, their seemingly natural occupation.

It may not be out of place if I recall the fact, that only three nights before our little friend Jus, in seeking shelter from the rain, had entered this same church, and had knelt in the same spot where we now see Olive.

Olive prayed long and fervently. "Dear Lord," she said, "I beg a special favor of thy Sacred Heart. Grant it to me through Thine own merits and those of the most pure Heart of Mary, Thine and my Mother. Since it seems to be Thy holy will that I receive the Holy Sacrament of Matrimony, instituted by Thee, give to me, O Lord, a partner after Thine own Sacred Heart—one whose union with me will help to increase Thy glory, bring help to Thy brethren, the poor, and be a means of securing my own and others' salvation."

Olive then wrote out the substance of this request, and placed it in the intention box. Before leaving the church she dropped a greenback of some denomination (to which she pinned a memorandum) into the same poor box which had received Jus' "extra" cent on the preceding 31st of May.

One month later—July—about two weeks prior to the Feast of the Holy Scapular,

Olive had occasion to meet Father Seligmacher. They both opened up the conversation on that ever convenient topic, the weather.

"The heavy rain we had last month did a large amount of damage," said the priest. "It somewhat injured the walls of the church, and I notice that the picture on the Blessed Virgin's altar suffered from the dampness. Perhaps its present pitiable condition will induce some good soul to start a collection to buy a new statue for Our Lady's altar—something to correspond to the one on the Sacred Heart altar. It is fitting that the *two Holy Hearts should be together in one temple.*"

These last remarks of the priest seemed to cause a slight blush on Olive's face, and as she was telling Father Seligmacher that she would have a new statue in position before the Feast of the Pure Heart of Mary, she at the same time turned her head slightly aside, presumably arranging one of her sleeve-puffs. The priest, unconscious of any double meaning in his remarks, which I have emphasized, noticed Olive's slight embarrassment, and to judge from a far-off twinkle in his eye, suddenly divined the cause of it, so to relieve his fair visitor, he said:

"It will soon be time to commence the novena for the Feast of the Scapular. I suppose, Olive, you have, as usual, plenty of particular favors to ask of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel?"

"Yes, indeed, father," replied Olive. "And this time I have a *very* important request. I hope you, father, will join your prayers with mine that I may obtain what I am asking for. I have every poor person in the parish praying for my *special* intention."

"Since you mention the poor, Olive, that reminds me of a very poor family in my parish," said the priest. "Probably you are unaware of their existence, since they live away out in Bogland. Their name is Wright. I wish you could find time to call on them."

"Certainly, father, and with pleasure," said Olive, "and if I can't find the place I'll ask my friend Lena Front. There is not an abode of misery in town that she doesn't know."

The next morning bright and early, every one in Bogland Square was wondering what business brought such a fine lady to "Wright's Roost," as they vulgarly called it.

The first thing Olive did, when she stood in the room with the springless sofa, was to give the family a little lecture on cleanliness. Then taking an immaculate apron from her embroidered shopping bag, she put it on, and went to work with a will, being entirely oblivious of Mrs. Wright, who stood staring with astonishment. Olive soon put a new face on everything.

"Why, it looks as good as new again," said Mrs. Wright, looking at the stove with its shining new coat of black.

A large pile of rubbish was swept together ready for cremation, and Jus spied something in the pile of dirt, what he declared to be his "week-day hat".

"Never mind, my child. I'll get you a nice new hat," said Olive soothingly.

When Olive was emptying the debris into the stove, she noticed a piece of paper with writing on it which was very familiar to her. She unconsciously exclaimed to herself in an almost inaudible tone, "Why, that's my own writing, how did it get here?"

She threw the paper in the fire little thinking that any one overheard her. But she was deceived in this, for few things escaped the sharp ears of Jus, who remembered every word on the paper. He repeated the words to the delight of all except Olive, who was confused, and entreated them to say nothing of it. But in vain. The next day every one in Bogland knew who was the "Friend of the Sacred Heart," who had unknowingly sent such timely help to the Wright family on the first Friday in June, as it stands boldly written in Jus' "Account and memorandum book."

This offering of Olive on behalf of Christ's poor would draw upon her the friendship of the Divine Heart, which has declared that what is done to the least of His brethren is done to Him.

But Olive was to make another offering. Of what kind? We shall see.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HERE in our streets we pass face after face without a sign of recognition, but in heaven the common happiness will speak through all eyes.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Miss Matilda Cummings.

THE vacation days are upon us. The busy year has come to a standstill, and those who yearned for a respite 'mid the burden and heat of the day are at last suffered to fold their hands and rest. Rest! what is it? A change of occupation. Not the simple frittering away of time, and the wishing the hours away. The days of a sweet doing nothing are likely to be times of wreck and ruin for the spiritual life. The summer, with its languid heats and enervating air plays sad havoc with many who acquired a healthy vigor of mind and body in the press of work, minus worry. Now that June, the queen month of the year, has passed, and July, with its vast opportunities for rest and relaxation has come, with what shall we fill the long twilights of mid-summer? What is the crowd of tourists that surge in and out of village and town seeking? Rest! Yes, happy they to whom Nature, kindly mother, applies the soothing balm for tired head and aching limbs. Pleasure! The gay crowd rushes in pursuit of it, and 'tis found by sea shore and mountain, but 'tis a summer's growth, often lasting only as long as the foam on an ocean wave. Danger often lurks in the shade that is not of the spirit, which is "pleasant coolness in the heat." How many are seeking happiness in their vacation days? Happiness, this will-o'-the-wisp, this ignis fatuus! What is it that one and all we are chasing? After a long and bitter experience it has been borne in upon us that in its genuine purity it is *only* found in the unselfing of ourselves. We all yearn for sympathy, for tenderness, for counsel, for love. All lawful desires of the heart, which cries out so piteously for them. But often times in *giving*, that luxury which is not confined to him whose coffers are full, but alas! whose purse strings are often tightened, in *giving*, we but follow the promptings of a nature which is all the time but gratifying self. This may seem a distorted view to take of generosity, the pouring out of our affections, our very selves on the object which most appeals to our sympathies. But all at once it comes to us that what seemed so high and holy, so worthy of our devotion, was in very truth, but another form of self worshiping self. When face to face with that inner consciousness before whom as the very face of God we may not blush and cast down our eyes, we are forced to say as we sift the fine sand of our motives: I am full of self. 'Tis a humiliating admission to make, but out of it comes strength. And is it not this which the best of us need most sorely? Not virtue in the ordinary acceptation of the word, but the coat of mail, the *fac simile* of the divine armor which will envelope our souls—nay, our hearts, those vulnerable points—with a panoply which is proof against all darts. The twilights of July must be filled with the thoughts of the Precious Blood, the fountain whence will come the strength which our souls so sorely need—our stronghold of comfort when all other comforts flee. In its ruby light, reflected from the sky, which burst forth in crimson glow over Calvary's height, when the dead eclipse was over, we may read the lesson of life. From its saving stream we may drink our fill, still say I am insatiable, and fear not that the cup be withdrawn from our lips. The summer hours are very prone to the dread disease *ennui!* More deadly in its effects than the direst miasma, and more fatal to the peace of the soul than the mad rush of the work-a-day year. Let us pray against it in the twilights of July. Summer days, when hands and heads are idle, are very likely to bring hours of brooding. Against them, too, with their train of bitter thoughts, let us strive and pray. Oh! how full is life of weary days, and what a living, walking providence of God is labor. Blessed be His mercy which sends it to so many of us as a very salvation—a saving of us from ourselves. For after all we are our own enemies, and the vacation days give us time to think how much we need to befriend ourselves. Days of thoughtful reflection! Would that the summer would bring even a stray one to us. Days when God draws very nigh to us, because we answer His gentle invita-

tion: "Come aside and rest awhile!" Strange are the designs of His will. Rest in Him and with Him is *never* found, save with the Cross. 'Twould seem as if it were the recompense of seeking Him—the finding Him only in the shadow of the Cross. So with our dear Lady of Mt. Carmel. He may ask us to go up on the mountain of sacrifice—the high plane, where one by one the lights of earth flicker and fade and die out, while our poor hearts cry aloud, because they are lost to us.

Oh! if peace be found on the heights of Carmel, who that loves God will refuse to scale the mountain! So, whether it be the beloved of kith or kin of whom He robs us, leaving us only their sweet and gentle memory to move us to tender tears, or the Kindred Spirits, communion with whom made life so inexpressibly joyous and cheering, let us offer Him the sacrifice of our will, and the tears that flow so copiously because of their abandonment, will only add to the worth of that which He demands at our hands.

"And yet I can rejoice there are
So many things on earth to love,
So many idols for the fire,
My love and loyal charge to prove.

He that loves most hath most to lose.
And willing loss is love's best prize;
The more that Yesterday hath loved,
The more To-day can sacrifice."

Early Mention of Niagara Falls.

The first historical notices of Niagara Falls are given in Lescarbot's record of the second voyage of Jacques Cartier, in the year 1534. On the maps published to illustrate Champlain's discoveries (date on maps either 1613 or 1614) the Falls are indicated by a cross, but no description of the wonderful cataract is given, and the best geographical authorities living to-day doubt if the explorer mentioned ever saw the falls. Brinston's work to the contrary notwithstanding. Father Hennepin is said to have written the first description of the Falls that was ever penned by one who had ever personally visited the spot. The editor of "Notes for the Curious" owns a map, date 1757, which does not figure either the Great Lakes or the Falls.

PRAYER.

We are not angels but men. The soul is united to a body, and acts in the body and with the body. Thus your soul thinks, judges, reflects: but does it all by the brain. The soul sees, but it is with the eyes of the body. It hears, it listens, but by means of the ears. Your soul does nothing without your body. It is the same when you pray. It is your soul that prays, it is your heart that unites itself to God, which goes up to Jesus: but the body does not remain inactive during this beautiful work, for the tongue recites the prayers, the eyes read the words in the book, the knees are bent, the hands are joined. The most perfect prayer is that in which soul and body pray together. Nevertheless, prayer is above all an affair of the heart. One may pray, and pray well without saying a word. Look at Magdalen in the Pharisee's house, sitting silently at the feet of Jesus and weeping bitterly the while.

Many men are out of work in the cities, and in some places crowds march the streets, demanding bread. Yet we know a man who owns a farm of 200 acres in Maine, and who says that he cannot work it for all it is worth because he finds it impossible to get men to work for him. Farm work is healthful, not too hard for a strong man, and at this season is well paid. How many thousands of families are there that would be healthier, happier, better and in every way better off, if living in some quiet place in the country, than they are in the crowded, dirty, unhealthy and demoralizing conditions of a city.—*S. H. Review.*

From the souls of those who have once gazed on celestial truth or beauty, the remembrance can never be effaced.

Men often climb half way up the ladder and stay there: but it is seldom they fall half way down and stop short at the bottom.

There is one way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least, happiness. It is this—a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others.

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Mary Angela Spellissy.

LOVE AND LOVERS.

AFTER the little skirmish between the old friends, Mrs. Bryce and Ethna came not to Mrs. Acton's cottage. The rigors of our climate told heavily on Aunt Hilda and she was advised to spend a fortnight at the sea-shore. She was unpacking her trunk the morning after her return, when "Miss Bryce" was announced.

"Ask Miss Bryce will she kindly come to my room."

The first glance at Ethna's face showed that she was in trouble. "Are you ill, child?"

"No, Aunt Hilda, but something awful has happened."

Laying her hand on her friend's shoulder, the poor young creature sobbed so violently that her slight frame was shaken like a reed in the wind.

"Cry it out, Pet. You will be the better for it."

Fondly the arms of the matron encircled the sorrow-stricken girl.

"I am ashamed to act so like a baby," said Ethna, as after a few minutes of abandon she strove to control herself, "and you have been sick too, are you better?"

"O, yes, child, but tell me what has happened. Can I help you?"

"I don't know. I have wished for you so much. I was afraid to speak to Miss Judith, she would get so angry. Mother is disgusted with me: it's all about Mr. Stuart. He's coming to see you this morning. You *will* see him, won't you?"

"Certainly child. Are you engaged?"

"No, that is, not exactly. You know he is not a Catholic, and he would not consent to be married by a priest. *He* does not mind, so much, but his father is very bigoted. You see in the town where Mr. Stuart lives there are no Catholics of refinement. Only mill hands, and the Stuarts are people of importance in their town."

A sad smile passed over Aunt Hilda's face. "How came this condition of affairs, dear. You know that the Church disapproves of mixed marriages, and the young man knew that he must not take to himself a Catholic wife."

"Indeed, Aunt Hilda, I did not know that I cared for him except as a friend. I found it out quite suddenly."

"You left the garden gate open, dearest, and the despoiler found you an easy victim. You forgot the warning, 'watch and pray that you enter not into temptation.'"

"Mr. Stuart says that he was in love with me before he knew I was a Catholic. He was never more surprised than when he made the discovery."

"The children of the world recognize the charm of the daughters of the Church, but are slow to discover the cause. What does Mr. Stuart propose to do?"

"He has passed his examinations splendidly. He returned from the last just as I left the house. The poor fellow looks awful; between his studies and our own affairs he has grown haggard; his eyes are sunken. You would think he had been ill for weeks."

"You are not much to look at yourself, Ethna."

"Don't I know it? I am ashamed to go to table, everyone is watching us. O, I wish we had never come to the city. Mr. Stuart met me this morning as I left the dining-room and told me to ask you if we could talk the matter over with you."

"Has he read any book on Catholic doctrine?"

"Mother lent him 'Milner's End of Controversy,' but he could not pay any attention to it, and now he is in such a flurry with his packing. He is to sail on Saturday."

"And this is Wednesday. That is short notice."

"He has received a letter from his father, urging his immediate return. They have some American machinery in their new factory and the people over there can't manage it. There he is now, I guess," she said as the door-bell rang.

"Mr. Stuart to see Mrs. Acton," announced the maid.

"Say I will be down directly. Shall I go alone, Ethna?"

"I told him I would introduce him to you."

"Freshen yourself up a little, dear."

Mechanically, Ethna made some little improvement in her appearance. Her head had rubbed itself into considerable disorder as she nestled in Aunt Hilda's arms.

"Drink this glass of milk, child."

"You are so kind. Do you know I am famished. I have been eating very little this week."

When they descended to the parlor Aunt Hilda found that the lover's appearance corroborated Ethna's statement. They were a wretchedly unhappy looking pair.

Young Stuart began in manly fashion as soon as Ethna presented him to Aunt Hilda.

"It is a shame to come bothering you with our affairs, Mrs. Acton, but I thought that as you have lived in England you would understand better how different life is from America. I am very much in love with Ethna. She is dear to me as my life. I wish to make her my wife and take her with me. I know my family would welcome her with open arms, and do all in their power to make her happy, but she will not consent to be married by anyone but a priest. That I cannot consent to. My father would disinherit me. He is the presiding elder in our kirk and would think it a great disgrace that his child should be married by a priest."

"Does not Protestantism inculcate the principle of private judgment, Mr. Stuart?"

"Yes, but the Catholic Church is so arbitrary. It claims to be 'infallible.'"

"We certainly hold that Christ founded a Church, not many conflicting churches. Truth is one. We claim also that every humane creature is bound to find out which church is the one which our Divine Lord commanded his people to hear, and that when found, he is in duty bound to accept her teachings and conform his life to her commandments. Since we Catholics hold that our Church has been founded by Christ and maintained by Him unto the present day, will you not give some attention to the proofs on which our claims are founded?"

"It could make no difference to me, Mrs. Acton. You know how the Catholics are looked down on in the manufacturing towns of the Old Country."

"Yes, Mr. Stuart, Catholics are despised as our Lord Jesus Christ, and His followers, were despised by the proud Romans, but Christianity flourishes gloriously in this, the nineteenth century of its existence, while the Romans came to grief long since in spite of all their boasted power. In your present agitation your mind is incapable of giving attention to a statement of the doctrines of our Church, so I will give an answer only to the worldly side of the question. You have reminded me of the contempt with which Catholics are regarded in Great Britain. Do you forget that the noblest citizen in England to-day is the Catholic Cardinal Manning, the peace-maker of the nation? When the base injustice of the worldly drove the poor man to deeds of violence, such as intimidated men of all conditions, and they shrank in terror from the thousands of starving men and women who took possession of London highways, the mediation of the Father of the poor was the only influence recognized by those desperate creatures. They knew that he recognized in each one of them a brother or a sister in Jesus Christ, and that he realized the desperate straits to which they were driven by cold and hunger and oppression. Like his Divine Master, the Cardinal loved the poor and made his cause their own. If you will look into the doctrines of the Catholic Church you will learn the principles upon which such characters are founded. They are the same as those laid down by Christ on the mountain and by which he revolutionized the world. The meek receive no more recognition from the world of to-day than they did when our Saviour walked the earth that He came to redeem. Nevertheless, our Lord proclaimed 'Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the land.' 'Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.' Have these thoughts ever occurred to you, Mr. Stuart?"

"I cannot say that they have, Mrs. Acton. Pardon my bluntness when I confess that I can think only of this matter between Ethna and me. Why can she not agree to be married by a magistrate?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Reflections on the Life of St. Arsenius, Anchorite.

BY CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

ON the 17th of July the Church celebrates the Feasts of two Saints, who form a striking contrast to each other, and exemplify the two extremes of the active and contemplative life. St. Vincent de Paul appears to us as the very type of active charity, while St. Arsenius withdrew himself as far as possible from the world, and during fifty-five years, which was more than the latter half of his life, took no active part in the affairs of this world. There was a marked difference between the careers of these two great men. The one, St. Vincent, was born in obscurity, but gradually rose to the highest distinction by the practice of that virtue which shed such brilliant light before the world; the other, born in distinction and placed in the highest honors, flies from the world and buries himself in obscurity.

Both appeared at the courts of sovereigns, the one to draw all men to God, the other to make the sacrifice of earthly dignities; the one finds the sphere of his activity in conversation with men, the other shuns, as much as possible, the society of his fellow-creatures.

But, in spite of these differences, both St. Vincent and St. Arsenius practice the same virtues. In both, the motive power that impels them is the love of God and the desire of eternal salvation: both are eminent for the practice of humility; both shun glory, which, nevertheless, follows them in spite of themselves.

These two saints, so different from each other in their exterior life, and yet so like unto each other in their inner virtues, are both the products of the same supernatural society, both the children of the same mother, the Church of Jesus Christ. Their lives show how grace works upon nature, and how circumstances affect the lives of saints as well as of ordinary individuals. They teach us also that God conducts His saints along different roads to the same glorious end.

The life of the silent, contemplative Saint Arsenius, will form the subject of this essay. We know that the Saint was a Roman by birth, and that he was highly connected, but of his life little has been handed down to us. He was educated in learning and piety, and was well skilled, not only in the Holy Scriptures, but also in the profane sciences, and versed in Latin and Greek literature. From an early period of his life he seems to have been inclined to solitude, for we find him leading a retired life at Rome with his sister. He was then in deacon's orders. This obscurity, however, did not last long, for he was summoned thence, at the recommendation of the Pope, by the Emperor Theodosius the Great, to become the tutor of his children. Arsenius was received at the Byzantine court with all marks of distinction, raised to the rank of senator, and loaded with honors. No one at the court wore richer apparel, none had more sumptuous furniture than he. He had at his disposition no less than a thousand richly clad servants. Arsenius spent eleven years at the Court of Theodosius. But earthly honors could not satisfy him. His inclination for a retired life had always continued, and he had for a long time earnestly prayed to know the will of God. One day he heard a voice saying to him: "Arsenius, flee the company of men, and thou shalt be saved." At that time the Egyptian deserts were peopled by a host of solitaries, who drew upon themselves the admiration of the world. The fame of an Anthony and a Faconnius had gone abroad, and those who desired higher perfection fled to the great masters of the spiritual life in the deserts of Nitria, Scete and Palestine. St. Arsenius, tired of the world, and obedient to a higher call, sailed to Alexandria, and proceeded to the desert of Scete, where he embraced an anachoretical life. He was then in the fortieth year of his age. Fifty-five years he spent in this obscurity, conversing as little as possible with men, and leading a life of penance until his death, about the year 449.

Here we have before our eyes the example of a man of learning and talents, a man highly esteemed by the world, who suddenly leaves all that was most desirable to human nature, in spite of the wish of emperors to retain him at their court, in order to plunge into the depths of a wilder-

ness, and spend his life in prayer and the humble labor of making mats. Does not this seem opposed to prudence and wisdom? We may ask ourselves: What good did Arsenius to himself, what to the world? Could he not have saved his soul in the world, and there practiced the highest virtue? The answer to this question we find in the voice Arsenius heard. It is not so certain that he could have saved his soul with equal facility at the Court of Constantinople. But supposing he could, we must remember that God needs no one, and if God wanted him in the desert, it was his duty to obey. For, after all, man is the servant of God, and his highest perfection consists in doing the will of his creator.

But would it not have been better, you ask, if Arsenius had remained at the Court, where he might have done so much good by word and example, especially as the world is in need of good men? What good did he effect by going into solitude; what influence did he exercise upon society: what mark has he made upon the history of the world? Ah! children of men, reflect, reflect. Once more: God needs no one; it was in His power to give the world a hundred Arseniuses; but He wanted Arsenius in the desert. You say he could have done more good by remaining in the world; but by what standard do you measure the amount of good done? You might also say that God could have done more good by creating more than He did create. It is certain that the Almighty beholds in His mind an immense number of possible creatures, which shall never behold the light of existence. Can anyone blame the Eternal Wisdom for not creating them? Thus, also, it was the will of God, that all the possible good that Arsenius might have done in the world should not be effected. This perfection lay in another direction.

But is it true that Arsenius did nothing for the world, that he exercised no influence on society? Had he remained where he was, his name might never have been heard of. Of how many tutors of kings and princes do we know the names to-day? Arsenius plunged into obscurity, and this very obscurity rescued his name from oblivion, and that name shall be remembered as long as the Roman martyrology exists. History speaks of many of contemporaries who were greater than : what mark did they make upon tory? The consequences of their tions still exist: for the effects of the actions of even the most insignificant individual continue in the history of the world. But who can trace them? Who can show to-day any special existing benefit for society that ensued from the reign of Theodosius the Great, or his son, Arcadius? The very empire of which they were the rulers, has passed away, and only the keen eye of the most observant historian could still detect any consequence of their lives in that Constantinople which was once their pride and their glory.

But it is not thus with Arsenius. It is true he built no cities, he led no armies to battle, he erected no monuments, he wrote no books, he only made mats, but he has left behind an influence which will continue to be felt as long as time itself exists. During his lifetime the fame of the silent solitary of Scete was spread over a great portion of the Roman Empire, and it no doubt drew many to the practice of virtue. Since his death he has been looked upon by the most eminent monks of succeeding ages as a most illustrious pattern of their state, and he shines to-day before the church as a brilliant example of virtue. How many have not read the life of St. Arsenius who have been drawn to virtue by its perusal? Can such a life, then, be said to have been useless?

One thing which strikes us in the life of this holy servant of God, was his utter disregard for the opinion of the world. In the desert he lived truly as a solitary, for not only had he fled from the world, but he prevented it from reaching him. This was not the courtesy of a Saint Francis de Sales which welcomed all men with sweetness; no, he rather forbade them to approach him. His former pupil, Arcadius, having succeeded to the empire after the death of Theodosius in 395, desired to call back to court his holy master Arsenius. Being informed that he was in the desert of Scete, he wrote to him, offering to him the disposal of all the tribute of Egypt, that he might make a provision for the monasteries and the poor at his discretion. His only reply was: "God grant us all the pardon of our sins; as to the distribution of

the money, I am not capable of such a charge, being already dead to the world." The favor of the great of this world which he had voluntarily renounced could not tempt the noble soul of Arsenius. The Saint had been tutored in the austere school of Saint John the Dwarf, under whose care the ancients of the desert had placed him. It happened that when Arsenius first presented himself to be admitted among the brethren, St. John sat down in the evening with the rest to take their repast, but left Saint Arsenius standing, and, as if this were not enough humiliation, in the middle of the repast he threw before him a loaf of bread, bidding him, with an air of indifference, eat it, if he would. Arsenius fell on the ground and thus took his meal. His master immediately recognized in him a fit subject for the religious life. Would to God that these examples found more imitators! St. Arsenius was not made much of on account of the position he had occupied in the world: on the contrary, as we see by this example, he was specially humbled. The same is done now-a-days in fervent religious communities.

St. Arsenius would seldom see strangers who came to visit him; and he made exception for none. Theophilus, the patriarch of Alexandria, came one day, in company with a certain highly placed personage and others, to pay him a visit, and begged he would entertain them on some spiritual subject. The saint inquired whether they would follow his directions. On receiving an affirmative reply, he said: "I entreat you, then, that whenever you are informed of Arsenius' abode, you would leave him to himself, and spare yourself the trouble of coming after him." On another occasion when the same patriarch sent to inquire whether he would be received, the saint replied, that if he came alone he would, but that if he brought others with him he would seek out some other place, and stay there no longer. Melania, a noble Roman lady, travelled all the way to Egypt only to see Arsenius. Having met him as he came out of his cell, she threw herself at his feet. The saint said to her: "A woman ought not to leave her house: you have crossed these great seas that you may be able to say at Rome that you have seen Arsenius, and raise in others a curiosity to come and see me." She begged that he would always remember and pray for her. The answer: "I pray that the remembrance of you be blotted out of my mind."

He treated his brethren no better. He never visited them, and contented himself with meeting them at spiritual conferences. The abbot, Mark, having asked him one day why he so much shunned their conversation, he answered: "God knoweth how dearly I love you all: but I find I cannot be both with God and men at the same time; nor can I think of leaving God to converse with men." He often said: "I have always something to repent of after having conversed with men; but have never been sorry for having been silent." Such a man we might, now-a-days, feel inclined to call a crank, but we ought not to forget that God calls some of His saints to walk in admirable ways. If He gave to Vincent de Paul, and Francis de Sales, that sweetness which rendered them amiable, others he called to live in complete seclusion from the world.

We must not, however, imagine that the life of St. Arsenius was a morose and melancholy one; for the contrary was manifested by the serenity of his countenance, which appeared to have something angelical or heavenly. He shunned the company of men, says St. John Chrysostom, that he might not lose something more precious, which was God.

The best time to judge of life is when that life is approaching its end. The echo of such a judgment has come to us through the lapse of ages. A contemporary of Arsenius was the active patriarch of Alexandria, Theophilus, whom we have mentioned. He it was who had most contributed to the destruction of idolatry in Egypt. By order of Theodosius he had destroyed the magnificent temple of Terapis at Alexandria, together with the sanctuaries of the gods. The people seeing their deities thus demolished, without avenging themselves, turned to Christianity, and idolatry was overthrown. This same Theophilus, on whose reputation there exists more than one stain, became, through the hatred of one man, a persecutor of the monks of Nitria, and of the Holy Patriarch of Constantinople, St. John Chrysostom.

When, in the year 412, Theophilus lay on his death-bed, the image of the saintly Arsenius arose before him, and, as eternity loomed up beyond the horizon of time, he exclaimed: "Happy Arsenius! who has had this moment always before his eyes!" We here behold these two men: one a high dignitary of the Church, but living amidst the turmoil of human passions, the other a poor solitary with death constantly before his eyes. This poor monk is called happy by the Patriarch at that moment when all earthly happiness is at an end. O! Blessed Arsenius, may we, walking in thy footsteps, seek for that true happiness which death even cannot take away from us!

The Mystery of Grace.

A STORY which illustrates the mystery of grace and which is not without parallel elsewhere is told by the Liverpool *Catholic Times*. In one of the aristocratic families of Scotland some time ago a Catholic servant was induced to attend Protestant services and became to all appearance an apostate. Shortly after she gave up her situation, leaving behind her some Catholic books of devotion. Curiosity at first and then interest induced her mistress to read these books. The lady is now a fervent Catholic, and the servant at last reports was still a Protestant.

OBITUARY.

THE following persons, who have died lately, are recommended to the pious prayers of our charitable readers: James F. McGarry, who met a sudden death at Tonawanda, N. Y., May 3rd; James Mulligan, who died April 25th, at Lockport, N. Y.—R. I. P.

Favors Received for the New Hospice.

CANCELLED postage stamps have been received from the following places, and are herewith gratefully acknowledged: Ven. Sr. M. A., San Francisco, Cal.: Miss L. K., Eastwood, Ont.: Miss J. McC., Taylor, Ia.; Miss J. McP., Ashmont, Mass.; Ven. Srs. St. F., Oldenburg, Ont.: Ven. Srs. St. F., Oldenburg, Ind.; Mrs. S. F. S., Greensburg, Ky.; Miss S. X. B., Mrs. S. J. W., and W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Mrs. A. M. L., Kingston, Ont.; Mrs. T. D., Mill Creek, Mich.: C. B., Cleveland, Ohio; M. H., Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. G. H. S., Niagara Falls, N. Y.: J. McK., ——? Miss M. St. A., Wallaceburg, Ont.; H. D., Staffa, Ont.: Miss F. K., Netherby, Ont.; Miss N. O'B., Dedham, Mass.: Miss J. H., Niagara Falls, N. Y.: Ven. Sr. M. B., Buffalo, N. Y.; and from several sources unknown to us.

Devotional articles have been sent by Miss J. A. C., Snyder, Ont.: and Miss F. K., Netherby, Ont.; to whom we wish to acknowledge our gratitude.

Our Lady's Own.

NAMES have been received at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular Registry, from Saranac Lake, N.Y.; St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.: Walkerville, Ont.: Charlottetown, P.E.I.: Lancaster, Ohio; Whitfield, Ind.; St. Peter's Church, London, Ont.: St. John Evangelist's Church, Johnville, N.B.: St. Basil's Church, Toronto, Ont.: Watertown, N.Y.: Mt. Angel, Ore.; Dresden, Kas.; St. Francis Church, Ridgefield Park, N.Y.; Hesson, Ont.: St. Anthony of Padua Church, Centreville, Ont.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from University of St. Louis, Mo.; Evansville, Ind.; Avon, Ohio; St. Francis Convent, Trenton, N.J.; La Crosse, Wis.; Durango, Colo.; St. Aloysius' Church, Chicago, Ill.: Scranton, Pa.

PETITIONS.

OUR readers are requested to remember the following intentions in their prayers: 2 children, 1 husband: a lost brother: 3 insane persons: safe delivery, 2; conversions, 3; 9 cures; 3 situations; reform of 4 persons addicted to drink: reform of 2 persons who have ceased to practice their religion: 7 special requests: 7 temporal favors: 6 spiritual favors: the novices and students of our Order, and the progress of the Hospice.

SCRUPULOSITY is the sign of a little mind. "Perfect love casteth out fear."

THE saints accepted as favors the sickness and the sufferings which God sent them.

GREATNESS is to take the common things of life and to walk truly among them. Happiness is a great love and much serving.

BE charitable towards your neighbor, liberal to the poor; regard God in all your actions; seek Him in simplicity, purity, and humility of heart, desirous only of pleasing Him, and of attributing to Him the glory of everything.—BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

Carmelite Review.

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OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

COMETH our Queen from the far land,
Fair as the dawn of day;
Shineth her light from the star-land
Soft through the shadows of grey.
In her white hand the mystical garland
All fragrant of scenes far away.

Robed like the snow flakes of our land
And cinctured with azure blue,
On her feet, as she stood on the rock-land,
Were roses of golden hue;
And her virgin-brow, cloudless as light-land,
Bore impress of mother-love too.

And her voice—oh! its tones were far sweeter
Than murmurs of earth's melody,
And it seemed in the silent air fleeter
Than whispers of angels could be;
While the bells of the "Angelus" greet her,
She speaks of unstained purity.*

Behold! the pure waters are stealing
In gentle and murmuring flow,
With miraculous power of healing
They glide to the river below:
Fair emblems! to faith they're appealing,
Like Mary's voice tender and low.

Long years have passed by, and that rock-land
Is holy with praise and with prayer,
And the scent of the Rosary-garland
Embalming the mystical air:
And the queen of the shadowless bright land
Seems lovingly, silently there.

*"I am the Immaculate Conception," words of the Blessed Virgin to Bernadette Soubirous, March 25, 1858.

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,

Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER VII.

JAMES A. MCMASTER'S DEFENCE AND SUPPORT OF THE PAPAL INFALLIBILITY OF THE TEMPORALTIES AND INDEPENDENCE OF THE POPE.—FLIGHT OF PIUS IX TO GAETA.—MAZZINI, THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, PATRICK DONAHUE.—CONTROVERSY BETWEEN THE GREAT COMMUNIST AND BISHOP HUGHES.—LEWIS CASS.—THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL'S THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.—LOURDES.—THE PAPAL TEMPORALITIES.—A SIN TO EXCUSE A BREACH OF THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

BEFORE the Vatican council was held there were certain *viri Catholici* who were of opinion that only those truths are of faith to be held which have been defined by the church, and that therefore he who rejected the papal infallibility was sound in Catholic belief. McMaster showed this opinion to be erroneous. "A man," said he, "steals a large sum of money from his neighbor. Now is that man no thief so long as the court has not pronounced him guilty of theft?"

Jesus Christ has revealed to his church a certain number of truths. She knows what those truths are. She has always believed and taught them as revealed truths. "Every revealed truth," says Cardinal Manning, "is definite and precise; nevertheless all are not defined; but the church defined many of these truths in precise terms only when it was fit or necessary to do so; and this fitness, or necessity, arose when a revealed truth was obscured, or contested, or denied out of vincible or invincible ignorance. Those who, out of invincible ignorance, denied certain revealed truths, were excused from heresy until the church delivered them from the ignorance of these truths by declaring and defining them in precise terms. The definition, however, adds nothing to its intrinsic certainty, for this is derived from divine revelation; the definition adds only the extrinsic certainty of universal promulgation by the doctrinal authority of the church, imposing obligation upon all the faithful."

No doubt Luther, Calvin, and other heresiarchs of the sixteenth century were considered by the church as heretics even before she had defined those truths which were denied by those impious men; and those denied truths were articles of faith, and believed as such just as firmly before as after their definition by the Council of Trent. "So, in like manner," says Cardinal Manning, "the existence of God has always been an article of faith, and yet it was defined, only a few years ago, in the Vatican Council. Hence, all those truths are articles of faith, which are taught by the church as revealed truths, no matter, whether or not they are defined. For instance, the church teaches the Assumption of the Blessed Mother of God, body and soul, into heaven, in the institution of the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in her office and holy mass of this feast, as clearly as she could teach it by defining this truth. Any one, therefore, who knows that the church teaches a truth as revealed, is bound in conscience to believe it as an article of faith; if he does not so believe it, he is a heretic before God."—*Vat. Counc.* by CARDINAL MANNING.

Any one, therefore, who, before the Vatican Council, sufficiently knew that the church has ever, from the beginning, believed the pope to be infallible in matters of faith and morals, was bound in conscience to believe this truth. Hence Leo XIII, in his encyclical letter of January 10th, 1890, says:

"In fixing the limits of obedience, let none imagine that the authority of the bishops, and especially of the Roman Pontiff is only to be respected in matters of dogma, the obstinate rejection of which cannot be distinguished from the crime of heresy. Nor is it by any means sufficient that a sincere and firm assent be given to the teaching delivered by the church, which, though not defined by solemn Act nevertheless, by common and universal consent, believed as

divinely revealed, and which the Vatican Council decreed as of 'Catholic and divine faith.' But it is moreover a chief duty of Christians to suffer themselves to be ruled and guided by the Bishops, and particularly by the Apostolic See. How fitting this doctrine is, is very evident. For the words of God refer in part to God Himself, and in part to man, and to that which is necessary for his eternal salvation. Now in each division the guidance of both belief and action by divine right belongs to the Church, as We have said, and in the Church to the Chief Pontiff. Hence the Pontiff must have the power authoritatively to judge of the meaning of Holy Scripture; what doctrines are in harmony with it and what at variance: and also to declare what is virtuous and what sinful, what is to be done and what avoided in the work of salvation: for otherwise he could neither be a sure interpreter of the moral word of God nor a safe guide to man."

While the Catholic world undoubtedly accepted that doctrine as the only logical deduction from the doctrine of the infallibility of the church, there was not lacking an element of opponents within the fold, few in number, but able and skillful in the conduct of a controversy. These sought to rally around them that much larger class of Catholics who are continually fearful of offending the non-Catholic world, and who therefore believed that the definition of the dogma should have been postponed. The *Freeman's Journal* never wavered for a moment. It called aloud for the definition which the Holy Father deemed it fitting should be made, and it spared no one who stood in the way of adding this keystone to the perfect arch of Catholic doctrine. The wisdom of the church in the Vatican Council assembled, in paying no heed to the clamor of the external world, and in defining the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope, has been vindicated by the event. Never has the moral power of the Papacy been greater than it is to-day, for, while the Pope was from the first infallible, still he had not before the Vatican Council the symbol of his power, in its full extent, exhibited to all the world.

An excellent proof of McMaster's faith in the infallibility of the Pope is the following:

"When it had become certain that the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility would be promulgated, this journal opened its columns for a subscription to be a testimonial 'to the Pope—the Infallible Judge in faith and morals, and the Bishop of the Universal Church, in token of thanksgiving to God for the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, when teaching the Church.' As the result of this subscription, $7,160.20 were sent to the Pope on December 17th."

As McMaster defended the Papal infallibility, so, in like manner, he defended also the temporalities and independence of the Pope against all those who held contrary erroneous opinions. It should be remembered that, in the establishment of his church, our Divine Saviour did not consult the civil authorities. Neither Herod nor Pilate was asked for approval. If those rulers had not been in the world at all they could not have been more completely ignored, when it was question of the establishment of the church, the preaching and teaching of the doctrine of Christ, and the exercise of all the offices of the Christian ministry. Cæsar and his officers had no voice in all this. They had authority in the kingdoms of the world, but none whatever in the kingdom of God. It was established, propogated, to be made universal, and to last forever, whether they willed it or not. The apostles, especially the head of the Apostles and his successors are to exercise their power in perfect freedom. It is divinely theirs, freely to teach what is true, freely to condemn what is false; freely to denounce the crimes of men and of governments; freely to constitute the hierarchy in various countries; freely to afford to persons recourse to them in doubt and freely to reply to them; freely to condemn those who refuse obedience to the church; freely to excommunicate from the church those who remain obstinate in error or in disobedience; freely to define religious and moral truths, that is to formulate laws that direct the mind what to believe and the conscience how to act. A ruler of nations like Cæsar himself, with vast armies at his back, though he had not been consulted at all in the establishment of the church, was bound to hear her voice like the humblest peasant, and submit his soul to her guidance under pain of eternal banishment from the presence of God. He might pretend to command when it was his duty to obey, but the mistake was sure to be disastrous to himself, as indeed the final result proved to many.

When the divine Master had finished his work, and his vicar reigned in his place, the independence of the spiritual power, in

its own province, was, if possible, still more evident. We know what was the attitude of the apostles toward the state. In questions of the soul, they set it at naught. They taught loyalty to Cæsar in all that religion does not condemn, as their successors do at this day, so that among Christians there was a host of martyrs, but not a single conspirator or assassin; but when Cæsar required disloyalty to God, the apostles and the Christians bade him defiance. They knew the penalty, and accepted it. It was perfectly understood that Cæsar like other beasts of prey, had claws and teeth, and could use them. He did use them with considerable effect. He had soldiers, lictors, prisons, axes, scaffolds. But such engines, destructive as they were, could only hurt the flesh: and the apostles and Christians were told not to "fear them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul." They were warned that they would be "brought before the governors," but that they were not even to take thought what they should say. The divine master would teach them what to say.

The conditions of the combat between Christ and Cæsar, between the spiritual and the secular power, will never cease. In order that the head of his church might enjoy perfect freedom in the exercise of his power, under God's providence the Pope became a temporal prince. He obtained his temporal power before Constantine abandoned Rome, and it was confirmed and completed by Charlemagne, more than a thousand years ago. God inspired Christian princes to attach a principality to the Holy See, called the Patrimony of St. Peter,—the States of the church: "It has been the will of God," says Pius IX, "that the princes of the earth, even those who are not in communion with the Church of Rome, should defend and maintain the temporal sovereignity of the Holy See, which has been, by a disposition of divine Providence, enjoyed for many centuries by the Roman Pontiffs. The possession of that temporal dominion enables the reigning Pope to exercise his supreme apostolic authority in the government of the Universal Church with that liberty which is necessary to fulfill to the duties of his apostolical office, and procure the salvation of the flock of Christ." (Allocution, May 10th, 1850.)

The Pope then posseses his territory under a title higher and older than any government in the world. Napoleon I sought to destroy this temporal power of the Pope, but was forced at last to admit the necesssity of papal independence: "The Pope," he said, "is not at Paris; it is well: we reverence his authority precisely because he is not at Vienna nor at Madrid. At Vienna and at Madrid they feel the same with regard to Paris. It is, therefore, better that he should be neither with us nor with any of our rivals, but in Rome, his ancient seat, holding an equal balance between all sovereigns. This is the work of centuries, and they have done well. The temporal power is the wisest and best institution that could be imagined in the government of souls."

TO BE CONTINUED.

BLESSED MOTHER.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.

Blessed Mother, on thy breast
Fain my troubled heart would rest:
Thou, sweet Mother, thou didst share
All the ills thy children bear.

II.

Though thy soul, as pure as snow,
Took no stain from earth below,
Still the sinner, lost, forlorn,
Thou didst ne'er repulse with scorn.

III.

The poor soul with sorrow riven
May through thee have sins forgiven;
In death's hour, O be thou near,
Thou my guide I shall not fear!

OBITUARY.

PRAYERS of the readers of the REVIEW are asked for George Johnson, who died June 3rd, 1895, at Toronto; for the soul of Thomas Goodyear, who died on Sunday, May 19th, at Riverstown, Ont., with dropsy of the heart, at the age of 77 years; for Thos. McCarthy, whose happy death occurred at his aunt's residence, Corry, Pa., towards the end of May; for Mrs. Margaret Brennan, who died at Hastings, Ont., June 1st; for Rev. Father Quirk, who died at Hastings, Ont., June 7th.—R. I. P.

OLIVE'S OFFERING.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

III.

"Their strength united best may help to bear."—*Pope.*

OUTSIDE of business hours few people knew of Gottlieb Guttmann. He boarded quietly at a Mrs. Rice's, whose name, by the way, quite harmonized with a well known "celestial" dish, which she dished up under various disguises for "my boarders," as she always said when referring to her permanent and transient guests, who could all be reduced to one person, Mr. Guttmann himself. The latter liked his good old landlady, and the kindness was mutually reciprocated. Guttmann was in the habit of making very droll remarks, which Mrs. Rice seemed to enjoy, even if she couldn't always fathom them. And this was often the cause of little misunderstandings, since Mrs. Rice's interpretation of Mr. Guttmann's saying was generally embodied in her little chat with her next door neighbor. Hence it often happened that many things were attributed to Mr. Guttmann when the case was just the opposite. This will explain some little incidents to be referred to farther on.

Guttmann usually left his office about five o'clock, arriving at Mrs. Rice's about seven. If you were curious to know how he disposed of the intervening two hours, all you had to do was to follow his steps and you would find yourself descending dark cellars and ascending rickety tenement stairways. In other words, Guttmann paid a daily visit to several poor persons. He did his work quietly but effectively, and the well-fed half of humanity knew nothing about it.

Guttmann, as far as religion went, was a Catholic, and a very practical one at that. He didn't announce the fact to every passer-by—he rather acted his religion. It was a part of his daily life. In fact, on account of his retired life and general reserve, very few guessed at his real belief. All that his fellow business men and patrons said of him was that he was "a right good and straightforward fellow and a gentleman." That is a great deal to say of a man. But Guttmann deserved it all.

Guttmann usually went to early Mass and hence was not observed going to, or coming from, church by those who knew him best, since at the time when he was on his knees at Our Lady's Church most of his business confreres were still stretching in their bed. If anyone did see Guttmann coming from late services it was said good-naturedly that he had gone to church to hear the music, or perhaps as a harmless concession to his Catholic patrons.

One day one gentleman went so far as to remark in a subdued tone—and in Guttmann's presence—that "Perhaps Guttmann belongs to some Masonic lodge."

No one better enjoyed that remark than Guttmann, who couldn't help but overhear it. He said nothing, expecting to see more amusing developments. All his expectations were fully satisfied.

As usual there was a woman in it, none other than Mrs. Rice herself, and behold what caused it to be rumored abroad that Mr. Guttmann was one of "the brethren."

One afternoon—on an exceptionally cold day, Guttmann arrived at Mrs. Rice's much earlier than usual. Not caring to disturb his amiable landlady, he quietly slipped up to his room, which was rather chilly, since Mrs. Rice, with an eye to economy, had shut off unnecessary caloric when "my boarders" were not at home. Throwing a blanket over him, Guttmann managed to keep from freezing by sitting near the register, which hovered around freezing point. Here sat Guttmann, when Mrs. Rice walked in, altogether ignorant of Mr. Guttmann's presence. Before she had time to overcome her surprise, Mr. Guttmann said in his funny way:—

"Say, Mrs. Rice, I have a conundrum for you. Why is this register like a free-mason?"

Mrs. Rice, thinking this might be the unwilling victim of some secret plot, beat a hasty retreat, saying as she went, "O Mr. Guttmann, I always thought those masons would get hold of you sooner or later."

Guttmann followed her and shouted down the stairs:—"Mrs. Rice, the thermometer in my room is like a mason because it rarely reaches thirty-three degrees. Don't you see?"

She didn't.

The next morning Mrs. Rice nearly gave the fits to her neighbor, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, when she said to her in a whisper:—

"O Mrs. Fitzpatrick, for the sakes of you don't mention it, but it is a fact that 'my boarder' has gone and joined them folks that do be making such queer signs, riding goats and all that when decent people are in their beds. Don't tell a soul of it or he might kill me."

And thus was the news quickly spread that Gottlieb Guttmann was probably a "past grand" or "most sublime and worshipful master" of some lodge or other. Guttmann enjoyed the joke hugely.

Next day there was more fun in store for him. Just as he was finishing up his day's work he noticed two persons entering his office. From the guarded way in which he looked around one would be led to believe that they were under police surveillance. Guttmann thought he knew them, especially one whom he had facetiously dubbed Dr. Jekyll, on account of his facility in playing double parts. As for instance lauding the "Grand Old Man of Rome" at an Hibernian banquet and anathematizing "The Scarlet Lady" at another meeting, which for divers reasons was held within closed doors.

"Good evening gentlemen!" said Guttmann to his visitors, "I suppose you have come to purchase a few tickets for the Orphans' Benefit. You are just in time, since there are only a few reserved seats left."

"We have come on very important business," said the spokesman, "and would like to see you alone."

"This is strange business," said Guttman. "Why, gentlemen, I think we are alone. Besides, I am accustomed to do my business above board, however, to oblige you I shall lock the outer door. And now let's to business."

"Well," said one of Guttman's visitors, "there is talk in town that you are a 'society' man and we are a committee from Lodge No. 1 of the 'Free and Accepted U. B. D's of the Simian Rite,' and we cordially invite you to join us."

"Then it's brother meeting brother," said Guttmann (he told me, however, he meant it in the sense that all men were brothers, coming as they did from the same original parents). "O yes," went on Guttmann, "I belong to several fraternal and benevolent societies (all Catholic ones). No wonder that people admire those whose apparent aim is to help the widow and the orphan. But gentlemen——"

Here Guttmann, to the short-lived delight of his visitors, assumed a dramatic posture, and, I might remark, very few knew better than he how to "take occasion by the hand."

"But gentlemen," he said, "that artful deceiver—our sworn adversary—who goes around like a roaring lion seeking one's destruction, knows too well how to color a thing in order to make it look attractive. Hence, he causes men to band together for unholy purposes, and while they ply their unhallowed work, the initiated are led to believe that you are engaged in acts of brotherly love. No, gentlemen, I do not believe in binding myself to blindly do the bidding of another in things in which I might injure my neighbor's good name or his property. My Church, which is God's Church, knows this too well, and hence, warns her children against that cancer on humanity—the secret society."

It was becoming uncomfortable for Guttmann's visitors, and they were slowly working their way towards the door. They had undoubtedly caught a Tartar.

"It's no use, gentlemen, that door was fastened for your benefit, and now I intend to take advantage of your forced presence by finishing what I have to say," said Guttmann, who continued, "You shouldn't feel uneasy since *you* are accustomed to meeting behind closed doors."

The two men were getting very uneasy and were probably wishing that Guttmann might be consigned to some locality where the temperature was far above thirty-three degrees. However, they had to sit it out.

"And, now, gentlemen!" said Guttmann in a slow and solemn tone, "I'll let you into a great secret, but you must keep it to yourselves. Doubtless you have heard of those dreadful Jesuitical societies amongst us which secretly plant the assassination of so many innocent non-Catholics. I belong to one of these societies, and carry about me a sign hidden from the gaze of men. Yes, a sign which can work wonders above human power. I do not show this sign—or charm if you will—to everyone, but since

we are alone, I'll show it to you. And here it is," and Guttmann pulled out from the inside of his vest one end of his Scapular to which was appended a little Agnus Dei.

"This," he said, referring to the latter, "is sealed even to the Catholic laity. It contains something stamped (blessed wax) by the Pope himself. But this piece of brown stuff had an original, which came from heaven. It seems insignificant, but no magician's wand can equal it. Shake it at your father—the devil, and he would be out of sight in a moment. Talk about *your* regalia, aprons and all that! What are they compared to this? Yes, gentlemen, I feel happy and secure when I have this

'Scapular Brown o'er my heart reposing
Badge during life of my faith and love.'"

After this Guttmann escorted his visitors to the door, gracefully bowed them out and politely invited them to call again when they had time to do so. But that time never came.

At the next meeting of Lodge No. 1, the committee appointed to call on "Brother" Guttmann, reported that the latter was not altogether an available candidate. And it was voted that the goat be given another vacation.

I have been rather prolix in detailing this last mentioned episode in Guttmann's bachelor days. But it was for a purpose. It will give the reader an insight into our friend's character. I am sure that Guttmann himself will smile when for the first time he sees in print this somewhat amusing incident in his own life.

As for the rest—suffice it to say that Guttmann was a practical Catholic—that means everything when you are analysing a man's moral qualities. Guttmann may not have been perfect. If he had been he would not go to Confession every month to give his conscience a "little scouring," as he himself put it. The truth of the matter is. Guttmann would not have been a man of such unsullied character if he had neglected the sacraments.

I don't intend to describe Guttmann from a physical standpoint. I leave that to some future physical-culture essayist. However, I might say, incidentally, that there is a "counterfeit presentment" of Guttmann's in my album, and everyone who sees it exclaims, "Who is that handsome fellow?" There now. This should satisfy anyone, even a woman.

In business Guttmann had been very successful. He owed this to continued application to business, and strict adherence to straightforward ways of doing things, which brought him the respect of his business confreres. It is true, he had his reverses, but this did not dampen his spirits nor rob him of sleep. He knew that crosses came from above, and he accordingly resigned himself to God's holy will. But, taking things all in all, Guttmann's business transactions had very happy endings. so much so, that people began to speak of "Guttmann's good luck."

"Good luck!" Is there such a thing when you examine it closely? I think it was only God's blessing and the Blessed Virgin's protection which never forsook Guttmann. If you ask him he will tell you the same. If anyone looked closely they would notice on Guttmann's office desk a miniature statue of the Mother of God. "That's my attorney and never-failing counsellor," said Guttmann one day in pointing it out to me.

Guttmann dressed neatly, but did not believe in being a slave to every fad of fashion. His dress, in fact, had a sort of clerical cut about it. Perhaps this explains why some people referred to him as "Father Guttmann." It wasn't altogether a misnomer, for he was truly a "father" to more than one poor family in the town.

Nearly everybody said Guttmann was to remain a bachelor. They were all false prophets. Guttmann was amused at some of the opinions put forth by his acquaintances.

"Well, after all," said one, "what use is there in marrying? Girls don't remain good looking long enough. Besides, when you are tied down to one partner all your money goes to pay milliners' bills. We would be eternally doomed to listen to their talk on Buddhism, theosophy, hypnotism, and all the occult sciences of which we know nothing, and care less. Oh, no, I prefer to remain single. There is more fun in it."

When asked for his opinions on one of these occasions, Guttman simply dismissed the subject in an off-hand way, saying:—

"It is true there are too many girls now-a-days well equipped for anything but a

wife's duty. still, whilst we are begging them to descend to the level of us mortals, we should not forget that many a young man ought to raise himself up from the pitfalls into which he has fallen. Women have a right to demand this."

To sum up all these random remarks, I can truly say that everybody agreed that *if* (they put the emphasis on this last little word) Gottlieb Guttmann married anyone it would be *a woman*, and the latter would get *a man* for a husband.

Guttmann was greatly in need of an office boy—one of the right kind—a rather scarce article now-a-days. If he put a two line advertisement of "Boy Wanted" in the *Evening News*, the next morning there would be an almost endless crowd of anxious applicants, and they would be all warranted to be "smart." Guttmann preferred a boy who was honest to a smart one, especially in an office where loose change was apt to be left lying around.

Whether it was a question of getting a good office boy—or, for that matter a good wife, Guttmann was desirous of obtaining the best. He deserved it.

One afternoon Guttmann was sitting at his desk thinking of the ways and means of procuring an assistant in his office and perhaps an help-mate outside of the office.

Suddenly he stopped scribbling triangles, stars and dollar marks on his writing pad, and jumped up, saying to himself:

"By jove! I'll call and see Father Seligmacher. He will tell me where to find a good boy."

It was near closing time, so Guttmann had plenty time to see the priest before supper time.

Gottlieb arrived at the rectory but a few moments before six. He had just greeted the priest with his usual form of salutation, *Gelobt sei Jesus Christus* ("Praise be Jesus Christ"), when the Angelus bell rang. Without starting the conversation, both priest and layman went on their knees to praise Mary, and it was a fitting coincidence that they both knelt below a pretty copy of "Millet's Angelus," which the Holy Family confraternity had given to Father Seligmacher on the last feast of St. Louis, his Names-day.

"Gottlieb Guttman!" said the priest, "I have often heard of you, and indeed, seen you many times in Church, especially some raw morning, when you formed one of the small groups who attend the early Masses, in spite of the rough weather. I hear that they call you '*Father* Guttmann;' is the name prophetic? If you want to join the monastery upon the hill, don't be afraid to call on me. I shall gladly give you an introduction to the Prior."

"Thank, you, father," said Gottlieb, "but I do not think God intends me to be a Benedictine."

"But a '*Benedict*'" suggested Father Seligmacher.

"Perhaps," said Gottlieb, blushing, "but I am sure I have no religious vocation, although many a time in passing the monastery I often thought of the rest, quiet and happiness to be found in such cloisters where, as some writer says:

> 'Like birds with broken wings that seek the nest
> Way-farers seeking for the City Golden,
> We stop within those hallowed walls to rest.'

"Since you have brought up the subject, father, I might as well say that I *am* thinking of getting married and would be grateful for a word of advice," said Guttmann.

"You are certainly an exception to the general run of young men and women," said Father Seligmacher. "Most of them do not need a priest's advice before marrying. Oh, no, they know what they are doing—at least they think they do—poor deluded creatures. They come to the priests after they are married in order to have us help them out of a scrape. Alas! How many boys and girls are unfit for that holy state into which they rush unprepared—without giving it a sober thought! Young men who have not saved a cent and think that mutual love (if it only lasted) will support a family! Young women marrying who can't prepare a digestible dish! On the other hand how many *should marry* and *will not* and risk their salvation in consequence. And again, you have others in the married state, who, in defiance of the law of God and nature, bring inevitable damnation upon themselves because they work against the end for which that holy sacrament was instituted. Married life is hard enough even when people enter it with the blessing of God and His Church, but what shall I say of those godless marriages, where a curse rather than a blessing descends upon the con-

tracting parties. Again, you hear of a good person saying that they will reform the one they are to marry—or perhaps make a convert of him or her. Nonsense! Some of the saints, at the cost of tearful prayers and sufferings, might have succeeded in such lofty missions, but it is sheer folly for ordinary persons to talk of such impossibilities. My dear Mr. Guttmann, you have opened up a wide field of thought and subject matter for a long series of sermons. So to be brief, let me advise you to prudently seek for a partner who will be a means of helping you to save your soul. Remember that more than natural gifts must be looked for in a good wife. Pray daily that God and His holy Mother will send you a worthy partner, and on your part continue to live in such a way as to make yourself worthy of the one whom Providence has destined for you."

Guttmann thanked Father Seligmacher for his kind advice, and then related his experience with his Masonic friends.

"Why did you not sprinkle a little holy-water on them?" said the priest, after he had recovered from a hearty laugh.

"If I had," said Guttmann, "they might have jumped through the large window in my office, and the expense of repairing it might have deprived some of my poor of the necessaries of life for a time. Of course that would not do. Now, father, before I go, I might as well come to the point. What I wanted was to know if you could help me in getting an office-boy."

"When I go to the school to-morrow I'll ask Sister Serena. She will probably be able to accommodate you. If I find the right sort of a boy I'll send him up to your office," said the priest.

"Thanks, father," said Guttmann, who, after politely thanking him for his kind invitation to supper, went out through the sacristy, which Father Seligmacher said was a short cut to the street.

Since he had to pass through the Church, Gottlieb had an opportunity to kneel down and say a little prayer. He knelt at the Sacred Heart altar. It is wonderful how many loved to kneel in this quiet devotional spot in the twilight. Perhaps they were oblivious of others who thought as themselves and came there to pray unobserved. Perhaps if circumstances slightly changed we might have found Gottlieb praying in company with some other pious companion. Who knew then but that Providence one day was to bring together the chief actors in this story. Strange things have happened, and methinks before I get through with Jus' memorandum book that I shall have to record some chance meetings which had happy endings.

Talking of Jus, reminds me that Gottlieb has now passed over to the Blessed Virgin's Altar. Little did he think as he knelt there that a poor little news-boy often came there to pray. That same boy—none other than Jus himself—whom Gottlieb had treated so kindly on that wet evening and addressed in such friendly tones. He had often see Jus since that evening and regularly bought his paper from him up to a couple of weeks ago. But Gottlieb had no idea as to what church Jus attended. Much less did he know of Jus' family relations. Jus, on his part, knew nothing of Guttmann, except that he was some down-town business man. In the bustle of some towns it is possible for us to pass a familiar face every day in the year and yet know nothing of a person whom we are sure to meet at a certain corner at a given hour.

Returning to Guttmann kneeling at Our Lady's Altar, we will find him repeating the same brief and fervent prayer. One favorite ejaculation he loved to repeat. It ran: "O Purest Heart of Mary make my heart like unto thine and thy divine Son."

Gottlieb shared the opinion of others in regard to the necessity of a new statue for Our Lady's Altar. An idea suddenly struck him as he was rising to go. "Come to think of it," he said to himself, "I can do well enough without that bicycle for a while yet. Besides walking is just as healthy. Yes, I'll use that money and give good Father Seligmacher a pleasing surprise. Let's see. I think he said his Christian name was Louis, and the feast comes, I think, on the twenty-fifth of this month (August). That's a capital idea. So on or before his Names-day this altar shall have a statue of the Most Pure Heart of Mary."

The next morning Father Seligmacher paid his usual visit to the school, and whilst there, asked the sister to point out a good boy who could do office work—especially one who could be depended on.

"There is one boy who has just stopped coming to school," said Sister Serena. "It

is true he is poor, father, but he is very honest and reliable. I mean Justin Wright. I think you know him. He served your Mass on one of the first Fridays."

"Sure enough, I never thought of him. He is just the boy. Send for him and tell him to call at the office of Mr. G. Guttmann. The place is near Mrs. Lyon's store," said Father Seligmacher.

Jus promptly responded to Sister Serena's note. After the good sister had inquired about his mother's health, she said to him:—"You remember I told you Justin that I would try to do something for you whenever the opportunity presented itself, and now I am glad to be able to fulfill my promise."

Jus thanked the sister two or three times, and soon was on his way to Guttmann's office.

On his way down town Jus met Olive Reinheart, who was on her way to Jus' home. Her visits were more frequent since Mrs. Wright became ill.

"I don't know about that," said Olive, after Jus told her for where he was bound, "perhaps, Jus, it's better if you turn back with me. I might succeed in getting you a position. I do not think you ought to have anything to do with that man Guttmann—you will be in danger of losing your faith. I do not place much faith in hearsay, nevertheless so many people say he is a member of some secret organization, and even goes to our Church in order to throw people off their guard. No, Jus, if I were you I would have nothing whatsoever to do with such a man. Your soul is worth more than a few paltry dollars."

And thus was Gottlieb Guttmann robbed of his good name, because his landlady couldn't hold her tongue.

"Well, Miss Reinheart," said Jus, "I'll try the place, and will come straight home the moment I hear anything said against Catholics."

But Jus didn't come home, except for his meals. Had he followed Olive's advice, and not applied for the position at Gutmann's, it would have put an entirely new face on what I have yet to relate. It was only a boy's resolution, but a great deal depended on it.

Just as Guttmann was dismissing a new customer, Jus walked up to the desk.

"Hello! here's my little newsboy!" exclaimed Guttmann, entirely ignorant of Jus' present mission. "Why, for the past two weeks I have had to walk down to Mrs. Lyons' for my *Evening News* Where have you been?"

Only the night before Guttmann was at Mrs. Lyons' for his paper, and since she was generally well-posted on the dates of church festivals, to be doubly sure, he asked that amiable old lady the day on which the Feast of St. Louis fell. He thought, as I said before, it was August 25th, but he was not quite sure. This evening he stopped to have a chat with Mrs. Lyons, saying to her, among other things: "Why, Mrs. Lyons, it seems you'll never get rid of those little statutes of yours. They will, I think, wear out their existence by the many dustings you give them in a year. It's strange how little our people care for these pretty things. They would give a Catholic atmosphere to any room, it seems to me. If some one doesn,t soon buy that lovely little statue of the Pure Heart of Mary, it might fly off and seek its resting place some where else."

Guttmann, it is true, was only talking in a half-teasing way, but when I look closer at his words, I think he was only expressing what was uppermost in his own mind. It is a very true saying that "out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speak." To put it plainer, Gottlieb's heart was seeking its resting place. If there was a heart beating in unison with his, its throbbing could not be heard by Gottlieb. If there ever was an object on which he was to devote his affections, instead of approaching towards him, it seemed, he thought, to vanish farther and farther away from him. But in truth it was approaching him, faster than Gottlieb dreamt. I fear I have made a digression. So let's return to Guttmann's office and see how Jus fares.

When Guttmann asked him "Where have you been?" Jus could hardly give an answer. He, too, was rather surprised to meet his old customer, the same who had given him the "extra" cent that rainy night. "It surely can't be true that so

good and kind a man is so bad a man as Miss Reinheart says he is," thought Jus.

Jus was correct in his judgment. Olive was wrong.

"Please, Sir," said Jus, after he recovered from his surprise, "I had to stop at home and help in cleaning and cooking as long as ma was ill, and during those days I couldn't sell papers. "That's how you missed me."

"Why, are you the only help your mother has?" asked Guttmann, thinking, perhaps, that here was another good chance to help another poor family.

"No, Sir," said Jus, "there's a nice lady who comes to help us now and then. I am not all alone. That would make me feel bad."

As far as a dislike for being alone went, I think Jus and Guttmann resembled each other.

Jus then explained to Mr. Guttmann that he had really come to apply for a position as office-boy. He got it. And very few questions were asked. Guttmann told Jus that there was no need of starting work until the morning, so he returned home. On his way he stopped at the convent to thank Sister Serena, and this time, when the big door opened automatically, Jus did not lose his presence of mind as he did on another occasion.

Jus reached home just as Olive was about to depart, and who stayed a little longer in order to hear the outcome of Jus' visit to Mr. Guttmann. Mrs. Wright was wishing that Olive would go, fearing that Mr. Wright would soon arrive home in one of his hilarious moods, as was usually the case during the August races. Olive noticed Mrs. Wright's excited looks, and feared she was falling into a relapse, so she gently chided her, saying, "Now, Mrs. Wright, don't excite yourself. What is it, anyway? Tell me, won't you? Perhaps I can help you?"

"Oh, it's nothing," said Mrs. Wright, "only I was thinking of that awful husband of mine. I hope, Miss Reinheart, you will be more fortunate when you are married."

A little crimson showed itself on Olive's face. "I thought that possible, some few weeks ago, Mrs. Wright," said Olive, "but I am commencing to think that after all I am to pass the rest of my life in a single state. Perhaps it is better after all."

"That may all come to pass as you say, Miss Reinheart, but sometimes things take a queer turn," said Mrs. Wright, as Olive wished them all "Good evening!"

Jus got along splendidly at Mr. Guttmann's office, and the latter took a great interest in his new clerk. In the evenings Jus used to visit Father Seligmacher, who gave him some lessons in Latin, and Jus proved a very apt scholar.

Many a basket of provisions or something substantial came to the Wright family, and when asked, "Who sent it?" the man who drove the delivery-wagon said he couldn't tell. Of course the unknown benefactor was Guttmann. Later on, Guttmann, himself visited the family, and even went so far as to carry something or other along with him.

On one of these visits Gottlieb saw Olive. He simply bowed to her, but did not introduce himself. He had a good opportunity of studying her, and could not help but admire her kind and gentle way of treating this poor family. That night Olive left Wright's house early, and hence had not thought of asking Gottlieb's name.

Soon after that the same errands of charity brought them together again at "Wright's Roost." Mrs. Wright was convalescing slowly, and consequently felt rather low spirited. One evening Gottlieb was trying to cheer her up by relating some funny anecdotes, not forgetting to introduce an example of some saint in order to show the necessity of christian resignation during a severe illness.

As Olive was about to enter the house, Guttmann was commencing to tell of his laughable experience with the committee from Lodge No. 1. Olive walked in noisily and took a chair—the only one, for Gutman occupied the strongest end of the springless lounge.

Bowing to Olive, Guttmann went on with his story. Jus couldn't contain himself for laughter. He now and then looked at Olive, who seemed a little bewildered.

When Guttmann finished his story, Olive full of blushes, walked over to Guttmann, saying, "My name is Olive Reinheart, is your name Guttmann?"

"That's my name, Miss Reinheart, but

whether I am so good as my name seems to imply is another question, and—"

"Indeed he *is* good," interrupted Mrs. Wright and Jus in chorus, "and I hope you will pardon me, Miss Reinheart, if I take such liberty with a newly made acquaintance as to say that your own name suggests a golden quality in any lady. I hope I need to make no apologies for my blunt way of saying things."

"If any one is to offer an apology, Mr. Guttmann, I think it is myself, and I ask a thousand apologies for anything I have said against your good name. I must confess I did say something about you to Jus that was not right. But I was deceived by evil reports, which I might have still believed if I had not fortunately heard the truth," said Olive.

After this Olive and Gottlieb became fast friends, and often met at the same or some similar abode of poverty. So far they had had no opportunity to speak with one another except in company.

A few evenings later they both met accidentally, as they were both going to the same place, Wright's house. Guttmann, who carried a parcel under his arm, opened up the conversation by saying: "I have something here for some of the boys."

He then pulled it out to show Olive. It was a soft, felt, Alpine hat.

"Why, Mr. Guttmann, that's a girl's hat!" said Olive, who couldn't restrain her laughter.

"I might have known better," said Gottlieb. "I did think there was something wrong when I saw that long pin running through it, but thought perhaps it was some new style in boys' hats. I am very thankful to you for telling me of the mistake. After all, two heads are better than one."

TO BE CONTINUED.

EVERY man will die disappointed who does nothing to make the world brighter and better.

ALL other religions have been either national, like the Jewish religion, or territorial like Mahommedanism, or State religions like the Anglican Church. The Catholic religion alone, as the name implies, is universal, cosmopolitan, world-wide.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Miss Matilda Cummings.

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right;
But only discover to do
With cheerful heart, the work which God appoints. —*Jean Ingelow.*

WHAT a world of thoughtful meaning lies in the simple words of the gentle English poetess. They are full of the wisdom which Sir Walter Scott would have called "canny," and they are singularly appropriate in these days when so many of us are sorely perplexed because of the mass of things that go wrong, while we go away from sheer helplessness to *right* the wrong. Thomas a Kempis has a chapter in his "Imitation" which was very aptly termed the "mind your own business" chapter. And, after all, notwithstanding the very strong desire to help the neighbor which is uppermost in many well meaning people, there comes a time in the experience of all when one's own little field is the true God's acre, and the thought which it most behooves us to dwell upon, this: "Mine own vineyard I have not kept."

Some people are very much given to what Fr. Faber calls "hugging their beloved melancholy," and this is of a piece with the very prejudiced view which so many take of the world and its seething cauldron of iniquity. August brings us, in the Assumption, the crowning glory of the feasts of Our Blessed Lady; Lady Day in harvest, as our own more Catholic neighbors over the sea still delight in calling it. From the hour when the glad archangel's wing broke the silence of the midnight hour in the holy house of Nazareth, up to the time of her blessed deliverance from earth's thraldom, she was the creature *par excellence* who kept all things in her heart. Surely she, above all others, with her exquisite sensitiveness to the very shadow of sin, could not have been blind to the evil of

the world in her day. Yet no word of protest came from her lips. The sins of men caused her an anguish compared to which, the most burning zeal of an apostle were but a flickering flame. Yet no remonstrance came from her who had no interests in the world save those of God and souls. Solitude is the city of the strong, and silence their prayer. In these days of the "New Woman," (a character happily unknown amongst the children of Mary,) the life of her who is the most perfect model of her sex, looms up in a very striking light. The light of other days, 'tis true, but it has lost none of its clear brilliancy. No, the virgin wax tapers that burn on Mary's Shrine are the fitting emblem of her light that shines in purity and beauty, reflected in the lives of her children, and going on from age to age even unto the perfect day. Give us no more of the "New Woman" type. Alas! for the days when the distaff is exchanged for the wheel, which knows more of bloomers than of linen in beautiful variety. When knight and lady alike are astride, and when the flowing drapery which added grace to beauty is a thing of the past, as are the days of Esther and the woman's kingdom, now that the bicycle is the beast of burden. Not very seemly are such thoughts for the twilights of August. No, let us leave them for the garish light of day and the dusty high roads of the world's thoroughfares. Rather let us draw a sigh of relief as we raise our weary eyes to the true harvest home which Mary, the perfect woman, has reached. 'Tis like the refreshing rain that falls "after the dust and heat," the thought of her on Assumption Day. Some of us know what the sense of exile is. The long years of separation from all the heart holds dear. The yearning for scenes and faces that are a part of our very selves. The feeling of utter desolation which comes over the heart at the thought that life is passing, and the distance 'twixt us and the arms of those we love is lengthening. Happy we if tears can relieve the longing eyes and aching hearts. What then of Mary, during her fifteen years of weary waiting for home and her beloved Son! And oh! what of the rapture of her Assumption Day. How good is God, and how royally He repays those who wait for Him! So, with the help of the blessed beads that crown our dear Mother day by day even during *our* weary exile, let us while away the twilights of August. Would that one and all we could pass them among the mountains. Then, with our eyes fixed on the heights, we could frame sweet pictures of hope and promise, and build our castles, not in Spain, but in heaven. Yes, let us take heart of hope. *Some* bright Lady Day in Harvest we will look *down*, not up: then how small will earth and its dreary vales appear, when we view them from the skies. May our dear Lady of Peace hasten the blessed day.

SAVED BY THE ANGELUS BELL.

The following beautiful instance of a providential escape from death occurred in Austria. Two brothers, aged nine and four respectively, were playing towards midday at a brook close to a mill. The small brother happened to fall into the water. Immediately the elder brother, well aware of the danger, jumped in after him, which, though at that place shallow enough, began to flow rapidly towards the mill, which was only twenty paces off. The younger brother was therefore in the greatest danger of being carried away by the current, and if not saved there and then, he would be torn to pieces by the wheel, meeting with a certain and cruel death. The elder brother, aided by the current, was lucky enough to get hold of the younger one; already he had grasped with one arm his half-dead brother, but, as seemed certain, only to die with him. With a fearfully increasing rapidity both brothers were carried by the current to the revolving wheel, and nobody seemed to hear the shouting and screaming of the elder boy. Already the two brothers were touching the wheel, and the elder one was caught in it, when, behold, at the last critical moment the wheel suddenly stops —*the Angelus bell is tolling*—and barehead and praying appears the miller who, at the sound of the Angelus bell, had stopped the wheel and mill, for the usual time of prayer and the mid-day rest, and both the brothers were saved;—*Exchange*.

Let the action be ever so insignificant it is impossible to perform it without the help of Him, without whom nothing can be done.—St. Augustine.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, Aug., 1895. No. 8

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE month of August brings with it "Our Lady's Day." Our Spanish correspondent has sent us a most beautiful description of the festivities on that day in Spain, which our readers will find on another page. It incidentally teaches the lesson, that devotion to Our Blessed Mother is the cause of one of the chief fruits of the Holy Ghost in Christian hearts, holy joy.

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THE new Church built by the Carmelite Fathers of Pittsburg for Holy Trinity parish is now completed. On the fourth of this month the dedication ceremonies take place. The Church was described and illustrated in one of the numbers of last year's REVIEW. It is one of the most beautiful churches of Pittsburg, a worthy testimonial to the piety and devotion of the members of that congregation, who are all people in moderate circumstances.

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THE poem which opened our June number, "Omnia pro Te Cor Jesu," was not written for the CARMELITE REVIEW, but was sent to us some time ago with the request to publish it. It was written by Father Mathew Russell, S. J., and printed in the *English Messenger of the Sacred Heart* in the year 1870. The person who sent it to us did not mention its origin, and thus it happened that we took it for original work of the sender until our attention was called to it.

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THE corner-stone of the new Carmelite Convent of Nuns in Montreal was laid a few weeks ago. The new convent is in the city, and will be built to replace the convent at Hochelaga, which was found to be unsuitable. The Nuns, true to their profession, rely entirely upon charity to raise the funds for the new building. We have no misgiving whatever about their final success. As the Jesuit Father, who preached at the occasion, says: "Christians, who are in need of prayers, can never do better than secure the assistance of a Carmelite Nun." He is right, because he, who helps Our Lady's special servants, places the Queen of Heaven under obligations, and we all know, how royally she meets them.

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THE Feast of St. Albert on the 7th of August, will be a day of thanksgiving for many of our readers. Since last year, when we referred in these pages to the water, blessed with the relics of St. Albert, the demand for it has been steadily on the increase, and numerous instances of its efficacy have been brought to our notice. The intercession of this great saint obtained for many a one, what medical skill could not accomplish. We gladly publish the praises of our saints, and would willingly devote a page in our REVIEW to the publication of such instances, were it not for want of space. Therefore, do not promise the saint to have a cure published in the REVIEW until you can keep the promise.

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MANY of our readers complain of the paper and the print of the REVIEW. It is said that the paper is too glossy and the print too fine. These are faults, if they can be called so, which are easily remedied. The paper used for the REVIEW is of the very best calendered paper used in magazine work, more costly than the usual run of magazine paper. The type is new, expressly bought for the REVIEW, and not used for any other work. On thicker paper it would make a broader impression. But we cannot make any changes until the beginning of a new year. If the interest taken in the CARMELITE REVIEW continues to increase, we intend to double its size in the coming year, and use paper and type which, although less expensive, will give better satisfaction. We are learning all the time, and our readers are kind enough to believe in us.

The papers of Japan, published and edited by pagans, gave an account lately of a very remarkable incident which occurred during the late war with China. Among the Japanese soldiers there are a number of Christians who have shown unusual courage and bravery, and are highly esteemed by their commanders. At the siege of Port Arthur, one of the Chinese forts made a vigorous defence. The Japanese officers selected the Christian soldiers from the various companies, and formed a battalion exclusively Christian. They were ordered to take the fort. The chief officers were confident that the fort would be taken by these valiant soldiers, but not without great loss of life. But their astonishment may be imagined, when, after successfully carrying the fort, the whole battalion was found intact, not a *single Christian having been even wounded. They all wore the Scapular.* This event made a deep impression on the heathen Japanese, and it is said that many conversions were the result.

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The question of Home Rule for Ireland seems to be as far from settlement as ever. Ministries may change, in England, elections follow elections, but this question seems to be at a standstill. Ireland, which owes its greatness in the Kingdom of God to its indefectible adherence to religious unity, will not achieve any success among the kingdoms of the earth without political unity. That God loves Ireland, is evident to every Catholic from her very history. If Home Rule will be a blessing for it, it can be obtained from heaven. The lovers of Ireland should unite in prayer for unity among her representatives, and do, as they did for centuries, ask for God's blessing on their undertakings, instead of trying to keep supernatural motives entirely out of their politics. When Parnell was at the head of the Irish party, and success seemed to be but a question of time, we were in great doubts as to the successful issue of his leadership, mainly because we could not separate in our mind, the political from the religious side of the question. Ireland, the Island of Saints and Doctors, the "Holy Isle" will never be great on any other basis, than that which made her great among the nations as the home of the chosen people of God.

Thousands of pilgrims were drawn to Our Lady's shrine at Falls View, to celebrate the Feast of Mount Carmel, and to share in the untold treasures opened to them by Our Holy Father. The piety and eagerness to gain all the indulgences were truly edifying. It was extremely gratifying to witness the sincere devotion of the people of all classes to Our Heavenly Mother. It was clearly the enthusiasm of conviction—which made the pilgrims crowd the little shrine to suffocation throughout the entire day. So vast the throng, so intent upon their devotion, and so earnest in visiting the church, that a stranger exclaimed: "It reminds one of the great pilgrimages of the old country." Last year the grain of mustard seed was sown, when the corner-stone of the Hospice was laid, and its growth has been rapid and prolific. We feel encouraged by the flattering reports from all sides. Especially do we appreciate the efforts of the directors of the Buffalo *Volksfreund* to make their pilgrimage a success. There were six or seven hundred pilgrims who availed themselves of their excursion. The zeal of the pilgrims was thoroughly aroused by the powerful and eloquent tribute which the Rev. Francis Ryan, Rector of the Cathedral of Toronto, paid to Our Lady of Carmel. In our next issue we will publish a synopsis of this sublime conception of Our Lady's Order and its influence on modern times.

BOOKS.

The Rosary Publication Co., New York, publishes "A Course of Study for Roman Catholic Parochial Schools," compiled by an experienced teacher. It may be well-nigh impossible to obtain absolute uniformity in all those points that would make the parochial schools of the United States most efficient. The country is too large; the teaching communities differ too much in methods and systems of teaching, the requirements of the individual schools are too various, and the demands of the controlling powers, as well as of the parents, are too widely divergent to make uniformity on all points feasible. But there should be a desire on the part of all interested in the welfare of our Catholic schools, to bring about a greater degree of regularity in the course of study and system

of grading adopted by the various schools. This little book, evidently the work of an experienced teacher, suggests a most practical method, and is full of hints which no conscientious or intelligent teacher will be likely to overlook.

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The "Life of Blessed Alphonsus Orozco, O. S. A." compiled from the Spanish by Father Jones, O. S. A., is the title of a well printed and neatly bound volume of 326 pages, published by H. L. Kilner & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa. Father Alphonsus Orozco was a member of the Augustinian Order in Spain during the sixteenth century. He was Court Preacher at the Court of Spain at the time when St. Teresa was founding new nurseries of saints for the Carmelite Order, and St. John of the Cross was contemplating in seclusion the mysteries of Divine Love. It was the age of great saints, the age of St. Ignatius and St. Peter of Alcantara. This careful biography of a saint, who was eminent for his learning, no less than for his holy life, and who was declared Blessed by our present Pontiff in 1882, gives a true picture of religion and faith in Spain during that century of religious revolution in Europe. The Spanish Court to which, as represented by Isabella the Catholic, we owe Columbus, did not cease to welcome saints as preachers and confessors in succeeding years. This fact alone, is a refutation of the many falsehoods to be found in historical works on Spain during that period, written by hostile pens. Nor can any sincere Christian read the life of this holy Spanish friar without a feeling of admiration for his lofty virtues, and for the noble Catholic race from which he sprung.

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"The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula, 1626-1895," is the title of the latest work written by our gifted friend, Very Rev. Dean Harris. It is beautifully printed by William Briggs, Toronto, Ont., richly illustrated, and forms a large octavo volume of 352 pages, in elegant cloth binding. Although this work has a local title, it records historical facts concerning men and places, that are interesting to every intelligent inhabitant of North America. Who has not seen, or wished to see, Niagara Falls, the most glorious handiwork of the Almighty on this Western Continent? And who, having at all inquired into the history of this new country, which is now the home of so many millions of white men, has not heard of the fierce and savage tribes which formerly inhabited its forests and plains? Of the European pioneers and missionaries, who first penetrated these forests, navigated these rivers and lakes, and named so many localities? Of Father Hennepin, of Renie La Salle, of the indomitable Jesuit missionaries, who became martyrs for the sake of Christianity and civilization? All the historic data bearing on these, all the traces hitherto discovered of the forgotten Mound Builders and Copper Workers, of the Attiwindarons, of the Iroquois, of the Early Missionaries have been gathered, and bound together in a most fascinating narrative by the patient, persevering toil of the writer. With the same warm love for his subject, he treats the later and even the most recent followers of the Early Missionaries. Thus, to mention only our own institution on the Niagara Peninsula, he gives one of the best and most succinct historical accounts of the Carmelite Order we have ever read. The only chapter not brought up to date, is the one referring to his own parish of St. Catharines, Ont. After relating with loving remembrance the labors of his heroic predecessors, he modestly closes the book. Some other hand will finish the page in future days and record the splendid sacerdotal, pastoral, and scholarly career of the present Dean of St. Catharines, and it will not be the least glorious page of the history of "The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula."

EXCHANGES.

The *Catholic Register*, of Toronto, has abandoned its old form and adopted the shape of a newspaper. It looks decidedly better, and is far more handy in its new shape.

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The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for July, contains a richly illustrated article on the famous monastic establishments on the Isles of Lerins. There is also an interesting chapter on the first Catholic College in New England, founded fifty years ago in Massachusetts.

The *Beobachter*, of Pittsburg, a German daily Catholic paper, has been obliged to enlarge its printing facilities, and has lately purchased a large Hoe press to meet the demands of its readers. How is it, that Germans and German-Americans can do all this, and we cannot even boast of a single English Catholic daily in all North America?

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With the July number, the *Rosary Magazine* begins its seventh volume, and begins it well. "Our Lady of Mount Carmel" forms the frontispiece of this brilliant number. John A. Mooney contributes a third essay on "Zola and Lourdes," a timely and admirable work for the honor of Our Blessed Lady. An illustrated article explains the wonderful type-setting machine invented lately by Father Calendoli, an Italian Dominican.

HOW TO BECOME A SAINT.

Our sanctification consists in the proper fulfilment of the many little duties of life, the living in God's friendship and grace first of all, and the doing of our duties with purer intention, not the temporal intention, but with the intention of loving and serving God, of offering them in atonement for our sins, in union with the Sacred Heart Who in all things did His heavenly father's will. It consists in deep, constant contentment with our state, and that calm resignation to God's will that bears with patience temporal loss, trials and sufferings. Its motto always is: "Not my will but Thine be done." Then this sanctification instils gentle charity into all our thoughts, words and actions in regard to our neighbor. Kind towards all and especially towards the poor, patient with their failings, unenvious of their success, it treats all with respect derived from the supernatural dignity with which God wishes to crown us all.

Conscience, remember, may be a very troublesome companion. It may seem to stand in the way of our interests, of our money making, of our pleasure; but, be sure of this, every step taken in violation of it, will have to be retrodden if you are to have peace and the blessing of Heaven.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION.

"What do you think of the temperance question, Mick?"

"Do you mean temperance considered as a virtue?"

"Well, I suppose, the question refers not so much to the virtue, but to the measures the government should adopt against those who violate the virtue by over-indulgence."

"In this sense there can be no doubt, that any government has a right and the duty, to protect itself and the unoffending citizens against the consequences of excess, though I wish to say right here, that the means adopted hitherto have proved themselves utterly useless."

"Do you refer to the prohibition laws?"

"Both to them and to the other laws passed in the different states to check drunkenness and punish the drunkard."

"I cannot see what objection you can have to prohibition, after every other means has been tried and failed."

"Sam, this question of drink is a moral question, and no government ever succeeded in solving a moral question by legislation. Besides, prohibition laws would be very un-American, and therefore reprehensible, even if the object in view could be obtained."

"How is that?"

"It is our boast, that this is the land of liberty, where everybody can do as he pleases as long as he does not interfere with his neighbor, and render himself a nuisance. But the prohibition laws are a slap into the face of liberty and no government of the old world, no matter how despotic it was, ever had recourse to such a drastic measure."

"I cannot see any despotism in a law calculated to defend the commonwealth against a vice which wrecks so many homes, brings poverty and degradation to thousands, and deflects millions of dollars into the pockets of a few publicans that fatten upon the misery of the nation."

"You overdraw the picture, when you generalize in this way and speak of the nation. Pray, tell me, how many drunkards have we in proportion to the population?"

"Altogether too many."

"This is no answer. Of course even a single drunkard is one too many. But with prohibition laws before us, the question is pertinent. Is the number of drunkards so large as to justify the coercion of those who may use intoxicating drink, but with due moderation? No advocate of prohibition will dare maintain that habitual drunkards form a majority."

"I, myself, do not believe that such is the case."

"If I am not very much mistaken, there are not more than two per cent of the adult population, that can be styled drunkards. Add to these six, eight or even ten per cent. of people, who, without habitual excess, yet now and then become intoxicated, and you will find that twelve out of every hundred over-indulge, whilst eighty-eight per cent. either abstain entirely or use drink with moderation. Will this percentage justify prohibitive legislation?"

"It would not, if your figures were correct, but I fear you purposely put them too low."

"I do not think so, and you may easily convince yourself that they are approximately correct. Call to your memory all your acquaintances, and count the drunkards amongst them, or compare the population of a place with the police records of drunkenness, and you will find that my figures come very near the truth."

"But how does it come, then, that the papers are teeming with accounts of drunken brawls?"

"In the most simple manner, Sam. The papers make no mention of the sober people, they only emphasize the cases of drunkenness, and hence you are apt to believe that everybody is drinking to excess, unless you use your multiplication tables. Besides, in order to arrive at a satisfactory solution of such a burning question, it is not enough simply to state the amount of drunkards, but we have to examine into the reasons of this drunkenness. It is, for instance, acknowledged that the per capita consumption of whiskey before our civil war was higher than at present, and yet the number of habitual drunkards lower. How would you account for this?"

"Well, I suppose, they were a hardier race, better able to withstand the consequences of their cups."

"This hardly accounts for it. The human constitution has not become so much deteriorated in this short space of time. But it cannot be denied that if man did not deteriorate, whiskey did. In a word, the drinks sold are no longer genuine, and this accounts for a good deal, though it is not the only reason."

"What other reason or reasons have you?"

"Sam, if you keep your eyes open, you will find that, as a rule, drunkenness increases with the number of factories. As long as a country is an agricultural one, it remains comparatively sober, but in proportion to its industries drunkenness increases."

"There is undoubtedly a large grain of truth in that assertion, but I account for it simply by the number of saloons. Wherever a factory is built, bar-rooms in ever increasing number open at once."

"Admitting the fact, I deny the inference. You mistake cause and effect, as you take it for granted that the existence of the bar creates the drinking habit, whilst, to my mind, the desire or rather want of drink creates the bar. You see, it is the old question of supply and demand, and I maintain, that in this case, the demand creates the supply, and not *vice versa*."

"But how are you going to prove this?"

"By the fact that saloons remain few in number wherever there is little industry and multiply where industry holds sway. If the supply would create the demand an increasing number of bar-rooms would correspondingly increase the consumption of drink, whereas experience teaches that bars in such localities simply go to the wall."

"Supposing so, it fails to prove the necessity of bar-rooms in industrial districts."

"It may not exactly prove it, but it infers it, since the existence of these saloons can only be accounted for on a supposed demand for them. Nor need we go far to find the reason for this demand. In a country and at a time when time is money, the quiet and moderate activity of former days gave way to a restless, feverish activity, which puts nerves and muscles of man to their utmost strain and wastes his strength with ever increasing rapidity, and of all the means to repair that waste there is none more handy or more expeditious

than fermented or distilled liquor, and hence the demand."

"Yet there are certainly other means, and therefore no absolute necessity for this?"

"I agree with you, but since we are speaking now not of temperance as such, but of prohibition, I ask you: What right has the state to forbid this means to people who wish to use it?"

"If a means like this would never be abused, I would say that the government has no right to interfere, but as it is abused so terribly and so often, I think it but the duty of the government to put a stop to drinking as far as possible."

"And you think, Sam, that you can achieve this by prohibition laws? Look at our famous prohibition states, Maine, Kansas and Iowa. Did prohibition prohibit there?

"It may not have prohibited altogether, but it certainly decreased the consumption very much."

"It did the opposite, it increased drink. Just forbid a thing and everybody wants it. In Kansas and Iowa the prohibition laws were administered with a rigor and a disregard for all decency that would put the Russian government to the blush. In Leavenworth the police took their way over the roofs of neighboring houses in their search for liquor. Violations of the law were punished in a way that should have brought the officials to the gallows. In Iowa a miscreant pulled a sick and dying woman out of bed to search the bed for liquor. And what was the result? I traveled through the three states at the time, and, even in the smallest places, drink of every kind could be obtained in abundance, but it had to be taken behind curtains. Never in the history of these states was there as much drinking as then. These laws created hypocrites by the thousand and changed hitherto sober men into drunkards by the hundred."

"I do not see, Mick, how a prohibition law can make a drunkard of a sober man."

"In a very simple way. There were hundreds accustomed to take a so called 'snifter' two or three times a day, whilst they could get it at a public bar. This satisfied them and they remained sober. Prohibition forced them to smuggle in their favorite drink in larger quantities, and the quantity in their possession proved too great a temptation. The whiskey burned in their pocket, as they said, until they transferred it, whereupon it burned their stomach and their brains. Thus the law in its abuse can be charged with making drunkards."

"Every law can be abused, and the abuse proves nothing against the law."

"It does in this case, because the common sense of the people feels that such laws are a monstrosity and an injustice to the majority; that they are violently partisan in their very conception; and hence they not only feel justified in breaking it, but in a manner called upon to do so as a protest against the monstrosity. This feeling was so universal amongst all classes of people that even those who made the law were continual breakers of it, and it was not by any means an isolated instance to find a prohibition speaker delivering a fanatical tirade in favor of the law, and getting gloriously drunk the same day. As I said, these laws educated hypocrites."

"You are certainly a very determined opponent of prohibition, Mick. There are, however, other very weighty reasons favoring prohibition of which we did not make any mention yet."

"Which, for instance?"

"There is first the loss of an enormous amount of money spent yearly in drink, and secondly, excessive drinking ruins the health and shortens the life of the drunkard and his family, and in the third place it brutalizes and becomes the prolific mother of domestic quarrels, personal violence and shedding of blood."

"I acknowledge all these consequences of drink, and yet deny that they justify prohibition. But these questions cannot be settled in a few words, and therefore I'll wait with answering them till we meet again."

"All right. Good-bye, Mick."

"Good-bye, Sam. And don't follow the example of those speakers who first defend prohibition and then get drunk in order to gather new strength for an onslaught on drinking."

HAPPY Mary, when the child Jesus played near this tender Mother. — ST. EPIPHANIUS.

LADY DAY IN SPAIN.

DON JUAN PEDRO.

For the Carmelite Review.

THE feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is past: that day so dear, to all Spanish hearts, the feast most anxiously awaited by all the children of "Nuestra Senora." Who can traverse Spain, or penetrate into France and Italy, and forget "Nuestra Senora del Carmen?" The very streets of the towns remind us of her, the squares of the cities recall her to our memory: the churches and the hospitals, the ancient hospice and the tiny sanctuary, proclaim in tones unmistakable, the time-honored name of Our Lady of Carmel.

Yes, this feast has passed, but not without fond remembrance of the usual splendors of its last celebration, and of the happiness that then swept with a storm of joy her countless sodalities, as they took up their positions in the marshalled ranks of her processions, to wend their way to some of her favored shrines, there to honor their Immaculate mother in hymns of praise and peans of gratitude.

But, with the passing away of even this most popular of feasts, has devotion to our loving mother been satiated?

No, no, there still remains one more feast which claims a prominence not accorded to any other. It is known throughout the Peninsula as the feast of "Our Lady of the Harvest"—the "Lady Day" of the Celt and the Saxon,—the glorious 15th of August, when Holy Church celebrates the assumption of the "Royal Daughter of David"—the day when the "Mystic Rose" no longer embellished this vale of tears, but was transplanted to flourish in the virgin soil of the "New Jerusalem."

This is the day of Our Lady by excellence, the feast of all the countless shrines which dot, like the stars of the firmament, the beautiful landscape of the peninsula, from the banks of the Duro to the Delta of the Elbro, from the Spanish Brighton—San Sebastian—to Gibraltar. These public fountains of mercy are to be met with everywhere, so that grace is ever open, gratuitous and overflowering within their hallowed precincts.

As it is in Spain to-day, so it had been, in days gone by, and still continues, although in a smaller degree, at the Holy Wells—at Croagh Patrick—the "Reek" of western Connaught — at St. Patrick's Purgatory amidst the black waters of Lough Derg, and at the "Lourdes" of Holy Ireland, miraculous Knock. This was before the bitter days of famine and pestilence and the emigrant ship had scattered the devoted children of our heavenly mother, these children of faith who carried with them to foreign lands, the prolific seed of a warm devotion to Mary. Deep, deep in the innermost recesses of their hearts, they kept the memory of each past Lady Day. Therefore, between the exiled children of Erin, and the children of the land of "Maria Santissima" there is and always has been one grand characteristic in common, unequalled loyalty to Mary, and an unfailing faith in her protection and patronage. No circumstances of time or place, no change of prosperity or adversity could weaken in these, her chosen children, their fidelity to the Immaculate Queen.

At no season of the year is the belief in Mary's powerful intercession so patent, at none of the usual feasts in her honor does the faith of her children assume such proportions, nor their gratitude such an extent, less mother, thrills through us like new life, as on Lady Day. It is the feast of the harvest. On this day the devotion to our sinless mother, thrills through us like new life, and renders us more thankful for the mysterious magnificence of those countless gifts, temporal and spiritual of our loving Father, of which through Mary's sweet intercession, we have, during the past year, been made the recipients. On this day, heaven and earth, as it were, are united in a mystic golden link. Nature has just rewarded the humble toiler of the fields with her choicest gifts—heaven has the drops of sweat pearling down from the brow of labor. Nature revels with delight in her loveliness, and the toiler participates in her joy, and rejoices in her welcomed fecundity. The trees are bending beneath their burden of rich luxuriant fruit, the products of the soil are no less

profitable than the golden wealth of the vineyard and orchard, the olive and the vine vie with the maize in richness.

Is it a wonder, then, that on the day of "Our Lady of the harvest," her shrines are crowded? No matter where they may be situated, no matter how inaccessible their location, no matter what fatigues are to be endured to reach them, thither unfalteringly journey our sinless mother's clients to unite with the vast contingents already assembled to add other units to the vast armies encamped around her favored shrines. Some come to give thanks, others to ask for help, others to express their love for Mary, but they all know and believe that Mary loves the sweet violence of prayer. The very clamors of her assaulting armies have equal charms for her with the low, soft, song-like pleadings that arise from the secluded cloister. She is content, with the fidelity and sweetness of an earthy mother, to offer up her Divine Son, the poverty of our love. And well does the pilgrim throng know the power our loving mother of Mount Carmel exercises in the council of the adorable Trinity, for it is through her unceasing prayers that almighty God deigns to bless us, to aid us to give us His graces with lavish munificence: it is through the persistant importunities of our loving mother, that our sorrows are soothed, and our tears are dried.

What surprising treasures of mercy are not unlocked beneath the shade of our Immaculate Mother's shrines during the feast of the harvest? Yes, to-day's feast with its impetuous rain of graces, and the multitudinous prayers which all day long, break around the throne of the eternal, is the source of conversions as numerous as they are unlooked for: for at the foot of her altar on this day, how deep-dyed is the guilt which Almighty God causes to fall from us like withered leaves "that redden to the fall."

And the dear souls in purgatory are not forgotten on this day of indulgences—souls, so dear to Our Mother, who stood under the cross of her Son and saw the Precious Blood flow for their sakes. These and numberless other blessings for the living and the dead, are to-day flowing from Mary's sanctuaries in response to the prayers and penances of her countless clients.

Thus around her shrines and sanctuaries to-day groups of old and young are gathered, and although religion is often combined with gaiety, and with the bargainings of traffic, as at the old, time-honored Patron fairs of old Ireland, yet the "Ave Maria" as fragrant incense unceasingly mounts to the skies, as group succeeds group in endless succession within the limited precincts, or around the enclosures, which bind the tiny sanctuary. Not one instant, during the entire day does the perpetual hum of gratitude or the low pathos of petition cease.

And when these religious duties are suspended by some, and the beads are no longer told, and when the early arrivals relax their successive rosaries of the morning, it is then, that the stranger from a foreign clime, with his comparatively cold, calculating piety of the north, is particularly struck with the primitive simplicity (particularly in the rural districts of Gallacia, the Austurias, and Cataluna) of their sports, the innocence of their enjoyments, the association of religion with cheerfulness, and the perfect temperance and good humor which reign, without the supervision of a battalion of helmeted preservers of public order. Having satisfied their duties to their Creator and Bountiful Giver of every good gift, they enter, with the heartiest of good will, amidst laughter and jest, into these harmless pleasures, which usage and tradition have consecrated for each particular feast.

In fact, to find equally innocent amusement and exciting novelty in rural sports, combined with profound religious devotion, one has to look amidst the hills and dales of the Alpine landscape of Tyrol, or amongst the glens of Donegal, or at the festivities of the flannel-coated peasantry of the Isles of Arron, or in the mountain passes of Connemara or Kerry: in all of these, devotion to Our Lady can and does co-exist with innocent mirth, as a source of thrilling happiness. These pleasures, so far removed from gross sensual ones, of a nature to appeal only to pure and simple souls, joined with strong and dutiful devotion to a sinless Mother, have for them such a powerful spell, that they warm their hearts, moisten their eyes and raise their spirits to heroic acts in defence of religion and of country, of which the history of these Catholic nations furnish so long a litany of examples. It is during these gay scenes of enjoyment in Spain,

amidst the merry sounds of the guitar, the shrill notes of the "gaita" (the Austurian bagpipe), the click of the "castinnelos," the jingle of the "panderita," and the accompanying dancing of the national dancers in their varied colored costumes, that oft and oft you will see the sculptor searching for suitable subjects for his chisel, and the artist seeking for topic for his pencil and brush. Here the genius of a Goya, a Millais, a Millet, or a Teniers, could revel in the originality, the freshness and abundance of the picturesque subjects, which this Spanish "romeria" on Our Lady's Day would furnish.

Thus amidst laughter, music and merriment, Our Lady of Carmel's festive "day of harvest," that beautiful feast of "faith" and of the "home" draws to its close. It is a gladsome day, when the bounding pulse of youth and the slow throbbings of old age, of the "sere and yellow leaf," with equal enthusiasm join in the religious solemnities of the morning, which brought gladness to their souls and fresh rapture to their hearts, and in the innocently boisterous mirth and blithesome diversions of the afternoon. Order, harmony and holy joy rule over them, the golden fruits of virtue. Worldliness, scoffing, unbelief, and vice are absent from these diversions. One can say, with truth, that Jesus is the director of these Carmelite feasts, since His Love reigns in the hearts of the Christian revellers, amidst the gaiety of the "Romeria" as well as at the domestic hearth, where each family gathers at each recurring eve at the sound of the village Angelus, and joins in the same devotion of the Holy Rosary, which was their source of joy on Our Lady's Day.

GRATEFUL content sauce is the best sauce that was ever served with any dinner.

OFFER to the world a large generous, true sympathetic nature, and, rich or poor, you will have friends and never be friendless, no matter what catastrophes may befall you.

MANY a delicious speech has lost its savor and been turned into gall because a few drops of vituperation had been injected into it. The edifices of moral and social improvement which you aim to build can never be erected on the ruins of charity.—CARDINAL GIBBONS.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

A WELL-KNOWN priest had preached a sermon on the joys of heaven. A wealthy member of his church met him the next day, and said, "Doctor, you told us a great many grand and beautiful things about heaven yesterday, but you didn't tell us where it is."

"Ah," said the father. "I am glad of the opportunity of doing so this morning. I have just come from the hill-top yonder. In that cottage there is a poor member of our church. She is sick in bed with fever. Her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she has not got a bit of coal or a stick of wood, or flour or sugar, or any bread. Now, if you will go down town and buy fifty dollars' worth of things nice provisions, fuel, etc., and send them to her, and then go and say, 'My friend, I have brought you these provisions in the name of God,' you will see a glimpse of heaven before you leave that little dwelling."

CATHOLIC SOCIABILITY.

SOCIAL progress among Catholics in the large centers of population until now has been much impeded. The *Catholic Universe* ascribes this to the almost absolute lack of that spirit of fraternity which welds together all the elements that constitute their non-Catholic social environment. Spiritually, of course, the Catholics are a unit, but at the dispersal of their meetings for formal worship before the altar, they become as scattered and disconnected social fragments without any common bond of fellowship beyond the mystic brotherhood in faith. This condition has operated against the material and worldly welfare of the children of the church in a variety of ways. Social union is obviously a powerful force for the promotion of all those common interests which appertain to intellectual and religious activities. If the Catholics in every community were united by the ties of social fellowship as are our separated brethren, their position would be far different from that which they hold to-day. They would have long since commanded the consideration to which their numbers and excellence entitle them, and which only now they are beginning to receive.

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Mary Angela Spellissy.

LOVE AND LOVERS.

"WHAT have you to say, Ethna?" inquired Aunt Hilda, whilst by her eyes she endeavored to infuse into the trembling girl the heroism that inflamed her own heart.

"Please speak for me, Aunt Hilda, I have talked over all this until I am worn out. One week ago today we began this agony."

"A week?" it seems to me that years have passed in those seven days," said Mr. Stuart.

Seeing that Ethna was really unable to speak, Aunt Hilda made reply to Mr. Stuart's question.

"I suppose Ethna is aware that by so doing she would offer an insult to that church through which she has received the greatest blessings of her life. Ethna knows also that the Catholic church requires from the non-Catholic party who desires to contract marriage with one of her children the promise that any off-shoot from such union shall be baptized and reared in the faith of which she is the custodian."

"That promise I could never give,; no child of mine shall ever be a Catholic."

"Can you tell me the foundation of your prejudice against the Catholic faith, Mr. Stuart?"

"I think she is the most arbitrary body on the face of the earth; she lays claim to being the only church, and that all outsiders are to be lost. I know that God speaks to my heart in my chamber; I have my conscience that tells me what I should or what I must not do: I have paid very little attention to the history of religions, I have been too busy in preparing to make my way in the world, but I know right from wrong."

"It appears to me, dear friend, that you claim for yourself the infallibility that our Divine Redeemer promised to His church, and the claim to which attribute incenses you."

"Can you think it right to compel this young girl through her love for you to abandon the faith in which she was reared and to which she owes the exquisite, but to you inexplicable charm that you acknowledge has captivated you. Do you not think that your attitude savors of tyranny?"

"Ethna does not doubt my love. She knows I dare not offend my father."

"Since you have both come to me I suppose I am free to give my opinion?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Acton. I shall be very thankful for it."

"I speak in full sympathy for the suffering of both of you and to prevent greater wretchedness in the future. That there can be neither love, nor joy, nor peace. in a marriage between a practical Catholic and a non-Catholic I am firmly convinced. How can love remain where there is permanent disunion, the one contemning all that the other holds sacred? Religion enters into every question in life. The Catholic is called on to protest against the false principles that the world presents, whether in art, in history, in morals, in politics, or in science. Our Lord foretold it when he said, 'The life of man is warfare.' This that you call love is possibly an ebullition of passion on the one side and of sentiment on the other. What is love? I shall define it by its qualities, the first of which is unselfishness: true love seeks ever the greater good of the beloved object. True love delights in sacrifice. There are many counterfeits among them, love of pleasure, love of power, love of love, and love of self."

"I assure you, Mrs. Acton, that I have every reason to hope that I can offer Ethna a comfortable home. My people are well to do and I know they will welcome my wife among them."

"A Catholic wife, Mr. Stuart?"

"I know that when Ethna sees the kind of people the Catholics of Blankshire are she will not wish to place herself among them."

"Marriage in the Catholic church. Mr.

Stuart, is one of the seven sacraments or channels of the grace of God to the souls of His children: through it the husband and wife receive light and strength to understand and perform the duties of their state. Man and woman are human, and therefore imperfect. The marriage of sentiment is founded on attractions peculiar to the senses, and love remains only so long as such charms are appreciated by the lover. I was reading our newly arrived number of * The Review this morning and met this sentence: 'Nothing is more uncertain, variable and fickle than sentiment—the finest imaginable sentimental union may be sundered by a fit of indigestion, a nervous headache, an idle word, or any assignable or unassignable cause whatever. We attain to a reality out of us by sense and reason, never by sentiment, and therefore in sentiment we love never another, but simply ourselves'—our momentary feeling. The feeling changed, the union is dissolved and the love is gone. Christian love rests on a firmer basis. Recognizing each in the other a creature of God, the love of the husband and wife is rational and worthy of reasonable beings. Together they adore and serve their Creator and aid each other in their endeavor to conform their lives to the model furnished by the life and death of their loving Redeemer. Purity of soul and body is the principal care of each, and together they pass through life in the guardianship of their Heavenly Father and fortified by all the supernatural aids that Mother Church furnishes so liberally to her children in all their joys and sorrows. Together they are often seen kneeling at the table of the Lord receiving His body, of which Jesus promised, 'He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day.' When the end of this life approaches—it comes speedily to the longest liver—these christians encourage and inspire one another for that final act by which the creature resigns his soul into the hands of his merciful creator, and when one has entered into eternity the bereaved one follows the lover of her childhood, with her fond prayers and sacrifices, to the presence of God. The widow lays not herself in the grave of her husband, but before the altar she makes intercession for him."

"This is all very beautiful, Mrs. Acton."

"God made it so, Mr. Stuart, and therefore the end and the means are in harmony. I do not blame you because you fail to apprehend logically all that our religion means to us. I am conscious that to you my words are as those of one who speaks an unknown tongue, but Ethna will comprehend them. You would take her from home, from mother and from country, and deprive her of that religion which alone gives fortitude to bear not only with patience, but with joy, the trials of life. You would place her with those by whom she would be regarded as a pariah. And why? because the Catholic workers in your neighborhood are true to their faith and for it are willing to sacrifice the promotion their skill merits. On one occasion I lived in just such a district as your own. My husband had a case in court that required evidence from just such a community. We resided among them for six months, and I can safely testify to their intelligence, their honesty, their purity and patience. I have found in them genuine refinement, whose delicacy and tact would challenge comparison with that of so called gentle-folk. I have often found such qualities woefully absent from those whose position gave the world the right to expect their presence.

"I think you desire to be honest and I will therefore remind you that you could have but little confidence in a wife who was disloyal to her religion."

"You have helped me a great deal, Mrs. Acton. I believe with you that there can be no happiness between a husband and wife who hold opposite opinions about religion. I believe there are good Catholics. Miss Ethna is the best woman I ever met, but I cannot be a Catholic."

"Faith is a gift of God, Mr. Stuart, and to be sought by humble prayer. Will you not on your journey homeward raise your eyes to the heavens above you and cry out in the words of the blind man, 'Lord, that I may see.' Nowhere is the creature so likely to be penetrated with a sense of his own littleness and convinced of the insignificance of things earthly as at sea. So precarious is the safety of the shell that conveys him from shore to shore, and so awful is the im-

*Brownson, 1864.

mensity and senseles force of the element that surrounds him. When do you depart?"

"I leave town to-morrow, I have some business in the northern part of the state. I must say good-bye, I have some matters to attend to that will claim every minute of to-day. These came after you left the house, I brought them as I thought you might like to show them to Mrs. Acton."

Ethna opened the envelope and drew forth two photographs which she handed to Aunt Hilda. "Yours is very good Mr. Stuart, said she, but I am sorry Ethna could not have sat at a more favorable time."

"I hope you will put mine in the fire," said the young girl, "it is not fit to show to anyone."

"I will treasure it as one of my most precious possessions," said the young man.

"Please accept my congratulations on the success of your examinations," said Aunt Hilda.

"Thank you. I forgot to tell you Ethna that I have taken a prize."

"Which one?"

"For the essay."

"Indeed you deserved it. This man, Mrs. Acton, has not had a full night's sleep in a month."

"O, that does not matter. I have secured my diploma and I have taken the prize. If I could but see some arrangement of our own affair I should be the happiest fellow alive." Bowing his head between his hands he uttered a moan of anguish as the tears rained between his fingers. Mrs. Acton knew not how to break the silence. Ethna left the room.

"I am behaving dreadfully, Mrs. Acton, but I am really quite broken up, I have no self-control left. For the past week we have been harrowed by this unhappy matter. I should not mind if I could bear all the suffering, but to see the wretched condition to which Ethna is reduced; she is the sweetest, loveliest creature, and I have brought all this sorrow upon her."

"It is better for both of you that the separation will be so soon."

"You will be her comforter, Mrs. Acton? I do not think that Mrs. Bryce quite understands her daughter."

"Ethna knows where to seek for the consolation that is all sufficient."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Acton. I am not unmindful of your kindness although I appear so stupid; you have helped me to think."

"Good-bye, Mr. Stuart, I wish you a safe return to your family. May you prosper in all that shall help you to heaven."

"Mr. Stuart, will you please tell mother that I will not be at home until evening," said Ethna, re-entering the room.

"I knew you would let me stay here," she said, as Mr. Stuart closed the door behind him, "I will not give you any trouble."

"Indeed I am very glad of your companionship, my precious child," replied Aunt Hilda, "come and help me put the finishing touches on my room. I am never quite at home until all is restored to order after an unpacking."

With loving tact the elder woman entertained her young friend and at last enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing her fall asleep after a bountiful meal.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

Translated for the Review

CHAPTER IV.

THE SCAPULAR AND LITTLE CHILDREN—THE SCAPULAR AFTER DEATH.

BY S. X. B.

A DECREE of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated August 29, 1864, has decided: "That little children who have received the holy Scapular according to the ordinary rite may enjoy, when they have attained the use of reason, the same indulgences and the same privileges as do the members of the Confraternity of our Lady of Mount Carmel, without the ceremony of a second admission."

This decision is not generally known, and it is very seldom that children are presented for admission at so early an age. And when they *have* been taken to be invested they even have been sent away. And this when it is so greatly to be desired that so excellent a custom would prevail and become generally adopted.

Not to speak of the promises regarding our salvation and the preservation of so

many souls from the flames of hell, and the numerous indulgences, does not the Scapular offer priceless advantages to the innocent souls of those little ones? What a mistake to deprive them during their infantile and childish years of the inestimable benefit to be derived from the special protection of Mary!

Adopted children of the Blessed Virgin! Of what countless favors, both spiritual and temporal, is not that protection the pledge! Can we doubt that the words of our divine Saviour, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," find a ready response upon the lips and in the heart of Mary? And if the teaching of our holy faith permits us to see in children who have been baptized, and whose souls are still fragrant with the lovely flowers of baptismal innocence, living temples wherein the Holy Spirit delights to dwell, we can well believe that there too the Immaculate Mother finds a sweet abode.

And besides, no one can say positively when the use of reason dawns upon the child. It depends upon the physical constitution, also upon the moral and intellectual development which the child has enjoyed, and therefore christian parents should hasten to provide their precious charges with such a powerful weapon for those assaults which will not fail to be made in their earliest years.

* * * * * * *

In the village of Sterrebeck, between Bruxelles and Louvain, a very remarkable cure was affected through the intercession of our Lady of Mount Carmel.

A little child, when she had reached the age of eighteen months, suddenly lost the use of her limbs. She had been perfectly able to stand alone and had begun to walk quite well, to the joy of her fond mother, whose delight it was to guide her child and watch its restless wanderings here and there. But all was changed. For five weary years little Marguerite was helpless: then she was provided with crutches, which enabled her, although very slowly, to move a few steps.

The parents finally thought of enrolling their afflicted child under the banner of Mary. This was accomplished in due form, and an offering was made to the altar of our Lady.

The next day brought a decided improvement. Marguerite could dispense with one of the crutches, and upon the following morning she was even better still. She cast down the other crutch and ran joyously to her mother, crying out that she was cured.

The pastor of the village and the Director of the Confraternity had an exact account of the miracle written out and attested to. Several copies were made, and the original document was sent to a monastery of the Carmelite fathers.—*Speculi Carmelitani*, part III, p. 639, *Pere Brocard, de Sainte Terese, Recueil d' instructions.*

Fr. Theophile Raynaud, of the Society of Jesus, relates the following: "Anna Merle, a child four years of age, the daughter of a lawyer of Toulon, became so seriously ill that her life was entirely despaired of. Her parents hastened to lay their petitions for her recovery at the shrine of our Blessed Mother, and their promise to have the child enrolled in the Confraternity of the Scapular was followed by her speedy restoration to health.

"Strange to say, they neglected to do as they had promised, and seven years passed away. Meanwhile their daughter again fell ill, and much more seriously than before. The attending physicians declared that there was not the least hope of her cure. With the deepest contrition of heart they implored the assistance of the 'Comfortress of the afflicted,' and hastened to comply with the promise made in the distant past. Anna was enrolled in the holy confraternity, with sentiments of the greatest devotion, and again her health was restored. Her parents, to testify their gratitude to the queen of heaven, placed a beautiful marble tablet, with an appropriate inscription, in the chapel of our Lady of Mount Carmel as a token that God protects those who wear His Immaculate Mother's favorite badge."

The feast of the Presentation of our Lady, November 21, 1655, witnessed the establishment of the confraternity so specially dear to our Queen in the church of Austricourt, near Douai. Two days later a child came into the world in the same parish without manifesting any sign of life.

Its parents were inconsolable, but full of faith in the protection of Mary, they placed entire confidence in her and begged her to grant their request. The body of the in-

fant was taken to the church and placed on the altar of the Blessed Virgin, whilst the father and the friends who had accompanied him implored Mary to obtain life and health for this child of so many hopes and prayers. Their supplications seemed not to be heeded, and with resigned but sorrowful hearts they bore the little burden away. They returned the next day, however, and put the child upon the altar, having first hung around its neck the holy Scapular. Then, at this shrine of Mary they implored our merciful mother to obtain life for their little one. Their supplications were still unheeded, and again sorrowing, but with resignation, they left the place, intending to return on the following day. The child was laid at the feet of the Blessed Mother, once more they put the Scapular on it, and a solemn Mass in honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel was entoned. When the priest came to these words in the preface, "*Cum quibus et nostras voces, ut admitti jubeas deprecamur,*" the eyes of the infant opened and were full of light, the lips became moist and life-like, the little limbs grew flexible, so that after the Mass was finished some of the friends hastily took it home and held it by the fire in hopes of a more speedy circulation of the blood. The very reverse was the result, and they were not slow to take it back to the altar of Mary. Wonderful to relate, the body which had grown rigid close by the fire relaxed, a lovely roseate hue tinted its cheeks, and again its eyes unclosed. Eleven days elapsed, and still the baptism was deferred, although unequivocal signs of life were not wanting. Meanwhile the parents promised that the child should be dedicated most specially to the Blessed virgin, and the pastor consulted priests and physicians, who decided that it could and should be baptised. Upon his return from Douai, therefore, upon the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, Dec. 3, having found it resplendent with infantile beauty, he caused the *Salve Regina* to be entoned, the bells to be rung, and then, with all possible solemnity, administered the Sacrament of Baptism to the infant.

The eyes still continued open and bright, the lips moist and rosy, and the flexibility of the limbs showed that the little subject of the miracle was still alive. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and the *Te Deum* entoned in token of thanksgsving to God. When all was over the signs of life gradually disappeared, the face grew livid, the limbs rigid—one convulsive movement—and all was still. In three days unmistakable evidences of decay having appeared, the child was buried. The truth of the miracalous occurrence was subjected to a most rigorous examination, according to the rules laid down by the Council of Trent. The University of Douai, in concert with professors of medicine, anatomy and surgery, having judicially examined the witnesses, and carefully verified the facts and attendant circumstances, declared that it was something supernatural, and had been effected through the power of God. They declared that the ordinary forces of nature had nothing whatsoever to do with restoring that little life, and preserving it for the Sacrament of Baptism.—(Fr. Daniel, of the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Speculi Carmelitani. Part III.*)

THE SCAPULAR AFTER DEATH.

It has frequently happened that Scapulars have been found perfectly preserved even amid the withering blight of the grave. God permits that it should be so for the honor and glory of His Divine Mother. The instances are innumerable, but amongst the many the following example will be sufficient. Towards the middle of the last century a devout client of Mary directed that after death her Scapular should not be removed, *as she desired to be buried with it*, a practice which we recommend to all faithful children of the Blessed Virgin.

Seventeen years later her grave was opened to receive the remains of her husband, and there, amid the dust and decay of the tomb, the Holy Scapular was found in a state of perfect preservation, even as it was when, during life, its devout wearer loved and venerated it, as the livery of Our Lady.

PETITIONS.

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our charitable readers: Sick persons, 7; children, 4; insane persons, 4; safe delivery, 2; careless Catholics, 2; peace in one family; temporal favors, 3; special favors, 2; our students and novices; the progress of the Review and the Hospice; the spiritual and temporal welfare of our benefactors.

Favors Received for the New Hospice.

CANCELLED postage stamps have been received from Miss M. M. O'D., Admaston, Ont.: Rev. P. F. McE., Syracuse, N. Y.: J. H. M., Dorchester Station, N. B.: Miss A. M. N., Depere, Wis.: E. F., Penetanguishene, Ont.: Miss S., Milwaukee, Wis.: Miss E. C. D., Philadelphia, Pa.; M. E. B., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. M. F. P., Tickle Harbor, Nfld.: Miss T. C. F., Tickle Harbor, Nfld.: Miss M. C., Englewood, N. J.: M. J., Birmingham, Mich.: D. McS., Canton, Mass.: Miss L. M. C., River Vale, N. J.: Miss M. H., Lyndon Station, Wis.: Miss A. T., Richmond Hill, Ont.: Mrs. J. K., Toronto, Ont.: Mrs. A. M. C., Ann Arbor, Mich.: P. O'D., Strathroy, Ont.: Miss T. M., Franklin, Pa.; Miss R. McP., Rochester, N. Y.: Miss M. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; Rev. R. F., O. S. F., Quincy, Ill.

Old coins have been received from Miss M. M. O'D., Admaston, Ont. Religious articles and other favors from Miss J. C., Snyder, Ont.: Miss F. K., Netherby, Ont.: Ven. Mother E., Falls View, Ont.: Mrs. M. S., and Mr. J. S., Buffalo, N. Y.: Mrs. C. A. A., Niagara Falls, N. Y.: Mrs. M. E. L., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Wearers of Our Queen's Livery.

NAMES have been received at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., for registry in the Scapular Album, from St. Lawrence Church, Hamilton, Ont.: St. Columbanus' Church, Blooming Prairie, Minn.: St. Peter's Palace, London, Ont.; Port Lambton, Ont.; Fortune Harbor, N. D. Bay, Nfld.: St. John the Evangelist's Church, Syracuse, N. Y.; St. Helen's Church, Brockton, Ont.: St. Joseph's Hospital, Windsor, Ont.; Sandwich, Ont.: Amherstburg, Ont.: Niagara University, N. Y.: Brantford, Ont.; St. Edward's Church, Westport, Ont.: St. Joseph's Hospital, London, Ont.: Immaculate Conception Church, Ithaca, N. Y.; St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Buffalo, N. Y.; Drayton, Ont.; Newport, Mich.: St. Louis Church, Waterloo, Ont.

At St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J., from Southold, L. I., N. Y.: Cutchoque, L. I., N. Y.: Paterson, N. J.: St. John Evangelist's Church, New York, N. Y.: St. Rose of Lima Church, Freehold, N. J.: St. Mary's Church, Manayunk, Pa.: North Tarrytown, N. Y.; St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.: St. Mary's Hospital, Louisville, Ky.: St. Joseph's Church, New York, N. Y.: St. Peter's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Joseph's Church, Trenton, N. J.

At Holy Trinity Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Patrick's Church, Leetonia, Ohio; Little Sisters of the Poor, Louisville, Ky.; St. Mary's Church, Moline, Ill.; Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Greensburg, Pa.: Immaculate Conception Church, St. Clair, Minn.: N. D. Church, Cleveland, Ohio; St. Bernard's Church, South Bethlehem, Pa.: St. Agnes Church, Brighton Park; St. Paul of the Cross Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Michael's Church, Dotyville, Wis.; St. Philip's Church, Battle Creek, Mich.: St. Joseph's Church, Ridgeway, Ill.: St. Anthony's Church, Vincents, Ind.: St. Scholastica's Convent, Ridge Prairie, Minn.; St. Thomas' Church, Cole Co., Mo.; St. Joseph's Church, Freeport, Ill.: St. Louis' Church, Philadelphia, Pa.: St. Rosalia's Asylum, Pittsburg, Pa.: St. Maurice Church, Perry Co., Mo.: SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Camden, N. J.: St. Agatha's Church, Meadville, Pa.: St. Mary's Church, Plattville, Wis.: St. Francis Church, Teutopolis, Ill.: St. Agnes' Church, Milleville, Pa., (twice): St. Joseph's Church, Allegheny, Pa.: St. Aloysius' Church, E. Liverpool, Ohio: Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S. D.

At St. John the Baptist's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from Lancaster, Wis.: Emporia, Kas.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; Menominee, Ill.: St. Francis' Convent, Trenton, N. J.: Carrolltown, Pa.: St. Rose's Church, Carbondale, Pa.; Milladore, Wis.

THANKSGIVING.

"E. J. B. wishes to return thanks for a position obtained through prayers to the Sacred Heart, and to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, offered up at Falls View. Please say a Mass for the holy souls, promised in anticipation of the event."

Feasts of Our Lady in Russia.

IN Russia numerous feasts of Our Lady are observed to this day, and the veneration of the people for her is still very great. "At Moscow," says a famous French traveller, "you meet at every step some chapel, which every one salutes. These chapels, or niches, contain an image of the Mother of God, before which a lamp is constantly kept burning. They are usually guarded by old soldiers. Between the arches of the Kremlin tower on one of the piers which divide the passages, we meet with an ancient statue painted in the Greek style, called Our Lady of Nivielski. All those who pass by this holy image, be they lords or ladies—all bow profoundly and make repeatedly the Sign of the Cross. Many pause and persons of high rank are seen to prostrate themselves to the earth before the miraculous painting, and touch the ground with their forehead."

Carmelite Review.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, ONT., SEPTEMBER, 1895. NO. 9

THE SEVEN DOLORS.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.

SHE knelt within the holy place.
And clasped her treasured Child,
But visions of the distant cross
O'ercast that Mother mild.

II.

And soon, an exile from her home,
Across the desert sand
She fled to save His precious life
In Egypt's heathen-land.

III.

The years passed by—but darker still
The shadows of the cross;
For three long days she sought her Love,
And mourned for His loss.

IV.

The Passion-hour came at last;
She saw Him as He went
Along the "via crucis," there
Again her soul was rent.

V.

Behold! the tender Mother stands
Beneath her dying Son,
And there, in love and bitter pain.
Her martyr-palm is won.

VI.

The last sweet sigh is breathed now:
She will not from Him part,
But feels within her anguished soul
The sword that pierced His Heart.

VII.

How soon they take the dear, dead Form—
Blest Fruit of Mary's womb—
And lay it gently down to rest
Within the garden-tomb!

PRAYER.

O lovely Mother! yet so strong
In faith, in hope, in love.
O patient Mourner! teach our hearts
In grief to look above.

And watch for that bright golden light
(Perchance not far away,)
That heralds in the Easter dawn
Of Heaven's eternal day.

"*Quis non potest constristari*
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio"
Stabat Mater.

The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

Beautiful stainless Child!
Rising all fair as the early morn.
Wondrous the gifts which her soul adorn,
Sing, O ye Angels! your Queen is born.
Beautiful stainless Child!

Pure as untrodden snow!
Dark was the earth as in wintry cold,
Stained was each soul from the fall of old,
Thee in a garment did God enfold
Pure as untrodden snow!

Star of life's troubled sea!
Tinging its waves with thy silvery white.
Gladdening the weary traveler's sight,
Leading us on with thy gentle light,
Star of life's troubled sea!

Beautiful natal day!
Brightest of all which the earth had seen,
Robed in its garb of autumnal sheen,
Seems it to welcome thee, Infant Queen,
Beautiful natal day!

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,

Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

THE temporal dominion of the Pope being a moral necessity for the well-being of the Church, the Holy Father and the Bishops have pronounced anathema against all those who impugn it. History, indeed, sometimes shows us the Supreme Pontiff under another aspect. There were times when his triple crown crumbled, when his sceptre shrunk to a hollow reed, when his throne became a shadow, and his home a dungeon. But God permitted this only to show us how inestimable is human virtue, when compared with human grandeur. Human grandeur may perish, but virtue is immortal. God permitted it, to prove to the scoffing infidel world that the simplicity of the patriarchs, the piety of the saints, the patience of the martyrs, have not as yet vanished from the earth. God permitted it, in fine, to show the rabid enemies of our holy faith that, though our common father were in chains, though his motives were calumniated, and though his kingly power were destroyed, yet the Church, the Holy Catholic Church of Jesus Christ, is still able to guide and to support her children, and to confound, if she cannot reclaim, her enemies.

"The Pontiff is firm, immovable as a rock. No threats can awe, no promise can tempt, no sufferings can appall him. With exile, the dungeon, and death before his eyes, he dashes away the proffered cup, in which the pearl of his liberty is to be dissolved: '*Non possumus*,' is his bold and noble language. 'We can die, but we cannot give up the rights of the Church.' The Catholic world cannot, and will not, submit and agree to the sacrilegious occupation of the Papal states by any government. The voices of more than two hundred millions of Catholics will ring from every land under the sun, demanding perfect liberty of action for their common spiritual father, and the undisturbed possession of the Patrimony of St. Peter. The spirit of opposition to the temporal power of the Pope is but the spirit of modern Paganism, which aims at the destruction of civil government, the rights of justice, the law of God and of man. All justice-loving men admit this. The opposers of the temporal power start from the pagan principle of separation of the temporal from the spiritual: they are either bigots, or infidels, or vain and frothy theorizers, or corrupt politicians of the Masonic sect, or restless demagogues: and if they be Christians, their faith sits as lightly on their conscience as a feather on the back of a whirlwind: they are all pervaded by the pestilential spirit of modern Paganism. When a government becomes indifferent in religious matters, wishes to assume supreme control over the asylums of suffering humanity, secularizes churches and schools, caring only for the mere literary or arithmetical education of its subjects: when it makes laws infringing on the rights of conscience or property; when it interferes with the Sacraments and the rites of the Church, then it is pagan in spirit. It endeavors to prevent men from attaining the end of creation: it ceases to be a free government, or to fulfil the end for which all governments were instituted. Every temporal ruler who denies the Pope's rights to his temporal power, will soon find his own abolished.

"Now, when the revolution had turned its fury upon the Pope, and had driven him forth to take refuge at Gaeta, it was no light task to assume the championship of the Pope's cause against the revolution. Persons, the least expected, had taken up the cause of Mazzini in the United States. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, whose vagaries had become too pronounced for Mr. Patrick Donahoe, the publisher and responsible editor of the Boston *Pilot*, having been turned adrift, came to New York and founded the *Nation*, which, under the conduct of Larry Godkin, but too truly reflects what it was under a man who should have known better. Besides this treachery in the camp, as it were, there was Horace Greeley, the Fourrierite, in his *Tribune* fulminating against the Pope—a fulmination which led to a very interesting controversy on the aims and methods of the Italian revolution between the great Communist and Bishop Hughes. The latter's letters may be found in the *Freeman's Journal* issued on July 7th, 1849, and subsequently reprinted from a now defunct daily, the *Courier and Enquirer*. In the same issue a private letter from Rome has an extract of it telling how Mazzini had prohibited the celebration of Mass in that city for twenty days—thus showing the true character of the 'revolution.' Watchful from the beginning for the best interests of the Holy See, McMaster in the *Freeman's Journal* at once urged a collection to be taken up for the relief of the temporal necessities of the Pope, and the success of this was signal. On July 14th it recorded:

"Certain papers had undertaken to throw doubts on the purposes for which the collection had been announced, as if their influence should prevent the Catholic

people from discharging a religious obligation. The New York *Nation* was foremost in the promoting this impertinent interference with the rights and the freedom of the Catholic conscience. It is not surprising, then, that the people should have felt the indignity offered to their rights and character by the affectation of distrust which these journals manifested, and that they should have repelled it by a liberality of contribution almost unexampled. It is consoling evidence that the attempt made by the *Nation* to inoculate the Catholics of this country with the views of French Radicalism and infidelity has been an entire failure."

On July 28th we find another testimony to the influence of the *Freeman*. Lewis Cass, Jr., the United States representative in Rome, under instructions from the Taylor Administration, refused to recognize the bogus Roman Republic set up by the followers of Mazzini. Five weeks later the French and Austrian troops entered Rome, put an end to the Reds, and re-established the Papal authority. Amid the rejoicings of the population, a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in St. Peter's, Rome, and the Pope had his own again.

During 1868, successive issues contained a series of letters from Rome, written by General Carroll Tevis, with the view of awakening American interest in the dangers which menaced the Pope. General Tevis made clear, with incontrovertible logic, to what point the march of events was hastening. Little reliance could be placed upon France in case she became involved in war, and the moment her troops were withdrawn, the Savoyards were pretty certain to occupy Rome. Even as it was, the denudation of the territory of the Papal States had seriously affected the Government's revenues. The *Freeman's Journal* threw its columns open and started a popular subscription for 'Aid to Defend our Holy Father,' which, in the three months previous to November 14th, when the list closed, amounted to $6,958.97.

"In the following year this journal raised $1,554.71 as a Christmas gift for the Holy Father, and $4,391.35 for the 'successor of Peter in chains.'

"Again this journal induced its friends to subscribe to another little birthday gift to the Pope. The printed form was headed:

'To our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., the readers and friends of the *Freeman's Journal* in testimony of their love and faith, and that they are afflicted in his afflictions, with the completion of his eighty-first year.'

"The sum was only $874.91, the amount asked of each subscriber being designedly placed low, so that as many as possible might participate in this tribute to the venerable and sorrow-laden Pontiff, and carry joy to his heart, not so much from the amount of the paltry sum, but from the devotion manifested by the numbers who contributed their pennies.

"The year 1874 was marked by the great American pilgrimage to Lourdes and Rome, suggested by this journal, and acted upon by its fervent readers. Two collections were opened in these columns—and the success of these continuous calls, asking and *demanding* that the amount of each should be small, marks the wide scope and the genuine influence exerted by the paper from its long career of honesty—to be sent along with these modern pilgrims. That of offerings to the Holy Father accompanying a handsome album containing the names of the donors amounted to $4,055.41: that of offerings for the lamp at Paray-le-Monial and for the Grotto of Lourdes, to $1,803.21. When it is recalled that recent lists by influential dailies in favor of monuments to national heroes have fizzled out as failures after years of persistent daily 'booming,' we are astonished at seeing such responses to the continual calls of this journal. It is a triumph of McMaster's faith over materialism!"

Leo XIII., in his Apostolical letter to the Archbishops and Bishops of Austria says concerning the temporal independence of the Pope:

"Now, since to wish that the Roman Pontiff may be subject to no human power, and that he may be fully and perfectly free *is a sacred obligation which concerns the Catholics of all nations, and not one alone*, the Bishops should consult upon the matter and apply themselves to arouse and excite the solicitude of the faithful in this very just cause, with the view of hastening a happy result."

From these words of Leo XIII., it is evident that no Catholic can speak against the temporal independence of the Pope without committing sin

A recent French work taking a liberal view of the breach of the Seventh Commandment in the seizure of the Papal possessions, and trying to prove that one can be a good Catholic and acquiesce in the course of the spoliation by the Italian government, that the temporalities of the Pope are not necessary, etc., has been placed on the Index.

END OF CHAPTER VII.

THEY who practice abstemiousness and frugality have a higher relish of pleasure, and are less affected by pain than those who are the most diligent and assiduous in the pursuit of delight and indulgences.—SOCRATES.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Miss Matilda Cummings.

"All things pass away."

WITH St. Teresa we may well say it, now that summer days are over, and the work-a-day world claims us once more as its own. How much we all live in the future! 'Tis well that we do; for hope, kindly companion, walks with us through its untrodden by-ways, and gives us a green sward only for our feet. But the past, too, has its hold on us. Stronger, more tender, and more attractive as we advance in life, and the world that shone "bright for inexperienced eyes" loses its glamour.

How many lessons come to us from the lips of childhood! A little girl was asked what she thought heaven was like? "It's a place where you'll never be sorry," she said. O the wisdom of the childish thought! Yes, the past is for many of us unlike heaven, in that respect. It is a cavern of regrets. What of the summer that has just left us! Did the mountains bring us nearer to God, or the sea-shore fill us with a yearning for eternity and its shoreless sea? What is it that strikes the observant thinking mind in the days of idleness, that are a necessary evil to all of us after a season of work? Not the prevalence of evil, not the amount of positive sin in the world, but the spirit of unrest, the utter worldliness of even the so-called best people. It is like a plague in its devastations, in its foul spots which disfigure the fairest and brightest in God's creation. No one seems safe in its atmosphere, no one free from its approach. Fr. Faber speaks of the great crowded city as being a better school of sanctity than the fresh, green country, and the summer proves how true were his words. The law of compensation holds good in every relation of life. The poor working crowds, who toil on amid the burden and heat of the day, have among them many who found refreshment and rest and sweetest peace in the early morning hour that saw them wending their way to the daily Mass, that was more to them than mountain or sea shore. And on the contrary, in how many country chapels was He that yearns for consolation left to tread the wine press alone. Why? Because the fog of a worldly spirit makes a London of what might well be a Bethany for chosen souls. 'Tis sad to watch the indifference of Catholics to their own best interests, but sadder still to be forced to own how little drawing power God has for the majority of His own. Oh! for an apostle of generosity to come among us, and show us to ourselves in all our meanness! If regret *could* find place in heaven, surely it would come because of the thought of how niggardly we were in time where Infinite Love was concerned.

Sin grieves the Sacred Heart, of course; but it would seem that lack of generosity wounds it with a deeper wound. Do we not all feel this where those we love are concerned? Is it not a joy too deep for words to give and give, where our hearts go out in sympathy and affection. Now come the days of labor. Happily they whose work is a congenial one. But for one and all generosity will do much. It will transform the world for us, and it will conform us to the standard of duty, that spoken voice of God. What of the feasts of September? What of the thoughts that will most fitly fill its twilight hours? One feast is coming that is singularly comforting for those who fret and chafe under the burden of their daily toil. The Seven Dolors of our Blessed Lady, which falls on the third Sunday of September. The joys of the summer are like the joys of life in general. Our gains are but preludes to losses.

Our hopes are all balanced by fears.

So now at the very beginning of the fear of labor comes the thought of our Mother's sorrows to help us bear the monotony of work, the ceaseless round of daily duty which frets us like an aching tooth—no relief save by its loss:—cure comes by sacrifice. Her sorrows were life-long; ours have at least seasons of alleviation. There are those on whom the burden of life, and above all its *monotony*, presses sorely. Sensative natures that are keenly alive to the little

nothings that clog the wheels and disorder the grooves, and at times cripple the whole machinery. To such the thoughts of our dear Lady's sorrows, so human, so inevitable, and so long abiding, will be a very well-spring of comfort. We must bear with ourselves. Our Mother of Sorrows was spared that form of suffering, but her tender heart that feels for all who sorrow, whether for sin or self, will teach us this lesson. Charity ennobles us when we bear with others; but an impatient disgust which would fain make us strangle the moral meanness that so humiliates us in ourselves —*that* is the trial for super-sensitive souls. A coarse fiber is not desirable in heart or soul, but a strong warp and woof may also be a fine one. Our dear Lady of Sorrows will help us grow strong to bear, to suffer, and even make merry over our own mishaps. What matters it how many times we trip and stumble and even fall? Not graceful, of course, but then grace is not the one thing needful when one is pushing through a crowd. So provided, we rise promptly and good-naturedly, wishing ourselves better luck on our journey, we will conquer the meanness, which is often more than hurtful to us than the sin. God has many ways of trying us, and in none does His hand press more sorely on us than in making us feel our own meanness. 'Tis the truly courageous soul that knows how to bear with self. Only in the peace of eternity shall we be freed from its thraldom.

Our Irish Correspondence.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY A. E. FARRINGTON, O. C. C., D. D.

SINCE I last wrote to you we have had our Provincial Election. The General of the Order, the Most Rev. Father Galli, had promised to preside, but owing to unforeseen circumstances, he was unable to do so. This was a great disappointment to us, not only on account of the honor it would have conferred on us, but because we have a great personal love for him, and justly so, as he is to us truly a kind and loving father.

The selections for the various posts in the Province, as far as your readers are concerned, are not of much importance, with the exception of the New York house. The Very Rev. Father Southwell was sent back there to continue the labors which he so zealously undertook six years ago, and which have been so productive of good results for that mission. No better man could be chosen to carry on that good work.

The devotion to Our Blessed Lady, I am happy to say, seems to be on the increase in Ireland. Crowds of faithful worshipers were to be seen in all our Churches on our great Feast of Mount Carmel. Our excellent Archbishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, presided on Sunday at the devotions, and gave Benediction in the evening. The Archbishop of Toronto, your beloved prelate, also honored us by his presence on that occasion. His being with us was a great honor indeed. Your readers are aware of the great centenary of the foundation of the College of Maynooth, which was celebrated last month with great pomp and solemnity. Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, Prelates and Priests, were present at it. It was a truly magnificent celebration.

In the great work, "The Maynooth College, its Centenary History," by the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfort, he says of it, that it has been for more than 6,000 Priests and Prelates of the Irish Church, the "Mother of Fair Love, and of Fear, and of Knowledge, and of Holy Hope." There are now 2,000 Priests who preach and teach over the globe, who were educated within its walls. Cardinal Newman once declared that Maynooth was the "most important ecclesiastical seminary in Catholic Christendom." Cardinal Manning called it the great "Alma Mater of the Priesthood of Ireland," and another eminent writer has described it as "the focus and centre of the Irish Church, the great heart of which flows and flows, never to ebb, the tide of Ireland's Sacramental life."

Maynooth has, indeed, become a mighty Mother. She has grown with passing years like the fair olive in the plains: she has been exalted like the cedar of Libanus: and her fruits are fruits of honor and grace. After her century of greatness, she starts on another in full working order. Her magnificent buildings, her extensive grounds, beautiful to behold, her 600 students full of zeal and talent, ready, when the day comes, to work for God's honor and glory. We pray for her from our heart, "Esto perpetua."

DUBLIN, Ireland.

OLIVE'S OFFERING.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY PHILIP A. REST.

III.

OLIVE and Gottlieb both walked back and got the hat changed for one without a pin through it. The walk back to Wright's gave them plenty time to exchange ideas on practical modes of dispensing charity, and a thousand other things. One thing was quite apparent, and that was that Olive's ideas ran in the same groove as Gottlieb's, and *vice versa*. The sympathy between the two was more than a passing affair. When they reached Wright's place Gottlieb was speaking of the necessity of united action in everything, and Olive seemed to be saying nothing but "yes" to all he said.

When they were parting that evening, Olive said to Gottlieb: "I wish you would call me by my christian name. I am more accustomed to that than my surname."

"All right then," said Gottlieb. "I'll then say good evening, Olive, and don't forget to pray for my intentions."

"And you pray for mine, Gottlieb!"

Gottlieb said his own name never sounded so sweet to him in his whole life as it did at that moment.

* * * * *

About the middle of August, 1886, there were several puzzled clerks in the statuary department of the big church furnishing firm of Street, Barclay & Co. There was evidently a gross error somewhere. The shipping clerk said to the manager:

"I have two orders which seem to conflict with each other. Both orders call for a statue of the Pure Heart of Mary, to be delivered at the Church of Our Lady at X——ville. One order requires the statue to be at the Church on the Feast of St. Louis, August 25th, and the other says it must be there three days later, August 28th, which is the eve of the Feast of the Pure Heart of Mary."

"Yes," said the manager, "it is surely a mistake, but one full of mystery. Besides, the name of the person ordering is different on each order. Surely it can't be that two statues are to be put in one and the same Church?"

If the manager had asked me for an explanation, I would have told him that it was possible for two hearts to be moulded into one, and for one of two different names to be absorbed by the other. But the manager acted like any business man, and ordered the clerk to write to the different parties for an explanation.

"X——ville is only a few miles away, so request them to call at the store as soon as possible," said the manager to his clerk.

* * * *

On the morning after Our Lady's Assumption, Gottlieb Guttmann was on the ferry on his way to the city. As he walked up and down the forward deck, he unexpectedly ran across Olive Reinheart.

"Hello!" said Gottlieb, "I didn't expect to see you so early this morning. Came in on important business, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Olive, "important and annoying business. I suppose it is all caused by some busy-bodies who think they have a right to poke their nose into my business," said Olive, who gave no further explanation. She herself was of the opinion that some one had tampered with her letter sent to the firm I mentioned.

Gottlieb only replied: "I, too, have an important bit of business on hand, and will make it hot for some persons before I return this afternoon."

They separated when they left the boat, Gottlieb saying he had first to see his banker, and Olive remarking she had some shopping to do before the stores were overcrowded.

Precisely at ten o'clock Olive walked into the big store of Street, Barclay & Co. The clerk commenced to explain how they had been confused by the two orders, and just as if responding to his name, in walked Gottlieb, just as the clerk had said "the name of the other party is signed G. Guttmann."

Things were very soon cleared up and fully explained. It was a long time before everyone recovered from the hearty laugh at the supposed clerical error. A compromise was made by Olive and Gottlieb, by each paying half of the price of the statue. It was the only settlement possible since each

of them seemed determined on paying the whole bill.

"It seems," said Olive, as they were leaving the store, "that everything conspires to bring us more and more together. It is not, I think, mere accident."

"If so, I am willing to be the victim of all such accidents," said Gottlieb.

As they were crossing on the ferry, Gottlieb and Olive were together leaning over the railing, watching a tug-boat making desperate efforts to pull a large boat up stream. It seemed a hopeless task, until another tug came to the assistance of the other. The two of them went along with the big boat behind, without any difficulty.

Gottlieb had been attentively watching the boat. When the second boat came to the rescue, he turned to Olive and said:

"The saying that union is strength, is a very true one."

In a few more minutes the fast train for X——ville had taken them out of sight.

* * * *

The statue of the Pure Heart of Mary was duly placed in position on the Blessed Virgin's altar in Our Lady's Church, and was exposed to view for the first time on the feast of that same Pure Heart, which that year fell on August 29th.

Father Seligmacher made some very appropriate and happy remarks before he blessed the statue. Among other things he said that the first Church dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, was at the same time consecrated to the Most Pure Heart of Mary. In 1836 Abbe Desgenettes was appointed cure of Notre Dame des Victoires in Paris, and the good priest found the parish in a state of almost hopeless ignorance and indifference as to religion. Out of a population of 25,000 souls, only 800 were communicants. The Abbe thereupon consecrated his parish to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, with wonderful results. The parish was wholly reformed, and wonderful cures and conversions followed.

"What confidence should we not have in that tender Mother-heart," said Father Seligmacher, "and what an honor to have such a beautiful statue of the same Pure Heart in our midst. In their humility the donors of it prefer to remain unknown. Nevertheless I now thank them on your part, and pray that that same Pure Heart may shed every blessing upon their lives.

Olive had had her share in paying for that lovely statue. That was her second offering. I have recorded the first—when I spoke of that envelope which Jus brought home to his mother on that first Friday in May. But Olive's offering was to be a triple one, and the last part of it had yet to be consummated. Her gift had its gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Her gold she gave when she gave her offering of money to Christ's brethren—the poor. She gave the myrrh in honor of Mary—Christ's holy Mother, and she is now to offer the frankincense of a virtuous life and pure heart to one of Christ's sons, in the person of Gottlieb Guttmann.

Charity for Christ's poor, love of the Sacred Heart, and devotion to Mary Immaculate, were the instruments which drew together the hearts of Olive and Gottlieb. They had both long since placed their hearts in the Most Pure Heart of Mary—there they were joined together in that holy sanctuary, and there they were to remain united, and Jesus and Mary blessed the union.

On September 8th, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the merry bells which had often rung out a happy peal on the morning of Christ's birth, now resounded on the birthday of Christ's holy Mother. It was another Christmas at least in the hearts of Gottlieb Guttmann and Olive Reinheart, for it was their wedding day. It was another birthday for Olive—a day on which she was to be born to a new life—a day on which she was to be christened anew with the name of one she loved. Her heart was not less pure than on that when in this same Church she was carried to the font and christened with the name of Olive.

Olive and Gottlieb both knelt before the altar waiting for the priest to vest. Everything was quiet and solemn—so quiet that methinks you could hear two heart throbs which were beating in unison. During the Mass they were to receive Jesus into their hearts. He would bless and seal such a holy union. They would, too, receive the blessing of God's own minister. What a happiness to have Jesus and Mary present, just as they were at the marriage at Cana. Olive and Gottlieb were flanked on each side by the beautiful statues of the holy Hearts of Jesus and Mary, who seemed to

shed sweet smiles on this happy pair, true friends of those same holy Hearts. The high altar was beautifully decorated, here and there intermingling pure white lilies and blood red roses, symbols of love and purity.

Every poor man, woman and child of the parish, it seemed, was present in the Church, invoking blessings on the heads of those two kind benefactors of theirs. Jus and his mother were there, and Jus could not help but thinking what a bright and sunny day this was in comparison with that wet day in May, when he sought shelter in that same Church.

Father Seligmacher, of course, made a few felicitous remarks:

"It has always been my joy," he said, "to make others happy, but to-day I feel more than happy. What a delightful contrast to those sad and heart-breaking occasions on which we are called to bear witness to those ungodly unions when holy church prevents us from raising our hands in benediction. There is no necessity for me to detain you with any long discourse, my heart prefers to imitate those two holy silent Hearts on those altars to your right and left, and your own two hearts, which, although speechless, are full of inexpressible joy and happiness, which, with you, my dear friends, will be a lasting one."

Among the wedding gifts there was one which, if not the costliest, was the most treasured—namely, a small statue of the Pure Heart of Mary—the same which had for so long a while stood on the shelf at Mrs. Lyons' store. Attached to this statue was a small card, on one side of which was written:

"Wishing every happiness to two hearts dear to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary."

On the reverse of the card was written:

"From Jus."

* * * *

Eight years had elapsed since these last happy events, when I received a letter from my friend Guttmann.

In this letter he said among other matters of no interest to the reader:

"We are getting along very happily. Jus is getting along nicely in his studies, and will be ordained in a few years. His family is doing splendidly. Mrs. Wright can now boast of having a new dress for every month (perhaps week) in the year. Her husband is thoroughly reformed, and is much respected by all who know him. Mrs. Lyons is happily and contentedly passing her remaining days at the Sisters Home. She has had her wish. I have called my oldest girl Justina, after Jus, (you know his real name is Justin.) Justina seems to have inherited all Olive's talents. She is commencing to learn painting, and has already copied a little verse in honor of the Pure Heart of Mary, and painted the words in letters of gilt letters on the foot of the little statue which Jus sent us on that happy September morning. Olive has had Justina and the other smaller children consecrated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. A trait in Justina's character showed itself lately. Her mother gave her a small sum of money, and she put it away, saying, "that is for some poor family." Just what Olive would do herself probably if she were a child. Justina is going to school to Sister Serena, who lately gave her a beautifully embroidered Scapular. Olive said Justina should be enrolled when she made her first holy Communion, but Justina wasn't satisfied, so Olive had to take her over to Father Seligmacher, who enrolled her in the Scapular yesterday, which was, as you know, the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Call and see us soon. You'll be delighted with our charming little Justina and the other fair *olive* branches."

Last year I did call on the Guttmanns, and a very pleasant visit it was. Of course we retailed a good deal of that with which the reader is already acquainted. Just before I left them my eyes fell on the statue which came from Jus. Stooping down I noticed on the foot of the statue those gilded letters left by little Justina's brush. They seemed very appropriate. If my memory serves me rightly, I think it read:

"Brighter than all earthly beauty,
Which in life and joy have part
Is the heart of all hearts purest—
Mary's stainless Mother-heart."

THE END.

No flower is jealous of another.

It is useless to subdue the flesh by abstinence, unless one give up his irregular life, and abandons those vices which defile the soul.—St. Gregory.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION II.

"After our last meeting, Mick, I read the matter of prohibition up and found some figures that are startling. Just imagine, the sum total spent for drink in one year amounts in the States to no less than 900 millions of dollars, some even go as high as 1,500 millions, and ex-Governor St. John places it for 1891 at 1,507 millions. Now don't you think that these figures alone would justify prohibition, independent of any other consideration? Such an enormous sum thrown into the pockets of the liquor men!"

"Go slowly, Sam. Just as not everything glittering is gold, so not every dark cloud means a waterspout. Let me ask you a few pertinent questions. Where do the liquor sellers get their supply?"

"From the distilleries and breweries, of course."

"And where do these get the material for their distilling and brewing?"

"From the farmers, who raise the wheat, rye, or corn."

"Very well. Now the sum flowing into the pockets of farmers is certainly a very considerable one."

"That's good enough, but I hardly would acknowledge this fact as of any consequence regarding our question, since the farmers would sell to others what they could not sell to the liquor men."

"In order to sell there must be a buyer. And the experience of past years shows that the farmers were well nigh ruined by the depression of prices of all farming products caused by over production. If this were not the case, your objection would be valid; as it is, prohibition brings distress not only on brewers, distillers and bar-keepers, but on numbers of farmers as well, and the farmers are the backbone of the country."

"Even if counting this way, an enormous amount of money would go to the saloon-keeper."

"Do not be too hasty. How many thousands do the railroads earn by carrying the raw material and the output? How many thousands are represented by the wages of journeymen, drivers, etc.? How much is spent for fuel? Millions are collected by Uncle Sam, the states and municipalities by way of taxes, license and internal revenue."

"Yes, but all this money is paid by the consumer."

"Undoubtedly, and justly so. Look upon intoxicating drink as a necessity, a commodity, a luxury, or in whatever way you please, the consumer satisfies his desire and pays for it. Now, I asked a little while ago, what right has the government to forbid drinking to a majority that does not abuse drink, and I ask now, what right has the government to tell a man what to do with his money?"

"If there were another remedy I would be in favor of it. But how can you stop the six millions who notoriously abuse drink but by rendering it impossible for them to get it, and if incidentally this strikes a man who would like to use it moderately, it cannot be helped and no harm comes of it."

"This is a very queer kind of reasoning, Sam. Remember, we do not speak of drinking as a vice, but of prohibition, that is, of abstinence enforced by process of law. You give six millions as your figure of drunkards. This at present would be about nine per cent. of the population, whilst I allowed twelve per cent. But taking your figure as correct, I repeat my question, what right has the government to forcibly interfere with ninety-one per cent. of the population in order to reach nine per cent?"

"I hope, Mick, you will not deny the right of the government to take action in matters of public morality and to use all possible precaution to prevent vice from spreading and overpowering the nation."

"Certainly this right must be conceded to any government, or rather it is a paramount duty. Yet this will not help us towards a solution of our contention, because we do not speak of abstract rights, but a concrete measure, of which I maintain that it is ill advised and barren of results."

"Please explain yourself."

"I think, Sam, I have explained myself and offered proof that prohibition does not prohibit, even in the present state of affairs. But let us go a step further and suppose that the government could possibly succeed in exterminating all the distilleries, breweries and importations of drink from

outside. Would such an extreme and impossible measure achieve the desired result?"

"Of course it would. People of necessity would stop drinking when no drinks could be got."

"I beg to differ with you. The public production, which to some extent can be controlled, would only give way to domestic production. In the beginning of this century thousands and thousands of farmers used to brew their own beer and distil their own whiskey, and wine growers up to the present day make their own wine. Now, what was possible then is possible now. Are you going to send the menials of the government into every kitchen and cellar to smell the pots and demijohns?"

"Well, that wouldn't do. The people would not stand it."

"Scarcely, and what would be the result of such domestic production? That gallons would be manufactured for the pints used now: that it would depend on the man how potent the beverage would be: that in the absence of good cellars he would find himself compelled to drink up the supply quickly to prevent its spoiling. Sum total, that more would be drunk than ever before."

"I must confess, Mick, you have a very forcible way of arguing in favor of drink."

"I am not arguing in favor of drink, but against prohibition. These are two widely different matters, as I told you repeatedly. Intemperance is a vice, it's opposite is a virtue. But though the government may to some extent lend a helping hand in extirpating the one and fostering the other, it's co-operation in the very nature of the case can only be secondary and has to confine itself to the public appearance and consequences of the vice. A moral matter, as I also declared before, can never be settled by legislation. Besides, a total extinction of all production of alcohol would be a crime against the commonwealth."

"How so?"

"Because alcohol is absolutely necessary for other purposes than drink, for instance, aniline dyes, medicines, and the like. How are you going to prevent a man from drinking what he buys for other purposes?"

"No doubt, this is impossible. Yet some way must be found to stem the tide of drink, that spreads like wildfire and will ruin us if not checked."

"Certainly. But a sensible legislator will not act in the foolish way of our Solons. He will study the question thoroughly in all its different aspects before he proceeds to find a remedy."

"I should think that, if ever a question was discussed fully, it is this. Have not meetings of every kind been held all over the country for years back?"

"Yes, but very one-sided ones, because they were organized by a body of irresponsible fanatics who naturally elucidated only the one side of the question favorable to their own views. Monster petitions were to exercise an influence upon state assemblies, tricks were resorted to, to gain the point, and if perchance a man was found in the meeting that would not unreservedly join in the cry, but wished to look upon other views of the matter, he was forcibly ejected from the meeting. The opposition being thus removed, it was easy to arrive at an unanimous resolution."

"You seem to think that all the supporters of prohibition are fanatics."

"Not at all. A good number are men who lament the evils resulting from drink, and no other remedy offering itself to their minds, they join the prohibition ranks and believe in their own measures as a panacea of the evil. They are well meaning, but mistaken."

"But have you not a good number of advocates of prohibition in the Catholic camp itself?"

"This is doubtful, because advocates of total abstinence are not necessarily apostles of prohibition. But supposing such were the case, what would it prove concerning our argument?

"It would prove that you are not an unit in condemning it."

"True enough. We Catholics are guided by the decisions of the Church. The Church has never officially declared that prohibition is necessary or even useful, and hence every man is free to have his own ideas in the matter. Even a Bishop's opinion would be only the opinion of a private man, and not binding upon anybody else."

"So you disbelieve in prohibition?"

"I believe that the government has no right to pass prohibition laws, and that

these laws, wherever and whenever passed, have proved themselves theoretical and practical failures, and I also believe that drinking can be, and should be, checked in its abuse, but by widely different measures and without infringing upon the natural rights of men, whose boast is their individual liberty. However, we argued enough for this time. If you care to hear how I would deal with the question. I am willing to accommodate you some other time."

Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

BY S. X. B.

Translated for the Review

"WHOEVER will die clothed in this holy habit will never suffer the flames of hell." —WORDS OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

NOTE.—"The above assurance," writes Mr. Dumax, in his admirable brochure on the Holy Scapular, has been frequently attacked and contested on the ground that such a promise is inadmissible, and would be in opposition to the sanctity of the Almighty. It would indeed be inadmissible if it intimated that a member of the Confraternity of the Scapular, if such a one *wore the badge*, would be saved even if laden with the guilt of mortal sin.

Such an interpretation would be impious and revolting, and the promise of the Blessed Virgin implies nothing of the kind. By the words "*in quo moriens*" she engages herself to assist in an exceptional manner her devout children of Carmel in their dying moments, and, to ensure for them a happy death, she will draw from the treasury of divine mercy, of which Our Lord has given her the key, all graces requisite for that end.

If they are already in the state of grace, it will be for perseverance. If in sin, she will obtain the grace of conversion. And if to arrest the "bitter death" ready to strike the poor creature when in that dreadful state, and procure the time necessary for a return to God, a miracle were required, Mary knows well *where* and *how* to accomplish the marvel, and so make good her words.

In 1834 the city of Lyons was devastate by terrible internal conflicts. On one occasion when the battle waged fiercely in the streets, a young man fell wounded unto death. He was on the point of being trampled upon by the frantic crowd, when, with one supreme effort, he got upon a horse which had fallen near him. The animal raised itself, and with rapid pace made its way directly to the hospital, where the wounded man had the happiness to receive the Sacraments with the greatest devotion and gratitude. He died shortly after, blessing Mary, who had so signally recompensed *his fidelity in wearing the Scapular.*—(*Life of the Christian soldier. Vol. II. p. 70.*)

A certain youth who was invested with the Holy Scapular, wore it with the greatest devotion for awhile, but unfortunately carried away by wicked propensities, which he did not try to stifle in the beginning, he eventually deprived himself of the advantages which would have been his, had he remained a faithful child of the Blessed Virgin. He abandoned himself to excesses of every kind, lost his reputation, the approval of his parents, and squandered every penny of his fortune. In his despair he struck himself three times with a knife upon the breast, and that, too, precisely where he wore the Scapular.

With all his efforts he failed to inflict a mortal wound; then his heart, which was impenetrable to the deadly weapon opened to the inspirations of the grace which the merciful mother had hastened to procure for him. Convinced that he had been thus favored by means of the Scapular, he cast himself on his knees and delayed not in making a good Confession, which resulted in an entire reconciliation with God, and a life, the holiness of which cannot be depicted.—(FR. MATHIAS OF ST. JOHN, "*The true devotion of the Holy Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.*")

The frightful catastrophe of Fourmies, which occurred on the first of May, 1891, was widely known, and deeply deplored in the locality. Nine persons were killed and twenty were seriously injured. All were taken to the Presbytery and cared for by the good Religious, but alas! their ministrations were soon limited to preparing them for the grave, and praying for their

eternal repose. It is needless to say with what devotion they acquitted themselves of these duties. But there is one fact which, for the honor of the Blessed Virgin, we certainly must not withhold.

One of the unfortunate victims of the accident wore the *Holy Scapular*, and she was the *only* one who lived long enough to receive the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. Was not that a visible mark of Mary's gracious protection? Was it not a verification of the promise made to St. Simon Stock? In this instance the poor girl's skull had been broken, and to all appearance she could not have survived an instant, yet she was lifted up, taken to the Presbytery, and there received the consoling rite of the Church.

A quarter of an hour later she appeared before the tribunal of God, happy, we may well imagine, that she had remained faithful to the wearing of the Scapular.

In the year 1834 there lived at Angouleme an old cuirassier, whose life was a torment to himself on account of the impatient and rebellious spirit with which he looked upon the various maladies with which Our Lord saw fit to afflict his declining years. His despondency reached such a point, finally, that he resolved to terminate his life, and that his memory might remain untarnished after death, he chose *poison*, thinking the traces of such an agent could be the most easily concealed.

He was not long about putting his determination into effect, and then, going to the hospital, requested to be admitted for that day and night.

He had not anticipated such an effect, however, for the pain became so great that it far surpassed the ills of which he had so bitterly complained. The Superior told him that a formal ticket of admission was necessary, and the poor man turned sorrowfully away. In his dilemma he scarcely knew what to do. Suddenly he felt a light touch upon his arm, and heard the words: "Go to St. Peter's, ask for Father M——, and go to Confession to him." Impressed by the singular occurrence, he obeyed the voice, went to the Church designated by the mysterious mandate, and asked for the priest as directed. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon, the Lenten season, and the priest after a fatiguing round of visits, was about to break his fast for the first time that day. He asked if the applicant could not come later on, but the latter renewed his entreaties, and said that to defer his Confession would render it too late indeed. The priest then went at once, and having heard the startling revelation that the penitent had taken poison to end his life, clearly proved to him that he was bound to give his Confessor permission to divulge the terrible fact. Touched by grace, the man gave the requisite consent. But the acute pains which increased each moment, and the inward fire which seemed to consume him, threw him into such a sad condition, that the good priest led him from the Confessional and out of the Church, and took him to the hospital at once. There he stated the case, but as the antidote was about to be administered, the pulse of this poor victim to his own folly could no longer be felt, whilst his glazing eyes and livid hue betokened the near approach of death. The priest fell upon his knees, and with all the fervor of his heart began the Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

At the first invocation he felt the pulse of the dying man, then he faintly whispered these words: "O! Father, pray, pray for me." Then "O! Holy Mary, pray for me." The priest overjoyed at this wonderful change, for it became more and more decided, asked him if he had not kept up any practice of piety. At first he said, "not for years," but after a moment's reflection he opened his vest and displayed the Scapular, adding that, with a lingering sentiment of reverence for the Mother of God, he had never laid it aside. "That is it," cried the priest. "I am no longer surprised. It is to the Blessed Virgin you owe this grace." When the physician heard the details he said that only a supernatural power could preserve life for more than two hours after such a poison, one of the most fatal on record, had been taken, and now five hours had passed. The antidote had not even been given, and as yet there were no signs of death. The humble priest, however, would not consent to the proposed attestation of the facts which the physician wished to draw up with all due form. He feared that the miracle might be attributed to the fervor of his prayers, but the full account was given to me by one upon whom I could implicitly rely. May it animate all who read it with renewed devotion to Mary!—("*Month of Mary*," by Michaud. "*Devotion to Mary in examples.* Vol. II., p. 63.")

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, Sept , 1895. No. 9

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE pastor of the Carmelite Church of Cerignoli, Italy, Father Luigi Potesi, has been appointed bishop of San Marco in Besegnano.

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THE English Carmelites still continue to contribute their share to current literature. One of the best articles on "Catholicity in Armenia," appears in the August number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Review*. It is from the pen of Father Benedict of the London Carmel.

***

WE have much cause to rejoice on each re-curring birthday of our earthly mothers. How much more reason have we to be jubilant on each anniversary of the birth of Our Great Mother in heaven? Don't forget to congratulate Mary—your Queen—on September 8th.

***

FEW changes were made in the Irish Province of the Carmelites during the late chapter held in Ireland. Rev. Father Southwell has been re-elected Prior of the New York Convent. Under his priorship devotion to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel will ever spread in the great metropolis.

***

MARY is the glorious name which shines most brilliantly over every devotion this month. In fact we have a special Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, occurring on the Sunday within the Octave of Our Lady's Nativity. Our Mother's name is her children's magic wand, which changes everything into good. If Mary is with us what need we fear. Let us this month do everything *with*, *by* and *through* Mary.

IT will be in season during the September Ember days to render thanks to a kind Providence for an abundance of earthly products. We ought to thank God for being spared from deprivation and suffering, which, during the past year, has fallen to the lot of our less fortunate brethren.

***

AN observant correspondent tells us that over 25,000 visits were made to the Church of the Holy Scapular, in New York, on the last Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Thousands more will flock to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel in the years to come, as the existence of her shrines in America become better known.

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ON the *Feast* of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross (September 14th) commences the great *fast* of the Carmelite Order, which continues until Easter following. It might be a consoling reminder to the members of the Scapular Confraternity, that they share in the merits of this long season of penance.

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DURING the hot months—when the world has taken itself to cool spots in search of rest and comfort—the members of the teaching orders of the Catholic Church have been silently communing with God in holy retreat, enriching their own souls, and laying up stores of spiritual riches to be lavished on their fortunate pupils during the coming school term.

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SOME one lately asked the *American Ecclesiastical Review* : " What prayers must be said daily by those who wear the Brown Scapular ?" The reverend editor of the magazine referred to rightly answered that *no special prayers are binding on those who wear the Scapular*. We italicize these last words for the benefit of those who have recently put the same question to us. Our readers will find ample instruction on this matter by referring to the back numbers of the CARMELITE REVIEW. It is to be deplored that some persons are reluctant to being enrolled, because, as one of them said to us lately, " I do not care to be invested, except I can live up to the obligations." Dear friends! there is no other obligation but to wear the Scapular piously—and keep wearing it thus.

We have had a Pan-American Religious and Educational Congress in Toronto lately. Whatever may be our personal views as to the advisability of Catholics partaking in these conventions, we are more than glad that the three eminent Catholic speakers at this particular Congress made good use of their opportunity to present forcible truths to large audiences, which they could not have commanded elsewhere, and that their hearers appreciated their eloquent discourses more than any from other sources.

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One of the Carmelite Nuns of the Convent of Tours in France, had the great happiness to see her father celebrate his first Mass in the chapel of her Convent. The Abbe Ligoney who had been a Papal Zouave in his time, after the death of his wife prepared himself for the priesthood and was ordained a short time ago. His daughter had become a Carmelite Nun, and of the precious robes, which she had worn on the day of her reception, she made a beautiful chasuble, which was worn by her father at his first Mass. The Mass was served by his nephew.

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A pious mother—one of our subscribers—writes to ask us to offer a Mass of thanksgiving for the death of a promising child. It may seem an unusual way of proceeding—nevertheless it shows a mother's true love. There was an immediate danger of the child being placed by an irreligious father into a Protestant atmosphere, and the child's future religious education would undoubtedly be ruined. The mother called upon Our Lady of Carmel, and not in vain. The child died quite unexpectedly but peacefully on the Scapular Feast. Would that all mothers had so strong a love for the welfare of their children's souls as they usually have for that of their bodies.

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Holy Church has a purpose in reminding us of sorrow—the inherited lot of every member of the human family. Suffering is a thing which we vainly strive to avoid. Those who have no faith learn to drown pain and misery by plunging into sensual excesses. True Catholics should learn to bear up under every cross and thereby be rich gainers in the other world. The contemplation of Jesus and Mary suffering is the best solace we have in every dark hour. In this spirit should we look on the Sorrows of Mary—which are commemorated in this month's calender. Bear up valiantly, and for strength look to the Brave Woman standing courageously beneath the Cross.

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A number of complaints have been received at our office about non-delivery of the Review. This seemed strange to us, as we are most careful in the mailing department. Lately a postmaster of a little town gave us a hint, when spoken to about this matter, which may explain why some of our readers have failed to get their copies. "Unless," he said, "persons ask especially for papers and periodicals when they call for their mail, we do not look to see whether there is anything for them excepting letters." The pile of periodicals is usually very large in the small town postoffices, and the officials do not care to look through them all, except when asked to do so. It will be well to remember this in future, and in the beginning of each month be sure to ask for your Review.

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In one of its late numbers the "Ave Maria" gives the following account of a beautiful and well-authenticated incident which happened in England: "A boy about fifteen years of age was out sailing with his father, off the coast of Devonshire, in a small pleasure yacht. Suddenly a large vessel was seen to be bearing down upon the yacht in such a manner as to render a collision inevitable. A few seconds later the smaller bark was literally cut in two. But before going down with the little craft and her crew, the father seized his son, and with a great effort, threw him into the sea. The boy could not swim; but the strings of his Scapular (which, on perceiving the imminent danger he had devoutly kissed) spread themselves out upon the surface of the water, and buoyed him up until he was picked up by a passing vessel and brought to land."

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One of the August events was the dedication of Holy Trinity Church, in Pittsburg, Pa. This handsome Carmelite temple, of which we have in a past number given our readers an illustrated description, is now completed in every particular. It was

dedicated on Sunday, the 4th of August, by the Right Reverend Bishop Phelan, of Pittsburg, in the presence of a large gathering of the regular and secular clergy, and of an immense congregation of the faithful. Among the many beautiful features of the church, the magnificent altars are most conspicuous. There are five of them. The main altar, in honor of the Holy Trinity, the two side altars in honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and of St. Joseph, and the two altars in the transepts in honor of the great Carmelite Saints, St. Albert and St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzis, are all in faultless gothic carving, with altar-pieces in bas relief and statues, and decorated in white and gold. Thus, there is one more shrine erected worthy of Our Dear Lady, and one more rendezvous for the countless clients of Mary. No devotion will be more popular in this new church than the monthly devotion in honor of Our Lady of the Holy Scapular.

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A LARGE number of Catholic parents are just now sending their boys and girls back to colleges and convents. Others are still looking about for suitable boarding schools. To these a word of advice from us may be welcome. There are three institutions advertised in our pages, three most excellent ones, as we personally know. The nearest to us is the famous Loretto Academy, of the Falls. We often wonder that this magnificently situated Convent, in charge of ladies who are eminent educators, who in European countries, have almost exclusively the charge of the education of the nobility, should be so little known to our Catholic people of America. Those who do know of it and have been educated here, are enthusiastic in their praises. We have been repeatedly told by physicians that no more healthful location could be found in all America than the high Canadian shore of the Niagara. We have, ourselves, noticed the recuperative and restorative powers of the wholesome air of this place on weak and poorly developed children. Physicians are not in much demand in our neighborhood.

Near the large metropolis of New York we have the *Institute of the Holy Angels*, at Fort Lee, New Jersey. It stands on the beautiful Palisades of the Hudson, and is in charge of the celebrated teaching order of the School Sisters of Notre Dame. It would be useless to add anything to such commendations, but the Carmelite Fathers at Englewood, N. J., who live in close proximity to this excellent school, can testify to its merits if any of our readers should desire such confirmation.

The Ursuline Sisters, of Pittsburg, have lately purchased the desirable property which they now occupy on Winebiddle avenue. Their school was full to overflowing last year, and we are almost afraid to encourage more applications. The same eminent and exceptional talent, which has given this school such a high standing, will be employed during the coming year, and we have no doubt that the most sanguine expectations of its numerous patrons will be surpassed by this unique school.

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IT is our sad duty to record the demise of Mother Teresa, the foundress of the New Orleans' Carmel. Mother Teresa was born in New Orleans, on the 16th August, 1835. She was a descendant of one of the highest families in the State, her uncle having occupied the gubernatorial chair. Reared in the lap of luxury and wealth, she was fully equipped with all the attainments so much sought after by society. In her youth she fascinated all by the attractiveness of her person, by her winning disposition and her unblemished character. Everyone thought that the beautiful daughter of Telesphore Roman, the opulent planter, would ornament the fashionable quarter of the Crescent City. Whatever may have been her worldly ambitions in her younger days, they were all dissipated into nothingness by the design of inscrutable Providence, and Miss Louise J. Roman entered the Carmelite Convent of St. Louis. After a lapse of ten years of cloistered life, we see her return to her native city in 1877 to found there a Convent. Many indeed were the obstacles which confronted her, but by never flagging zeal she overcame them all and rendered the New Orleans Carmel one of the most notable institutions in the country. To her piety and assiduity much is owing for the spread of the devotion of the Holy Face. By her example she edified all, and her self-sacrifice endeared her to her sisters in religion. After a long illness, which was borne with heroic patience, she

rendered her soul pure and noble into the hands of her Creator on the 19th of last July. Then for the first time in 30 years did her relatives and former friends behold her countenance, pale and livid in the arms of death, but not much changed after so many years of mortification and penance. Her life was precious to her community, but let us hope that her death is still more precious in the eyes of the Lord. Requiescat in pace.

LETTER FROM SPAIN.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

For the Carmelite Review.

OLOT.

OFT had I promised to visit the historic city of Olot, that supremely picturesque Pyrenean city, by the banks of the Fluvia. I wished to see the cradle as well as the honored sepulchre of the illustrious restorer of the Carmelite Order, not alone in the southern province of St. Luis, but also, after the revolution of 1835, in the province of St. Ferdinand, the Very Rev. Father Jose Barcous. His name is "clarum et venerabile nomen" in the national annals of Carmel. The life of this late Commissary General of the Iberian Peninsula had been one long "Te Deum" in honor and glory of God. His heart was filled with a sweet thirst to see His sanctuaries restored, and His cloisters re-peopled, to hear once more the solemn and joyous sounds of the "Salve Regina" re-echo within the old shrines of the Queen of Carmel.

At length, on the eve of "Corpus Christi" my wishes were fulfilled. And amply were the fatigues of a journey by rail and by coach repaid, and fully were the inconveniences of mountain traveling compensated for by the charming scenery that burst on our bewildered vision, as we beheld for the first time the beautiful Mecca of our pilgrimage. Some 2,000 feet above the blue waves of the Mediterranean, this fairest of the North Catalonian cities nestles in a valley, where nature revels in her loveliness, encircled by an amphitheatre of hills, rich in verdure and covered with foliage, resembling in its beauty some of the exquisitely lovely spots to be found in the Tyrol.

Yes, Olot and its mountains, and its incomparable valleys are charming; peerless are the gorgeous sunsets, which daily bathe them in a flood of golden light; abundant and health-restoring are the icy cool, sparkling waters of the numerous fountains; luxuriant is its vegetation, charming you at every turn by some enchanting variety, as its radiant loveliness meets you at every step; rich, too, and interesting are the history and traditional lore of these surroundings, and still richer, the abundance of geological phenomena, those foot prints of the Eternal, which, after the lapse of centuries electrify and enchant you with the visible proofs of the unchangeable and victorious omnipotence of Almighty God, and proclaim the enticing loveliness of His perfections. The silent, but eloquent mouths of these extinct volcanoes and now silenced craters preach the power of that same gracious Hand, which has transformed this land of the volcano into the favorite home of the "Immaculate Pearl of Olot," the bright Queen of Carmel.

But to the scenic gifts of this matchless panorama, delighting the eye of the artist and scientist, which Almighty God has spread out in such bounteous, well nigh embarrassing profession, He has added others, far more estimable gifts of grace and spiritual blessings. He has visibly wedded the peerless beauty of the scenery to an unbounded and demonstrative love and devotion to His sinless Mother. It is apparent everywhere, even to the stranger. The very dress of the women is a tribute to Our Lady of Carmel. Whilst in all other parts of Spain, they don the black coif or hood, or the more pretentious and costly mantilla in the churches, here we see universally the snowy white mantle of Carmel. The crest of Carmel, the escutcheon of the Order, is displayed over the entrance of factories, of stores and "bodegas," and there is scarcely an inhabitant, not even a little child, in the entire city, that does not take pride in the Scapular. The devotion to Our Immaculate Mother of Carmel is as natural as the exuberant beauty of the surrounding country. It is in the air. Her spirit, as it were, breathes everywhere, and influences and vivifies, as the "dew of Hebron," every enterprise, moulds and gov-

erns, shelters and protects every industry having its seat in this beautiful valley, for all are placed under her special protection.

Nor is this devotion to Our Lady of recent growth in Olot, or in the other cities of Cataluna. Oft and oft, in the past, have these privileged cities filled the cloisters of Mary's monasteries with their children, whilst they have, even in modern years, recruited her battalions in the Old and New World with brave soldiers drawn from the homes of the pious, industrious farmers, and from the hearths of the artisan and professional circles, men distinguished among their compeers for their piety, their learning, their prudence and their zeal. In the present, as in the hallowed past, Olot holds the first place in the fertile garden of Carmel, for none other proved to be so productive a nursery of saints as this frontier city, during the golden days of its history.

The illustrious author of "All for Jesus," the saintly Father Faber, once wrote: "It is hard to live in a place and escape its spirit." Hard, truly hard, is it to reside even temporarily in Olot without inhaling the aroma of its piety, and breathing the fragrance of its devotion, without partaking of the universal spirit of veneration for our loving Mother of Carmel; still more difficult is it not to share in the childlike love and filial reverence everywhere exhibited for our Blessed Mother.

If the habits of the people, their pious demeanor in the churches, their respect towards the ministers of God, the beauty, harmony and order of their public processions, notably those of "Carmel" and "Corpus Christi," were not enough to convince the most sceptical, that Olot is preeminently a city devoted to "Our Lady of Carmel," we had the rare happiness of witnessing a few days after our arrival, a ceremony which would bring home conviction to all.

The Regiment of Arragon, stationed there, had received orders to march to the fever-stricken swamps of Cuba, and to aid in crushing an insurrection against the supremacy of the mother country, which is now raging there. The call to arms, if not cheerfully, was obediently responded to, but before their departure one dedication was resolved upon, one enrolment more was considered necessary to confirm their patriotism. This was the glorious dedication of the entire battalion to the Blessed Virgin and their enrolment into the serried ranks of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Therefore on the day of their departure this splendid corps of Spanish Infantry marched to the Church of Carmel, heard with devotion the Holy Mass, listened with rapt attention to the sonorous voice of their chaplain, who, from Mary's pulpit, in beautiful language eulogized the glories and privileges of their Queen and Mother, and the inestimable advantages, spiritual and temporal, flowing from the Scapular; after which, both officers and men, the Colonel and the private, one and all, marched to the altar. There they received, each one in his turn, the Scapular from the hands of the Very Rev. Father Prior, and had their names enrolled in the glorious army of Carmel.

With such a public profession of faith, made in the presence of a congregation that filled the spacious Church, and even thronged the "piazza" in front of it, who will venture to assert that Olot does not give singular proofs of love and devotion for her, whose prayers are never refused?

For nigh four centuries, Olot has enjoyed the priceless privilege of an unbroken succession of devoted sons of Carmel, men eminent in holiness and learning. Within its Church, sleep in peaceful slumbers many who died in the odor of sanctity. The incorruptible bodies of two "Venerables" are reverently guarded by the community. From the 16th of July, 1565, when the Very Rev. Fr. Juan Montener, through the inexhaustible charity and public munificence of its inhabitants, founded in their midst a holy House of Carmel, and was proclaimed its first Prior, to its present anniversary feast in 1895, when the truly, affable and zealous son of St. Elias, the Very Rev. Fr. Brocardo, rules the holy institute, the chain of noble Priors has been unbroken. Although the monastery was sequestrated by the infamous revolution of '35, yet, in its Church the holy fire has never been extinguished. If in those sombre days of revolution, the flock was scattered, and Mary's holy recluses were ostracized and banished, and the monastic property confiscated, yet one faithful guardian succeeded another in keeping untiring watch near the precincts of

the temple, guarding its sacred vessels, and protecting from sacrilegious profanation its holy shrine. Thus Olot, and the beautiful Church of Carmel, was preserved by the heroic loyalty of one of these noble sentinels, Father Jose Codinach. Nor did his zeal and fidelity pass unrewarded, even in this life, for he had the ineffable happiness of witnessing the return of his Carmelite brothers in 1892. Once again Mary's holy statue is welcomed in the streets of Olot. "Viva, viva, Madre del Carmen" rises in triumph on the evening air, her "Salve" re-echoes along its "piazzas" and reverberates through its "calles." Alas! these hymns of praise resound no longer within the shady cloisters of the Carmelite monastery which adjoins the Church. In the halls, where once reigned the silence of prayer, and the quiet of study, now is heard the measured tramp of the soldier, and the revelry of the guard-room. Still, in spite of the change of occupants, in spite of the change of name from "El Convento del Carmen" to the 19th century one of "El Cuartel del Carmen," amidst all this profanation of the pious intentions of its founders, we cannot traverse its altered apartments, or look on its vacant niches, or visit its humble cells, without forcibly recalling the words of the Irish bard:

"You may crush, you may break the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

But we hope that the day is at hand when the sense of even tardy justice will dictate the long delayed reparation, when the same long postponed restitution will be dispensed to the sons of Carmel of Olot, which we have lately witnessed with pleasure in Ossuma, and other cities of the Peninsula. Then Olot's ancient monastery will again be restored to its legitimate owners, and with exulting joy will all the Catholic people see this prolific home of Carmelite saints and scholars, repeopled by the sons of Mary. Then will the cloistered sons of Elias throughout the peninsula, but particularly those of this beautiful frontier city, have reason to proclaim in the inspired language of the prophet Isaias: "The Lord will comfort Sion, and will comfort the ruins thereof. He will make her desert a place of pleasure, and her wilderness a garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and voice of praise."

It would be unpardonable as it would be ungrateful, were I to close this hurried "resume" of my first impressions of Olot, without a small tribute of sincerest thanks to the Rev. Fathers, who compose the Carmelite community: the Very Rev. Brocardo M. Recatala, Prior, Fr. Serafin Vidal and Fr. Joaquin Codinach, the elder brother of the Very Rev. Fr. Carmlo, the talented organist of the mother-house at Jerez de la Frontera.

True it is, that to the two former from our acquaintance years ago at Jerez, an introduction on my arrival here, was unnecessary, and the mere mention of my old friendship with the reverend brother of the latter, was enough to open the door to his friendly confidence, yet, when I disclosed my mission as contributor to the pages of the CARMELITE REVIEW, and that I was its authorized correspondent in the Peninsula, these facts were truly the "open sesame" which at once unlocked for me the treasures of medieval literature, with which this library is so highly enriched. Many volumes there are in it, extremely rare, which throw a beautiful light on the Carmelite history of Spain, before and after the revolution, from which I took copious notes. Therefore, through the pages of the REVIEW I thank sincerely this reverend community for the repeated acts of kindness shown me ungrudgingly at all hours, and I only hope, that if I have not the happiness of witnessing it, I may, at least, hear the delightful news of the early restoration of their convent.

The feast of this day, "Our Lady of Carmel," its solemnities and procession, the universal joy that animates the people, and makes so festive the whole city, from the lengthy notice already written, could claim no space in this month's issue, so it is reserved in detail for another month.

Olot, on the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, 1895.

A MAN'S great deeds are always greater than himself.

THE bigger crowd a man is in, the harder he finds it to fight himself.

THERE are many who are at peace as long as we hold them in good esteem, but let their honor be ever so slightly touched, they at once lose all their peace.—ST. TERESA.

Out of Town for a Month.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

MY friend, whom I had learned to dub "the cynic," spent the month of August, 189— out of town. The world was quite oblivious of his existence during those thirty-one days. But "out of sight, out of mind," is the world's motto, and for all it cared my friend might have joined "the silent majority." But he had not. On Labor Day he again "bobbed up serenely," and seemed to be more healthy and wiser.

"The cynic" had spent a novel vacation, and it wasn't lost time either.

Before he had decided on his annual outing, I happened to call on him. The dog days were on hand and the only comfort seemed to be in the evenings, when one could sit on the verandah and quaff anything resembling a breeze. Thus we spent the evenings in July, discussing everything sublunary.

My cynical friend was a good sort of a fellow, and very well posted on things in general. He was only a nominal Catholic, and had some very strange notions on religious subjects, and he didn't hesitate to air them. "Deeds, not creeds," was one of his pet phrases. He had the fortune (in his case I should say misfortune) of having had well-to-do parents. In consequence he was given the best in the market as far as education went, and one fine morning he found himself a freshman at Harvard. Years passed and he finally graduated. Today a sign on a down-town office announces to passers by that he is "a counsellor at law," etc., etc. He has made his mark in the world, but alas! at the expense of faith and piety which suffered shipwreck. Still, the spark of faith had not been wholy extinguished, as I discovered one day, which was a festival of the Blessed Virgin, when "the cynic" rather surprised me by saying that he had been to Mass that day. I liked him all the more for that. But let us retire to those two easy chairs on the verandah.

One evening—there was yet light enough to read—"the cynic" and I were buried in two current magazines. Suddenly he came across something that excited his risibles and gave vent to his feelings as even to excite the attention of a dreamy policeman who was passing. "The cynic" then showed me the cause of all the laughter. It was a comic picture in which a fat old monk played a prominent part. When I was looking at it my friend commenced to whistle "I am a Friar of Orders Grey," apparently for my benefit.

"By Godfrey!" he said, (I must say to his credit that he used no stronger expletive). Those monks must have been gay old fellows, living on the fat of the land, and making the world believe they passed their time in hard labor and contemplation. Probably "contemplating" a table loaded down with good things. Well, after all, I don't blame them, for every man ought to get all the pleasure he can out of the world while he is in it. As our friend Luther puts it, "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die." These remarks seemed to excite my friend's appetite, for he remarked he wished it was supper time.

He seemed waiting for some remarks from me, so I said in a rather unconcerned way, "I think you are rather rough on the monks."

"Oh, no," he said, taking up the gauntlet, "I only voice the sentiments of public opinion."

"Yes," I said, "I know what the world thinks of monasticism. It is most unjust in judging the monks. It can never repay the debt of gratitude it owes to the inmates of the monasteries, but instead of recognizing its true benefactors it only strives to blacken their characters by libellous caricatures."

"Bravo!" said "the cynic." "You would make a good defender of the monks."

"Would that I were fully able to be so," I answered, and getting somewhat warmed up I continued: "Science, art, literature, in fact all branches of learning owe everything to the monks. Their enemies cannot deny that. More than this the monks have taught how virtue can be practiced in its perfection, and by their prayers they have appeased an angry Providence on behalf of a sinful world."

"What about Luther and a host of other monks who have thrown aside the cowl?" broke in my friend.

"Don't be too sweeping in your assertions," I said, "I never heard of *hosts* of monks forsaking their monasteries. It was very true what Virgil said, *'ab uno disce omnes'* (from one judge the rest). That is the world's unjust way of passing a verdict. If one or a few unfortunate men have thrown aside the habit it only proves they were unfit for religious life and argues in favor of the good discipline of monasteries which are freed occasionally from obnoxious subject."

"Well," said "the cynic," "but monasticism has had its day. Good King Harry gave the death-blow to the orders. It is true there are to-day what are called monks, but they are not the real old stuff, they are only living on the name of past generations."

"Henry the VIII., of unsavory memory, is dead, but the monks still live," said I, "there are the same causes for their existence and we still have them with us."

"That's strange," said "the cynic." "I have traveled and read a great deal and still remain of the opinion that monks only exist on paper. They couldn't stand the glare of the light of the nineteenth century."

"That would be nicely put, if it were only true," said I. "I fear the sources of your information have not been the best. It is not good to seek information from the enemy. My dear friend, monasticism is as vigorous to-day as it was in the early ages of the church. Even the poisonous atmosphere of Protestantism can't choke it. Learning and sanctity still go hand and hand, and the monks quietly pursue their work in spite of the lying accusations of their adversaries."

"That may be very true," said "the cynic," "but I tell you sir, the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

"I think I can procure for you as much of that kind of desert as you can digest," I retorted: "It might serve as wholesome food for you."

"What do you mean? are you speaking in parables?" asked "the cynic."

"My meaning is clear," said I. "I mean that you ought to spend a few days in some monastery or other. I think I can make it possible for you."

"By Jove, what's the matter, are you in league with the monks? It would be a great joke, wouldn't it, if they got me immured. Why, it would take the whole United States' army to free me, that is, provided that it knew of my whereabouts. Let's drop this foolish talk."

"Oh, no," said I, "I am in earnest. Would you mind spending a few days in some monastery—in fact make the rounds of several? It will be a most novel way of passing over the warm days. By the way, I'll be your advance agent. I'll go to some of the monasteries and arrange things for you with the superiors."

"Agreed!" said "the cynic."

He actually did pass the month in the way I suggested. When the month had elapsed he turned up on Labor Day, as I said in the beginning, and the evening found him and myself spread out on the same old verandah. I commenced at once to congratulate my friend on his healthy looks.

"Why," he said. "regularity did that. If we were as methodical as those monks, we wouldn't be a race of dyspeptics. I am going to get a large dinner-bell, and if it is not rung at regular hours hereafter in this house there will be war."

"How did you spend the time? Did you learn anything?" I asked, quietly opening up the cross-examination.

"Learn anything?" said the cynic; "I should think so, and I might add, I have *unlearned* many things. Why, I didn't think such things were possible on this planet. Away with your Utopias! Brooks Farm! Model communities are all nonsense. Those would-be reformers haven't learnt the A B C of life yet. By Godfrey! the monastic life is an ideal one. If the world knew it as it is, the whole globe would be a revolving monastery." It would be perhaps tedious to retail all that "the cynic" had to say. He invented metaphor after metaphor with which to describe his enthusiastic views of monasticism. After that I told him I would call him "the convert" in place of "the cynic."

"Oh! that was your object in packing me off to the monastery," he said. "I have since thought so. You wanted to convert me, eh? You played a very clever game. I *am* really converted. I was indeed a very lukewarm Catholic, if I indeed deserved the name."

"Not at all," said I; "I only wanted to

change your opinion, which I knew could be easier done than by arguing."

"Well, my opinions are changed, and my life too," he said. The Prior up there was a good old soul—all kindness in fact. In some way or other he got me onto the subject of my own soul's salvation. Why, sir, I have had a retreat, made a general confession, and learned a lot of other religious things of which I was before ignorant. I have promised to say my prayers every day: to go to mass every Sunday, and to perform some little devotion in honor of the Blessed Virgin in whose Scapular I have been enrolled,—in a word, I am a new man in soul and body. I have to thank you for it. I am indeed the gainer by having been out of town for a month."

All I could answer to all this was a devout "Amen."

DUST AND POT POURRI.

BY M. L. SANDROCK REDMOND.

THE room is silent and darkened. The white couch in the centre of the chamber projects a ghastly discomfort over all the furniture.

The figure of a woman clothed in soft white lies motionless upon the couch. The cluster of Easter lilies at her breast is not stirred by the faintest breath. The heavy sweetness of hyacinths fills the air. The floor is covered with little drifts of rose petals.

The attitude of the woman expresses perfect repose. There is peace in every lineament: in the droop of the black lashes against her cheek, in the broad forehead from which the furrows of care have relapsed, in the careful arrangement of the luxuriant hair, whose blackness is streaked with white, most of all in the firm chin and the smiling lips.

The peace is mingled with pathos. As one looks, one sees that suffering, heavy and hard, has lain upon her beautiful face and soul, has released her only at the humble prayer of that most loving and unloved angel, Death.

Now and then the stillness of the room is broken by a sob. Up and down, with slow, steady strides, a man walks. His hands are twisted together, his head is bent low in the agony of an overpowering grief.

At length there is a pause in his slow pacing. He falls upon his knees beside the couch and gazes long at the beautiful, dead face. Tenderly he presses his lips against the cold fingers. Her lips he does not dare to touch. An invisible hand holds him back. Something warns him his kiss would be an irreverence.

The days of the past come before him one by one. It is they that forbid him to touch the lips of his dead wife. It is they that remind him of the days and years of their life together, when she had silently hungered for the kisses that were not given her, when her soul was faint for affection and tenderness withheld.

What a record of unkindness rises before him! His grey beard droops lower and lower as the accusations of the past troop silently before him.

Cold and grave he had been—at last he saw himself in the clear light of unflattering truth—slowly crushing out of the life that had joyfully united itself to his, all the bright animation and gladsomeness of heart that were her chiefest charms. The sweet content of her nature would have been happy with so little, and he had starved her for that little. The little joys, the little comforts he might have given her, rose in myriads before him.

Unsmiling self-absorption had been the rule of his days.

Perfect nature her kindliness gave out as a flower its perfume.

Sweet as the fragrance of oriental pot pourri were his memories of her, stifling as dust his memories of himself.

Deprecatingly he raises his head, half expecting to meet the silent accusation of her eyes. Instead, the pathethic smile of her lips is before him. Humbled, and feeling still further rebuked, he touches her feet caressingly, timidly with his hand, with his lips.

A cry of anguish breaks from him. "Oh, God, if I could but live it over again!"

Again there is silence. Again the haunting images of the past tear at his heart remorselessly. A cold despair seizes upon him and remains with him for hours. He throws himself face downward upon the floor. He dares not even look at her again.

All at once a beautiful memory, like another whiff of oriental perfume, floats across his mind. It is of her dying moment when his arms supported her and her eyes looked into his and her tender, dying will whispered, "Beloved, how I love you!"

The beautiful memory abides with him and the agonies of remorse and despair are quieted at last.

He rises and again looks down upon her face. Sorrow and regret can never leave him any more, he knows, but one more blessed than they shall henceforth bear him company.

The peace that she has gone forth to meet enters also into his heart as he stoops and lingering reverently, kisses her lips.

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Mary Angela Spellissy.

LOVE AND LOVERS.

WHEN Mrs. Bryce called for Ethna in the evening, she was rather dismayed to find Miss Judith seated alone on the porch.

"Come in, Susanna. Mrs. Acton has taken Ethna to a concert. They will be at home by 10 o'clock."

"What concert is it?"

"The Literary Circle of the Parish give their Quarterly Entertainment at the hall to-night. Mrs. Acton is much interested in the young folk, and has devoted herself to assisting them in developing their talents."

"I often wish that Ethna had some one to take an interest in her."

"You were both invited to join the Circle in the beginning of the winter, and you received the invitation with an indifference that was very discourteous to Mrs. Acton, and was very mortifying to me."

"Is that so? I did not know it."

"That is your greatest misfortune, my friend, that you do not see yourself. Mrs. Acton is an admirable woman, the charms of her natural character have been enhanced by a solid education, and contact with truly cultured people. She is an excellent musician and a good linguist. Through her kindness she was drawn to take an interest in Ethna. Could you but have appreciated the opportunity, Ethna might have received much benefit from intimacy for six months with one whose companionship is a liberal education. The noblest families of France have considered themselves honored by Mrs. Acton's friendship."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why should I? You would not have profited by the information. You had your mind set on Ethna's making a conquest matrimonial, and preferred your own way. You have enjoyed it, but I deplore the results."

"She looks awfully, don't she? What made her fall in love with him when she knew he was so bigoted?"

"That is a cruel speech from your mouth; you, who should have been her guardian angel, bring her from the home in which she was happy, and thrust her into society such as her father would not have allowed to enter her presence. Young Stuart is the best of them, and indeed the only decent man among them, in spite of the fine tailoring on exhibition at your house. I tried to draw Ethna within the circle of our young people, among whom are some of the wittiest and wealthiest, as well as some of the most edifying and hard-working young women of our city. Evidently you did not consider our coterie to your taste. My heart aches for Ethna, she is very affectionate, and will not easily recover from this entanglement; through it she has lost confidence in the nobility of manhood, and in all probability the sweetness of her nature has received a poisonous infusion, from which she may suffer all her life."

"I thought that perhaps they might marry. You know the church gives dispensations."

"The young lovers are more prudent than to engage themselves under such hopeless conditions. Thanks be to God, Ethna is firm in accepting none but a Catholic marriage, and the canny Scot will rather give up his sweetheart than abandon the shackles of worldliness and bigotry by which he is enslaved."

"She is evidently very much in love with him; I don't see why, he's as obstinate as a mule."

"You sang his praises before her all winter: you repeated, *ad nauseam*, that you did not see why the church was so opposed to mixed marriages: that you considered a good Protestant husband infinitely preferrable to a bad Catholic. In vain were you reminded that the church did not advise her children to marry *bad* Catholics, and that even when a Catholic husband proved negligent, or sinful, there was ever the hope that the consciousness that he was acting

in violation of his conscience might bring him to repentance, and that the seeds of the christian virtues sown in his childhood might germinate anew and cause him to return to the piety of his youth. Deep in the heart of every well-instructed Catholic are associations lovely and tender, entwined with the memories of father and mother: the preparation for the first confession and first communion, all that goes to make Catholic childhood angelic. The remembrance of those early days may be obliterated by the sinfulness or worldliness of years, but when adversity reduces the pride, and illness provides a period of isolation, the grace of God often renews in the soul the vernal beauty of the happy days when the creature lived by faith: and he is touched by some special grace, perhaps through his fidelity in wearing his scapular, and he says: 'I *will* arise and go to my Father: He will receive me, even though I am driven to him by the falseness of those in whom I placed my dependence.'"

"Yes, I know what you say is true, Miss Judith, but I know so many lovely Protestants: indeed, I think Protestants are often a great deal nicer than Catholics."

"My dear Susanna, I know they treat you far more agreeable than—your humble servant, for instance: but why? Because they are living for this world, and I would have you live and labor for a happy eternity. You call those outside of the church Protestants: if you called them Pagans you might be nearer the truth. Their standards are those of the world, and their methods are ungodly. I know that there are a few earnest, conscientious Protestants, but your ambitions would find condemnation from them, as positive as mine. I cannot, as a friend, refrain from protest when I see you imperilling the faith and happiness of your child."

"It's horrid to be poor. Everyone despises us."

"You cannot prove that the contempt exists, and if you could convince me of it, you could not be sure of the cause. I grant that you do not possess the esteem that your father's daughter should command, but that is because you have shown yourself this winter to be a very foolish mother. You are not a fool, Susanna, and it is a pity you should behave like one: life in the country home provided for you by your kind husband's forethought, is much less expensive than here in town. There you would have fewer necessities. You have striven to push Ethna into the society of your former school friends who have attained or retained luxurious homes here. You have not met the welcome you sought, but the cause lies, not in your poverty, but in your over eagerness.

"'For the world is a nettle: disturb it, it stings. Grasp it firmly it stings not. In one of two things it behooves you to settle. Avoid it, or crush it.' *

"As you are not of the valiant type, your discretion should guide you to live quietly and sensibly, thus you would win for yourself and child the good opinion of the community, and attentions would come to you unsought."

"O, you have so many rich friends."

"Our friendship is quite independent of their bank-accounts, and they know it well—to give you another bit from Owen Meredith:

> 'Let a man once show the world that he feels
> Afraid of its bark, and 'twill fly at his heels;
> Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone,
> But 'twill fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone.'

"When you and I left school, I went home to hard work, which continues. Thanks be to God I have always a dollar when I need it, and one to spare for the less fortunate of God's children. I have come to know that the rich are often more desolate, more deserted than the poorest beggar. Wealth hardens the heart and makes the possessor selfish. The poor will not only share with each other their last crust, but they will spend themselves for one another. If you would have friends, make them by your own friendliness."

"O, mamma, I've had a lovely time." Ethna's voice was quite joyous, her mother kissed her fondly, for she had dreaded to meet her again. She was now a different creature from the dejected girl from whom she had parted in the morning.

"The entertainment was delightful; exquisite music, recitations admirably rendered, and some good words from that lovely Archbishop, and the audience—why, the representative Catholics of New York were there in full force. I am so sorry we never attended any of these gatherings."

* Lucille.

"I, too, am sorry, Ethna, for we are to leave the city next week."

"I'm so glad."

"Isn't this sudden, Susanna?"

"Yes, Judith. I got a note to-day from our tenants, they are giving up the cottage."

"I am delighted," said Ethna. The brightness of her countenance was now overshadowed by the remembrance of her lover's approaching departure. The distraction of the evening had partially banished the thought of the trying ordeal. When her mother rose to depart, the young girl embraced Aunt Hilda tearfully.

"You are an Angel," she said. "I will never forget how good you have been to me this day."

"Dear Miss Judith, don't you love me any more?"

"I do, indeed. Ethna, love you very tenderly. Won't you make me a present of that shabby purse? I want it for one of my careless errand-girls. I should be sorry to give her a new one to lose. Here is an affair I knitted for your birthday. Don't open it until to-morrow. I put an Immaculate Conception medal in it to remind you always to spare a little for the poor."

"This is a beautiful purse, Miss Judith, and to think that such a busy woman as you are, made this for a selfish little girl such as I. You are just the loveliest woman I know." A good hug cemented the renewal of the friendship.

"You see, child, you twined yourself round my heart when you were a baby, and I cannot, if I would, detach you from it, without wounding myself deeply. Remember this truth, dear, when you find me savage: 'Precious are the wounds of a friend.'"

"You are always generous, Judith, and I suppose I must acknowledge that I am a wretch," said Mrs. Bryce.

"We are a bad lot, Susanna, even the best of us, but while there's life there's hope."

Aunt Hilda saw nothing of Ethna until Friday evening. Miss Judith was not at home when the young girl entered with a dejected air.

"How are you, my dear?"

"O I wish I were dead. I cannot bear this agony. I have kept up all day before the people at the house, and then mamma watches me so, but I can stand it no longer. You are so good to let me cry without scolding me. Mr. Stuart left this afternoon. He goes on board to-night. I said good-bye this morning, and remained in my room until he left the house."

"You have a battle to fight, my darling, and grace shall not be wanting if you seek it. What arrangement exists between you and your friend?"

"He said he might still be able to win his father's consent, but I told him I had resolved never to marry any but a Catholic. He answered me very sharply, that it was a pity that I had not known my own mind sooner. I told him that his regret could not be keener than my own: but I do love him, Aunt Hilda, and he suffers in it, too. I put round his neck the medal Miss Judith gave me. Don't you think that good woman put a ten-dollar gold piece in the purse she gave me."

"And took as much pleasure in giving as you could possibly experience in receiving. Can you give me your attention, my love?"

"Always: your words sink deeply in my memory, and when I lie awake at night I hear your voice repeating again the wise things you tell me."

"Well, Ethna, there is but one remedy, and that a tedious one, but you can shorten the term if you are willing to use a little heroism. Put away out of sight everything that is associated with Mr. Stuart. His picture, the books and music you have enjoyed together, all that can remind you of him. Drop with your own hand the pall upon your dead past, and wisely set yourself to improve the present, fly reverie: leave yourself no idle moment for the indulgence of unavailing regret. Have ever an entertaining book that will ennoble your judgment, and enlarge your heart. That heart was stolen because you left the avenue free to all intruders. You can regain your independence only by supernatural means. As a child of Mary you can easily resume the pious practices you delighted in at school. Be faithful to your meditation and to your weekly confession. In your daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament you can pray for the conversion of all unbelievers, rather than for Mr. Stuart directly."

"That seems almost impossible, Aunt Hilda."

"When a man wishes to cut down a tree he lays the axe to the root. Your objection reminds me of the compassion of the French barber. His neighbor heard yelps of agony from his dog every morning at about the same hour. A humane old lady called to inquire the cause. 'You zee, my dear madame, that I have one dog very beautiful but for his tail, that is too long. I must take some of him off, but I am one man merciful. I not like to cut him all at once. The dog is so leetle, and I just take of a bit, un small morceau every morning.'"

"Dear Aunt Hilda, that is wonderfully applicable."

"You are young, and if you will be brave and earnest, I can promise you that time and faith shall cure your wounds. Would you like to walk with me to the Church. I am going to make the Stations?"

"Yes, indeed, I love to go to Church in the twilight. I seem nearer to Our Lord when I can kneel in the shadow just under the lamp before the tabernacle."

When Aunt Hilda arrived at the Tenth Station, she glanced affectionately toward the bowed head of her golden-haired favorite as she whispered:

"By thy ignominious stripping, Blessed Lord, teach this, thy child, to detach herself from earthly love, and to soar to the liberty of the children of God."

Ethna, hearing a slight noise in the sanctuary, looked up and discovered one of the fathers enter the confessional close to the altar of the Sacred Heart. A lady rose from the shadow of the pillar, and raising the curtain, took her place on the penitent's side of the screen. When she re-appeared, Ethna succeeded her in the tribunal. The sins and miseries of humanity are often so inextricably intermingled that the sinner often finds it impossible to make a confession without, at the same time, laying bare to the minister of Christ the gaping wounds of the soul. Perhaps this is by a merciful dispensation of Divine Providence, since the good Samaritan, prompted to compassion by the sight of such misery, pours therein the oil of consolation and the invigorating wine of wise counsel. Marvellous institution of the confessional, through whose agency the representatives of the Redeemer raise the pusillanimous, stimulate the slothful, and apply to the souls of all, the infinite merits of the God-man.

"I am so glad you brought me to Church, Aunt Hilda," said Ethna, as they walked home in the sweet June night. "I had not been to confession for an age. The priest was so kind and good, you would think he had known me all my life."

The experiences of souls are often similar, and the priest is like the experienced physician, who can often diagnose a case at sight.

On Monday morning Mrs. Bryce and Ethna left town for "Sea-Side Holly." Letters came regularly to Aunt Hilda for about a month, but after an unusual term of silence, Mrs. Bryce wrote.

"Sea-Side Holly,
"New Jersey,
"July 30th, 1886.

"Dear Mrs. Acton,—

"How I wish you were still near enough for us to run in and unload our burdens on you as we did a month ago. I am very anxious about Ethna. She worked very hard after our return. Those people left the cottage in a horrid condition. When we had restored everything to its proper place, Ethna appeared overcome by exhausting lassitude. She would lie in the hammock by the hour with her eyes closed. Sometimes I saw tears raining down her cheeks when she seemed unconscious of them. She has been trying to forget that stupid Scotchman, I know, but there is always a busy-body on hand to meddle. A letter came yesterday from that gossip, Miss Gadd. She said that she had received a letter from Mr. Stuart, and that 'he sent his affectionate regards to Miss Ethna.' What blundering bats some men are. Stuart ought to know that such a medium of communication would be unwelcome. A book came by the same mail to Ethna, addressed in Mr. Stuart's writing. I think it was the copy of Milner I lent him. He promised to read it at sea.

"July 3rd.

"I laid this sheet aside yesterday to put my bread in the oven. I am taking Judith's advice and am trying to mind my own business. I shall send you a loaf of this baking to show you that I can bake good bread. Ethna did not come to me as usual when she returned from the postoffice yesterday, so I went to look for her. She

had thrown herself across her bed and was crying as if her heart would break. An open letter lay on the table. She did not hear me open the door, so I just crept out again and had my cry down stairs. In the evening she handed me the letter. 'You can burn that when you read it,' she said, I wish never to hear it mentioned. She had just come in from the Chapel, she had been rehearsing with the children. She has gotten now so that they keep time. They are to sing at Mass during the summer. They are an uninteresting lot, but she seems to really like them."

"Brave little woman," said Aunt Hilda, as the tears dimmed her spectacles. Taking them off to wipe away the moisture, she read on. The letter was from Archie's father:

"My Dear American Lady,—

"Perhaps you will not flout an old man who comes to give you his thanks. Through my son I know you very well, and am not ashamed to confess that I honor your bravery: that my son should bring home a Catholic wife would have been my deathblow, and it is but just that I tell you I consider we owe to you our present happiness.

"I have asked my son to give to me your photograph. I look often upon your bonnie face, and have placed it in the wee box that holds another of my treasures—the first curl cut from my Archie's head. I hope he will soon choose a wife among his own people, and I pray the Lord to bless you in providing a husband worthy of you.

"Your sincere well-wisher,

"Alexander Stuart."

Mrs. Bryce drew her writing desk towards her, and the next morning Ethna's mother received the following letter:

"Dear Mrs. Bryce—

"Can you be generous enough to spare Ethna for a day or two? I have made all arrangements for the reception of the little fellow at the eye hospital. Perhaps she will like to bring the little man with her.

"Hoping that Ethna may reply to this in person, I remain,

"Very affectionately yours,

"Hilda Acton."

"While you are in town, Ethna, you should get yourself a new dress. Your goldpiece that Miss Judith gave you will buy one of those pongee silks. They are cool and pretty."

"I have invested Miss Judith's present, mamma."

"You foolish child, what do you know of investments? Have you bought a lottery ticket?"

"Not so bad as that, mamma. It is a little secret I want to keep all to myself."

"Very well, if you don't want to tell me."

"Not now, I don't want to tell anybody at present."

"Does Mrs. Acton or Miss Judith know of it?"

"No, mamma."

The shadow passed from the mother's face—deep in her heart unknown to herself was a mean jealousy—her nature was a narrow one. The subject of the letter was a little boy, whom scarlet fever had left with sore eyes. Ethna discovered him when hunting up the children for her Sunday school class. The moment she saw the sufferer she conceived the hope that proper treatment might be of service. Miss Judith's experience in such cases came to her memory; but Tommy Brown's mother could spare neither time nor money to convey the child to an oculist. With the aid of her good friends in town all formalities were complied with, and on the 3rd of August the little fellow was introduced to the House of the Good Samaritan. The examination was soon over, and Ethna received the joyful news that there was every reason to hope that the sight might be preserved.

"A week later, Miss Bryce, and this visit would have been in vain," said the learned man.

"Is not God good to allow us to help one another?"

"Yes, indeed, Ethna, the greatest, holiest, and most exquisite happiness in life springs from helping our neighbor, and through relieving his bodily necessities, one can often do good to the soul of some sinful creature."

"That happened in this case, Aunt Hilda. Tommy's mother was a drunkard: her husband's death and the sickness of her children had crushed all hope in her, she just gave up everything. Since I have been visiting Tommy she has been to confession and taken the pledge. She, and all the children old enough, have joined the

League of the Sacred Heart. Every night she gathers her children about her for night prayers. This little Tommy is quite a missionary. He has a wonderful memory, and repeats at home all the instructions he hears at the Church. Aunt Hilda, this is one of the fruits of my sorrow. Don't you think Our Lord will accept it."

"I do, indeed, my love. Your thorns shall yet please God, bring forth roses red as your heart's blood, and fragrant with the odor of Divine Charity."

"When I was happy I was utterly selfish. Since my disappointment I feel myself in touch with all who weep. My heart ached for the misery of Mrs. Brown and the wretchedness of her children. She has told me lately that my concern for her won her heart, and was proof that God had not forgotten her."

"God is so good to let me bring her consolation: I nearly drifted away into despondency last week, but this visit and the good news about little Tommy, have put me on the right road again. I found a good sentence lately:

"'Demand this lofty service of every deep experience through which you pass—demand that it shall help you, understand and aid the battles of your brethren; and then the devils of memory which haunt your life may be turned into strong angels, by whose help you may do the will of God.*'"

Thus we turn away from the Christian maiden: Later on from Aunt Hilda's treasures and those of Mrs. de Vere, we may cull the history of the circumstances that led her to matrimony.

* Phillips Brooks.

THE END.

OBITUARY.

Of your charity, pray for the souls of Mr. Currivan, who died at South Framingham, Mass., June 14th: of Michael Quinn, who died lately at Geneva: of Mrs. J. Sheehan, who died on the 6th of July at New Britain, Conn.: of Owen Smith, who died March 27th at Bear Valley, Wis.: of Stephen Schmitz, who died May 5th, at Bear Valley, Wis.; of Mrs. Catharine Whitwell, who departed this life at Buffalo, N. Y., May 24th: of Simon McMahon, whose soul was called to the reward of a well-spent life at Niagara Falls, Ont., March 20th. R. I. P.

OUR LADY'S CLIENTS,

Names have been received at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., for registration in the Album of the Scapuiar Confraternity, from St. Mary's Church, Toronto, Ont.: Galt, Ont.: Merritton, Ont.: Dundas, Ont.: Fortune Harbor, Nfld.: St. Peter's Palace, London, Ont.: Blooming Prairie, Minn.: St. Peter's Church, Jeannette Creek, Ont.: St. Patrick's Church, Halifax, N. S.: St. Francis de Sales' Church, Newark, Ohio: Taberg, N. Y.: St. Andrew's Church, Port Arthur, Ont.: Holy Cross Church, LaFontaine, Ont.: St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.: Our Lady of Angels, Niagara University, N. Y.: St. Charles Church, Amherst, N. S.; Bothwell, Ont.: St. Mary's, Ont.: St. Boniface's Church, Exira, Iowa.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from Quincy, Ill.: Evansville, Ind.: Chester, Ill.: St. Peter's, Franklin Co., Ind.: Convent of Good Shepherd, Cleveland, Ohio: Antonius, Adams Co., Ill.: St. Thomas' Church, Waterford, Wis.: St. Agatha's Church, St. Louis, Mo.: Baker City: St. Mary's Church: Lake Church, Wis.: St. Peter's Church, Belleville, Ill.

At St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J., from Millville, N. J.: St. Monica's Church, Atlantic City, N. J.: Santa Clara, Cal.: St. Peter's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.. Seton Hall College, N. J.: Industrial School, Arlington, N. J.; St. Joseph's Academy, Morristown, N. J.; St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken, N. J.

Favors Received for the New Hospice.

We owe a debt of gratitude for cancelled stamps received from Ven. Sr. M. T., Green Ridge, N. Y.: Miss K. C., South Framingham, Mass.: Rev. P. A. B., Englewood, N. J.: Miss S. X. B., Erie, Pa.: Ven. Sr. M. G., Fredrickton, N. B.: Mrs. S. K., Philadelphia, Pa.: Ven. Srs. of I. H. M., Biddeford, Me.: Ven. Sr. M. A., Crates, Pa.: Miss A. B., London, Ont.: Miss K. M., Niagara Falls, Ont.: Ven. Srs. St. M., Waco, Tex.; Mrs. M. W., Buffalo, N. Y.: Mrs. M. M., Buffalo, N. Y.: Mrs. B. L., New York City, N. Y.: Miss K. L., York Cliffs, Me.: Mrs. H. G. D., Latrobe, Pa.: M. A. D., Rockport, Mass.: Miss K. A. C., North Framingham, Mass.: Miss R. McG., Niagara Falls, N. Y.: Ven. Sisters of G. S., Columbus, Ohio: Miss M. C. M., Mercer, Pa.: Mrs. M. M., Louisburg, Kas.; Miss J. O., Buffalo, N. Y.: Miss M. K., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss M. T. Haysville, Ont.: Miss M. H., Painted Post, N. Y.: Ven. Sr. M. V., Crates, Pa.: Mrs. M. S., Buffalo, N. Y.: Miss M. S., St. Louis, Mo.; M. H., Cincinnati, Ohio: Mrs. B. S., Chicago, Ill.; J. B., Toronto, Ont.; Miss M. M. O'D., Admaston, Ont.: Miss S. X. B., Erie, Pa.:

SAINT TERESA,

CARMELITE NUN.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, ONT., OCTOBER, 1895. NO. 10

ODE TO ST. TERESA.

BY MATILDA CUMMINGS.

HAIL valiant woman! Spain's proud boast,
Thou mother of a saintly line!
Hail leader of a mighty host,
Thou doctress of the art divine.

On Carmel's heights we see thee stand
Undaunted by the strife below,
In regal splendor, courage grand,
To battle with the deadly foe.

O loyal heart! whose burning zeal
Reformed the spirit, fed the flame,
Whose clarion voice made others feel
Of standards low, the sin and shame.

Thy feet upon the mountain height,
Thy watchword, suffering or death!
No truce in nature's life long fight,
No peace while self or sense had breath.

New woman thou of knightly days,
Thou type unknown to court or throne,
Of gracious men, of winning ways.
Thy mastery did many own.

For thou wert bent on gaining souls
To Christ and Carmel—garden fair—
And so the song of triumph rolls,
To greet thee saint of virtue rare.

Be thou the guardian of our day,
Of woman in her changing sphere,
Oh! teach her that *true* woman's sway
Is by the hearth and fireside dear.

The cloistered hearth on Carmel's hill,
The mother's place in home's dear vale,
The maiden and the matron still,
May each in thee a model hail.

And so will thou reform again
This age that needs thee as of yore,
Teresa! thou of lordly Spain,
The mother, mistress, royal store.

ECHOES OF THE ANGELUS BELL.

(Imitation of early English verse.)

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

Hail full of grace: sweet flow'ret of the vale;
The Lord most high is with thee, O Marie!
And from "the great white throne" He will descend
To find His rest in thy humilitie.
"Behold the humble hand-maid of the Lord,
Oh, be it done according to His word."

"Hail full of grace!" Hail fragrant lily fair!
The Lord most holy is with thee, Marie!
The snow-flakes falling through the wintry air
Are not so spotless as thy puritie.
And now the Word of God, the "light of light,"
Is dwelling in thy soul so chastely white.

"Hail full of grace!" all creatures far above,
The Spirit rests upon thee, O Marie!
Obtain for us from that celestial Dove,
More ardent trustful love for God and thee.
Pray for us now, O sweet, O pure Ladye!
And at our death may we thy beauty see.

Sweetly it rings at morn, at noon, at eve,
Softly the echoes linger day by day,
And from the mystic coronals we weave,
Rise fragrant memories of scenes far-away.
O "full of grace!" we hail the Lord in thee!
And faintly die the echoes—"Hail Marie!"

In honor of the humilitie, puritie, and love of most holy Marie.

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,

Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER VIII.

McMASTER'S JOURNAL AS EXERCISING A CENSORSHIP OVER ERROR IN ITS DEFENCE AND ADVOCACY OF TRUTH AND SOUND MORALITY.—HIS MISTAKES, AT TIMES.—HIS VEHEMENCE, FOR THE RIGHT.—DR. McGLYNN.—ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.—RT. REV. BISHOP LOOTENS.—THE ARCHDIOCESE OF OREGON.—THE VENERABLE PIONEER AND SAINTLY ARCHBISHOP BLANCHET.—THE INTERDICT OF THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL BY THE RT. REV. BISHOP BALTES.

WHEN there was question of Catholic dogma, or morality or Church discipline, (on all which subjects McMaster was thoroughly informed) or even of sound political principles, the *Freeman's* advocacy and defence were commendably forcible, and excusably strong in expression, and call for no apology from his biographer. Over all these great subjects, McMaster claimed for truth and right's sake, the privileges of a free press, the privilege of criticism and censorship, which in this land of freedom no prelate, nor priest, nor layman of an American spirit may begrudge him. His motto was: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." A newspaper like the *Freeman's Journal* wielded a wholesome influence of fear, yet respectful regard from the American Catholic public.

Where, however, McMaster failed to receive full information on both sides of a disputed question, he was led at times into error, and permitted himself to express his opinion of persons and things in no commendable terms. He was strong in the opposition where, if fully informed, he would have been otherwise equally strenuous in defence.

James A. McMaster, as a journalist, claimed the field of censorship over false principles in religion and in politics.

Consequently, such an editor, in his life of journalism of forty years, had many a hard contest. For the duty of public censorship, he had to be even a wounding writer, at times.

It is said of Oliver Cromwell, lord protector of the English commonwealth, that he once sat for his portrait. The artist produced on canvas a likeness of the famous leader, fair, smooth and flattering.

But Cromwell's face had in reality strong lines, and bore an ugly scar. The likeness was without this disfigurement especially.

"Paint me, as I am," exclaimed Cromwell, "and put on all the scars and roughness."

James A. McMaster was in character a typical Puritan, and could he speak, he would have his biographer picture him true to his public life—present him before the public as the public knew him—to gloss over none of the ruggedness of his character, nor hide the scars of his conflict in the career of a journalism as bold to announce truth as it was aggressive to expose, and to grapple with the false and pernicious. We are free to confess, McMaster had on him all the sharp points of his exceptional character—that in the use of invective, he may have seemed to some, at times, too bitter; that in rebuke out of the love of truth, he may have appeared too strong in his reproach, sometimes even unbecomingly severe and harsh in his expression; too personal, perhaps, apparently to some in the heat of argument amid the discussion of the great question that occupied his pen.

Again, McMaster dealt not in overcaution, nor ever adopted the side of compromising expediency. Our journalist at times made priests and bishops shake their heads and look grave. They doubted not the loyalty of his faith or the purity of his motives: but his boldness at times, to them at first sight was rashness, his arguments and terms tinged perhaps to them with the irreverent, and his canvas especially of Canon Law for the United States, too, uncircumscribed, and not altogether expedient.

At no period of his journalism did McMaster's writing excite more investigation

and adverse criticism from portions of the hierarchy than did his discussion and advocacy of fixed Canon Law for the United States. In advocating the parochial, Canonical status of the inferior clergy for our country, McMaster ran counter to the views of many of the prelates. It was a very grave discussion. Had the time come when the United States, with its millions of Catholics and numerous well equipped dioceses, could be considered no longer a mere missionary country, necessarily to be continued to be favored with the most sweeping dispensations and extensive privileges; a country, where its bishops hitherto enjoyed practically almost papal "Faculties" and absolute power without reclaim, over the inferior clergy who had no fixed tenure by law whatever? The privileges were all on one side.

McMaster opened up the question, discussed, advocated and supported the Canonical rights to be enjoyed by the inferior clergy. The discussion went on for months. It culminated in action. The Plenary Council of Baltimore wisely, we will add, divinely, provided a Canon Law to fit the condition of Catholicity in the United States. But the adaptation of the general Canon Law of the Catholic Church would have been too cumbrous legislation for our American Catholic Church passing out of a missionary to a fixed status. Out of the general Canon Law, all the Canons were framed, necessary to serve the progress, with none to retard the rapid development of Catholicity in the United States. Somewhat of a contentious spirit among a few of the inferior clergy naturally grew out of the agitation by the *Freeman's Journal* of the adopting fixed Canon Law in this country. The prelates by this discussion found their established almost unlimited Faculties from the Holy See, and privileges and breadth of action, confronted and objected to, especially in the sole appointment and arbitratory removal of priests, and in the selection of episcopal candidates, entirely at their choice.

Now, that McMaster has gone from our midst, and those questions of legislation have been acted on, we may be pardoned for the declaration that in his day, the time really came to open up the discussion of some (if not the whole) Canon Law for the Church in the United States.

David could not walk in the cumbrous army of the king.

Our young Church in the United States may not put on the complete Canon Law of the ancient Church in general, that has grown old in battle with ages of error. Our young Catholicity would be loaded down. It had to have a vesture to suit its age, environment and necessities.

The Canon Law of the Church in general has grown out of periods of time with their circumstances, wants and claims. Our American Catholicity is yet in its youth, and time must make for it Canon Law, called forth by exigency and circumstance. Our youthful Catholicity cannot walk in the full armor, wherewith two thousand years of conflict hath clothed the invincible champion of the Gospel, the Church of Christ. Nor does the Church insist that our Catholicity put it on. Some souls more zealous than wise, who do not comprehend the genius of our free Republic, have advocated to be applied to our American Catholicity, an ecclesiasticism as foreign to it, as it is baneful to the spread of the same faith and its charity in our midst.

McMaster advocated a good thing in this Canon Law discussion. By it, he contended for a more Canonical legislation of church affairs, and an approach from exemption and dispensation, nearer to the fixed discipline of the Catholic Church in general.

That the *Freeman's Journals'* discussion on Canon Law created obstinate party men, McMaster would be the first to deplore. It is objected that the *Freeman's Journal* engendered and fostered an antagonism, a spirit of opposition, if not of insubordination in clerical ranks, by the championing a fixed Canon Law for Catholicity in the United States.

It is true that the *Freeman's Journal* heralded those questions, especially, of clerical rights in parishes and of episcopal nominations, with all its fearless and bold spirit. It is also true that the *Freeman* in this heated discussion became an organ of distrust to many of the prelates, and an unwelcome visitor to some episcopal residences. But now, at this date, no prelate or priest finds fault with the general course of the *Freeman's Journal* for the advocacy and support of the latter grave questions. They were legitimate questions of discussion. They were strongly, perhaps vehem-

ently advocated, but respectfully submitted to the Powers that decide. They adjudicated rights recognized as part elsewhere of general established church law and discipline. The motives of the *Freeman* were not to be questioned, and were, in a word, for a more equal canonical adjustment of rights and privileges between the prelates and their clergy in the United States.

Were our journalist alive, his powerful pen would move to denounce in unmeasured terms, first, all disloyalty to episcopal authority, on part of pastor or congregation; all departure from priestly avocation to political jobbing: all stubborn pride, blinding and withholding priest or people from that entire obedience due one's prelate, and especially the Holy See.

Were our journalist and censor still living, and editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, its columns would flow with strong counsel for submission, obedience and single devotedness to ecclesiastical life and duty. In all this, its columns would challenge comparison with the most loyal and Catholic and priestly in the land.

In the late Henry George agitation, it is to be regretted that our knightly journalist's lance was at rest with him in the tomb. Had McMaster lived to confront the lately exposed theories of Henry George, the columns of the *Freeman*, for their cogent argument and clear exposition of true principles would have engaged the attention and won the admiration of tens of thousands of readers; and the sophistries of George would have met an antagonist to grind them to powder.

The encyclical of the immortal Leo XIII. on the rights of property and labor, would have appeared in golden letters in the *Freeman*, and McMaster would have wielded his pen—for the application in a small degree of this magnificent papal brief, to put a complete cover over so theorizing a philosopher as Henry George.

Says McMaster:

"Mr. George has always been an honest and industrious man. There is much against his principles, principles of the false philosophers and economists who made the first French Revolution possible. Mr. George's principles are anti-Christian. Mr. George would abolish poverty. He would root up existing institutions and make a new era in which every man would be equal in every respect to every other man. He would make the unhappy owner of a marsh in which cranberries would refuse to grow, pay the same taxes as Mr. Vanderbilt. The City of New York would, if Mr. George had his way, be one happy family, of good and amiable people, enjoying free rides, free rations, and free houses. The capitalist would have no capital, and the laborer would work for the mere pleasure of adding to social happiness. The tramp would be in Paradise, and New York would not know itself. There are evils here crying out for remedy. The tenement house evil is one of the worst. No theory of Mr. George could remedy that, because no theory of Mr. George could help to amend any real evil. Let our friends, the workingmen, reflect before they endorse theories that have been exploded long ago."

The Rev. Dr. McGlynn and McMaster ran counter one to another in their views and their advocacy on the two great subjects, of the parochial school system and the rights of property. Both gentlemen held high positions, and wielded a far-reaching influence. They came together like two giants.

The Rev. Dr. McGlynn was the idolized pastor of a parish of some twenty thousand souls, and rector of a magnificent church, whose interior, rich and costly adornment and equipment, were honored with the superb presence and eloquence of this pronounced American priest. It was not all glitter either. The pure gold of charity inlaid the character of its pastor, and his priestly virtue challenged not only respect, but elicited deservedly, veneration.

In such a position, and with so pure a record, Dr. McGlynn wielded a power of influence. He attempted to make the most of us all—to support and advance indirectly the public school system versus the Catholic parochial system—and to advocate the principles of Henry George. To this end, and for the latter purpose, he got down out of the pulpit to ascend the stand of public and political gatherings. His clerical backing was large.

McMaster was the father of the parochial school system of these United States. The Rev. Dr. McGlynn, we may infer, advocated that an American in the broadest sense of Americanism, could be a model Catholic, and that Americanism ought to lead in the Catholic Church diplomacy of the United States.

McMaster ever contended that one was a good American citizen because he was a good Catholic—and that the strictest, most

exclusive Catholic training turned out citizens most worthy of their free country, and that the Catholic parochial school system alone furnished that training; that our mothers from their earliest youth could not be too well disciplined to holy living, too well grounded in Catholic faith, nor too well formed to all virtue—their character could not be too well ingrained with tenderest piety. And that the godless public schools, with their vicious atmosphere, were not the places, but the parish schools and convents to make them such, and to raise up generation after generation a Catholic society and people. Our mothers and fathers must rise out of the latter. McMaster contended that the godless public school system of this country was raising up a generation of infidels.

The Rev. Dr. McGlynn in a public meeting in New York, with the Irish agitator, Davitt, on the stand made a very liberal speech.

McMaster's reply in the *Freeman's Journal* was fierce, bitter, perhaps offensive personally. But in exercising a censorship in the publication of the *Freeman*, McMaster, no doubt, on this occasion lost sight of the priest in his attack on the principles of the political agitator. The Marsellaise hymn brought up to his mind the horrors of the French revolution.

He also could not but reflect that his Lord embraced voluntary poverty, and whilst the same Lord uttered woe to the rich, he declared that the poor are blessed, and that for such is the Kingdom of God.

McMaster may be well understood in all this bold journalism, when we consider that he presumed not only to edit a Catholic newspaper, but to exercise a right of public censorship in the cause of true principles. Hence his strenuous advocacy of proper Church-music, the parochial school system, Church economy, etc.

Whilst we record that the Pope's Encyclical on the rights of labor and property, and the Plenary Council on the parochial school system prove McMaster's principles on these great questions to have been heartily sound and Catholic to the core, it is not for us to apologize for the fierceness of McMaster's attacks, nor the bitterness of his opposition. It was his nature to go into such contests with all the honesty and the strength of his character—and whilst levelling the false principles, not to spare the diplomacy that shifted for their presentation and support, before the public.

We forbear further comment. Both men have come under the touch of the Hand that judges supremely, Christ in heaven and Christ on earth in His Vicar.

May Christ's sweet mercy heal all differences of the living, and may He condone all of frailty in the noble dead.

In the *Freeman's Journal* McMaster passed severe criticism (amounting in the judgment of pastor and flock to public censure) on the congregation of St. Stephen's Church of New York. Our journalist simply aimed to wound the rich, to reduce the magnitude of the Church debt. He also decried the art music of the splendid choir, in his commendable crusade of reform for the Gregorian, on the plainer chords of music, especially at Holy Mass. The keynote of reform had gone out from Rome itself. McMaster sounded it loudly, perhaps harshly to many congregations in the great North. His journal called also for reform, in Church finance especially. The Catholic conscience of the United States at the time hailed it, gladly. For, church-debt failures had made Catholic conscience blush throughout the land. And priests and bishops admittedly had not the cunning of the children of this world—to handle money as bankers.

An epidemic of high strikes in the music-loft of churches had been found a source of distraction during services, for many.

McMaster argued: To him, such high art inspired no contempt for the vanity of the world, nor compunction for sin, nor fear of God's holy presence. He used his widespread journal as a wholesome censorship over these points for correction. Sharp and incisive, his thrusts! bold and fearless, his criticisms! McMaster's was a giant intellect, weakened by no vanity of purpose, nor deformed by pride of position or learning.

Whether it was a question of Church, finance or school, parochial or public, or Catholic Society, or political economy, the censures of the *Freeman's Journal* were ever uttered for their betterment. Its editorials stirred to action. They called for fight, or surrender. But they corrected evils, reformed abuses. They moved the

passion of the individual, at times, but benefitted the public at large, enlightening, correcting, encouraging.

Our journalist put all the ardor of his strong character into his editorials. Hence his manner of treating the opposition was often vehement, and at times wounding. Whatever criticism may be passed on the style of expression of McMaster, however, and his rough manner occasionally, of handling a grave subject of discussion, the sincerity of his conviction in the justice of his cause, and of the honesty of his bold stand, may not be questioned by any one, be he layman, priest, or bishop of the Church itself. He may be blamed for his vehemence at times. It was not in McMaster to speak with soft voice, or to handle with delicate touch. The opposition met a giant intellect and a fiery, truth-loving soul.

It is human to err. McMaster ever meant to be right as he loved to be true. But, he sometimes in his journalism failed to get at all the facts of a case, or to hear both sides of a grave question. He had to make the most of all the information within his reach, and that information was at times given out partial, or biased or prejudiced. It was ever accepted innocently and in good faith. At times, McMaster incorrectly concluded he was in possession of all the facts, and in a position to pass judgment on the merits of a case. The vehemence of his style added to the vexation of his opponents.

No case in point was more unfortunately bruited, roughly criticised, and inconsiderately condemned by the *Freeman* than the erection of "Idaho" into a vicariate apostolic, and the appointment as its first Vicar, of the Rt. Rev. Dr. L. Lootens.

Here, on the Pacific slope, we are in possession of the facts, and in justice to the case must declare our journalist to have been mistaken, and to have been (innocently indeed) unfortunate in adversely criticising the erection of the territory of Idaho into a vicariate, and in questioning in bold and harsh terms the wisdom of the council of the ecclesiastical province of Oregon, and especially the ability of its illustrious head, Archbishop Blanchet, at his advanced age of a life spent amid so much missionary labor, calculated to impair body, and mental vigor.

McMaster, we repeat, was entirely mistaken and at fault in his remarks. The erection of the vicariate of Idaho was made by the Holy See on the representations of bishops here, able to judge of the utility, even necessity of such action.

McMaster's warm friendship for the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lootens, his admiration for his splendid talents and refinement of character, led him into a vehement denunciation of sacrificing such a prelate in the wilds of Idaho, amid heathen tribes of Indians and a few mining camps of white adventurers. The vast territory is very mountainous, was in all its virgin wildness, without roads, without a solitary decent home or refuge. But Rt. Rev. Bishop Lootens had been a professor, a musician, a gentleman of great culture and of gentle raising. He was to be sacrificed, McMaster declared, and sent penniless into a wilderness, amid howling savages and wild white men.

All this was very true, and gospel truth at that. His commission was the Lord's—and without money or scrip. Our dear journalist in his big heart must have considered the commission to have been too scriptural in its naked poverty and too hard in its cross, and he roundly blamed the archbishops for having led to the erection of the vicariate and the appointment of this distinguished prelate.

But, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lootens went to the appalling field of his labor, a prelate fitted to fill with honor any See in the province of the great New York state itself, And, no doubt, he himself judged that all his talents and attainments would not weigh one grain in the balance against the soul of a single savage in Idaho.

Born in Bruges, Belgium, he came out as a missionary to Vancouver Island; was consecrated bishop in San Francisco, Cal., 1868. He found but two priests in the vast territory of Idaho, the Rev. Fathers Mesplie and Poulin. The Jesuit Fathers had previously for years traversed the wild territory, evangelizing the Indians. On his first visit, Bishop Lootens found but a few mining camps pitched in the wilderness. Without house or church, his first episcopal act was to borrow two or three thousand dollars, to start the vicariate moving Author of a valuable work of ecclesiastical music, he visited New York for its pub-

lication. Mr James A. McMaster met the bishop, learned the trials of his charge, the wilderness of the country, the paucity of Catholics, the desperate poverty of the whole situation. The big soul of McMaster was touched to the core, and the columns of the *Freeman* bewailed the sacrifice of his accomplished and refined friend—a sacrifice to be made (it seemed to McMaster) uselessly, foolishly. McMaster loved the Lord's anointed too well not to dislike for him such a hard lot, and not to express his indignation in his own forcible way, in the *Freeman*.

But McMaster here made a mistake in his denunciations. The Bishops of the Province of Oregon well recognized the necessity of this vicariate and the appointment of a bishop with the zeal of an apostle for it. Some such one had to lay the foundation of Catholicity in that wilderness of Idaho. The immense territory of the great Northwest had necessarily to be divided up. No two bishops, as hitherto, could possibly continue to travel over almost a continent of territory without roads or guides. Rt. Rev. Bishop Lootens had the courage of his divine call. He accepted the charge, and went alone into the vast solitude. He planned and organized. He traveled to Europe, where he begged thousands of francs. And it was only in 1876 that he felt himself compelled to resign in favor of the present Bishop, Dr. A. J. Glorieux, who is fast making the wilderness blossom as the rose with the works of Catholicity: schools, missions and chapels, aided by the flow of white immigration. Such success proves the wisdom of erecting Idaho into a vicariate. The insistance to this end, is a monument to the zeal of the illustrious Blanchet, whose heroic character cannot be overestimated. Blanchet and Demers are the fathers of Catholicity in the great Northwest, from the Rocky Mountains to the golden shores of the Pacific. They came in 1838. Father Blanchet was appointed in 1843 vicar apostolic of a territory, that now covers Oregon, Washington, Montana and Idaho, embracing three hundred and eighty-seven thousand square miles, out of which eight New York States could be carved. Most of the country he found mountainous, of a Canadian climate, and covered over with wild tribes of Indians, yet to know the God that created them, and the Redeemer who purchased them with his blood. The trail of the Indian was the only road in the vast solitude, yet to be entered by white settlers.* The illustrious Blanchet penetrated among the tribes, lived their life, learned their language, became all things to them to gain them to Christ. The numerons records of the baptisms of savages astonish one. The white settlers found in him a father, a wise counsellor and provider. The strength of character of the illustrious Blanchet, his saintliness, his spirit of self-sacrifice, mark him among the greatest men of the 19th century, and the *decus et ornamentum* of the American hierarchy. He spent fifty years of his life in his work. † His brother, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Blanchet, of Vancouver, emulated his virtues and apostolic zeal. These three grand men, Demers and the two Blanchets, cast the mould of a great Church in all this North West. Their labors and trials were innumerable. Only a divine courage could have enabled them to support such. In early days, it took six months to cross the plains. It was a year and a half after his episcopal appointment by Rome, before Archbishop Blanchet received the news. One may learn of his poverty at times, when on one occasion, he sold his episcopal ring to procure the bare necessaries of life.‡ He was approaching ninety years in age when he fell asleep in eternal rest, on the bosom of that Saviour whose flock he had so enlarged, whose lambs he had so faithfully guarded.

Blanchet's love of souls made him dare all things. Newspapers may have found fault with that kind of a mind and heart in the illustrious Blanchet, but its praise is to be found in the Lives of the Saints. The wisdom of God is foolishness with men.

By thus writing I would make the amende honorable for the *Freeman*, and to which, were McMaster living and fully in-

* It was His Holiness, Pope Gregory XVI., who appointed Father Blanchet, Bishop and Vicar Apostolic. His Holiness was a Benedictine before he ascended the Papal Chair.

† Archbishop Blanchet was an accomplished musician, and of fine voice. He also composed well. In early days, when Pontificating, after intoning the *Gloria*, and *Credo*, he would retire to his throne, where, with his violin and fine voice, he played and sang. He was himself almost the whole choir. He filled the bill, being celebrant, chorister and musician.

‡ Archbishop Gross testifies to this fact.

formed, he would heartily subscribe his name in apology, at this date.

On June 17th, 1885, Leo XIII. wrote to Cardinal Guibert, of Paris, concerning the Catholics of France and of other countries, as follows:

"Observing certain indications," says the Holy Father, "it is not difficult to see that there are among Catholics (perhaps because of the unhappy state of the times) some who imagine that they are allowed to examine and judge, according to their own views, the acts of the authorities. That would be a serious state of disorder, if it could prevail in the Church of God, where by the express will of its Divine Founder, two distinct orders are established in the plainest way—the teaching Church, and the Church taught, the pastors and the flock, and among the pastors, one of them who is for all the supreme Head and Pastor. To the pastors alone has been given the full power of teaching, judging, directing: on the faithful has been imposed the duty of following these teachings, of submitting with docility to these judgments, of letting themselves be governed, corrected and led to salvation. Accordingly, it is a matter of absolute necessity that the faithful laity should submit themselves with heart and mind to their own pastors, and these with them to the supreme Head and Pastor. On this subordination and obedience depend the order and life of the church. They are the indispensable condition of doing right, and arriving happily in port. If, on the contrary, the laity attribute authority to themselves, if they claim to make themselves judges and doctors: if inferiors prefer to try to make prevail in the government of the universal church, a direction different from that of the supreme authority, they are practically overturning order, bringing confusion into a great number of minds, and departing from the right way.

"And it is not necessary, in order to fail in so sacred a duty, to offer an open opposition, either to the bishops or to the Head of the Church; indirect opposition is enough: and it is the more dangerous, the more it is sought to veil it by the appearance of the contrary. A man fails also in that sacred duty if, while showing himself zealous for the power and prerogatives of the Supreme Pontiff, he does not respect the bishops who are in communion with him, or does not hold their authority in due account, or interprets unfavorably their acts and intention before any decision of the Apostolic See.

"The duty of obedience to their lawful pastors, while incumbent upon all without exception, is most strictly so on journalists, who, if they were not animated with the spirit of docility and submission so necessary to every Catholic, would help to extend and greatly aggravate the evils we deplore. Their obligation in all that touches religious interests and the action of the Church in society, is therefore to submit themselves fully with heart and mind, like all the other faithful, to their own bishops and the Roman Pontiff, to *follow* and *reproduce their teachings*, to second heartily their motions, to respect their intentions, and to make them respected. Writers who should act otherwise, in order to subserve the views and interests of those whose spirit and tendencies we have blamed in this letter, would be false to their noble mission, and would as rashly flatter themselves thus to serve the interests and the cause of the Church as those who should seek to *attenuate* and *diminish* its Catholic truth, or work too timidly in its support."

Now, Mr. McMaster has not been unfrequently charged with a want of respect for the occupants of high places on this account. Nothing could be more unjust. He had the highest reverence for the dignity of ecclesiastical authority. He suffered no greater pain than when he believed this dignity was in danger of being lowered by the acts or utterances of its wearer. It was the influence of this dread that impelled him to give vent to those powerful notes of warning that more than once involved him in unpleasant relations with personages for whose position and character he entertained the highest possible regard.

Many of his friends will still remember that Bishop Baltes, of Alton, Ill., forbade the circulation of the *Freeman's Journal* in his diocese. It cut Mr. McMaster to the soul. He had been so loyal, nay, *ultra* loyal to the Church, so scrupulous in respecting ecclesiastical authority. And when his paper was proscribed in the diocese of Alton, did McMaster forget his duty to episcopal authority? By no means. It may *seem* out of place, but it is not, to quote part of the famous editorial of March 1, 1879, in which the Chief, stung by the injustice of the hasty, but well-meaning prelate, pours out his heart. It is a history in itself:

"I have lived nearly fifty-nine years," he wrote, "with a terrible account of sins before Our Lord and God: I can look every human being in the face and ask: 'When have I wronged you? If there has ever been a *doubt*—have I not hastened to give the advantage of the doubt, to the opposing party?' That has been my record *before men*, since I was a young boy.

"Thirty-four years ago, from the 8th of June coming, by the free grace of God I became a Catholic. I had, two months before, regard and companionship of many

that were of the most cultivated and charming of the quiet old New Yorkers of that time. The promises of those too honorable to break them, and too well established not to have been able fully to complete them, were offered me if I would give up my purpose of becoming a Catholic and pursue the profession of the law, for which I had made my studies. Partly by an inherited disregard of wealth as a condition of happiness, but mostly by the grace of our Lord, procured, I think, by prayers of some that knew *of* me, though I knew not them, I became a Catholic in 1845 and *was ostracised, outlawed by every one* of these old friends once so pleasant to me! Tell me! Can such a chilling of a young heart, used to sympathy and kindness, happen and not some *crust* of harshness be formed in ordinary intercourse with people? I have had a rough and troubled life and I thank our Lord for it. It has been good for me. '*Bonum est mihi*,' etc.....Thirteen years and two months before (April, 1827), the last living of my grandparents, over ninety years old, was buried in the earth of Western Pennsylvania. *There* lie the remains of all my grandparents and of two of my great grandparents!.....I have been over thirty years editor of the Catholic journal of the United States most known in these States and in Europe, British America, Asia, Australia, Van Dieman's Land, and in the 'Island of the Seas.' In all this time I have been called in turn '*Native American*,' '*Irishman*,' '*Pro-German*'—all because I have held with the Royal Prophet that our Lord has *composed* all these conflicts of nationalities in *His Church*, and has made men to *agree together* in His House—which is the Catholic Church.

"A Catholic layman that has for more than thirty years, at some serious expense, edited and published a *Catholic journal*, in which, if one sentence has ever been published opposed to *faith*, to *morals*, or to the *lawful discipline* of any diocese in the United States, he will be my best friend, who will make it known to me, that I may correct it."

When the interdict was published, the friends of this paper in the Alton diocese exerted themselves to increase the paper's readers, but Mr. McMaster refused to receive subscriptions, and promptly cut off his list within Bishop Baltes' jurisdiction. He held that Episcopal authority, however wrongly exercised, should still be obeyed. Much less would he enter into any controversy with the Bishop, although invited by him to do so. It would not become a layman to argue with a Bishop. He contented himself with stating his case for the benefit of the public and with demanding the repeal of the unjust measure.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Miss Matilda Cummings.

Sweet blessed beads! I would not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kingly diadem;
Ye know the history of my heart.
—*Father Ryan.*

THE history of the heart! What a subject, and who shall write it? The happiest women we are told, like the happiest nations, have no history. Perhaps not as far as the material world goes; but every heart has its history, and many are they who confide its secret to a string of well worn beads. October has come again and the angels of God find their greatest joy in taking the crowns that of yore were woven in blossoms of prayers for them, especially in October, to place them at the feet of the Queen of the Holy Rosary, whom the church delights to honor in this queen month of the year.

The Sovereign Pontiff now gloriously reigning, moved as he is by the spirit of God, seems to lay more and more stress on the ever growing devotion to the Rosary. It would seem also as if in this age of intellectual pride and carping unbelief, this devotion, especially dear to simple souls, had taken new root in the fertile garden of the Church, to teach us that "simplicity is the highest grace and the last attained."

The history of the Rosary and the history of the heart are two volumes bound in one.

Hope never fails, even amid the deadliest sin, while the string of beads is clung to, and even only passed through fingers that are as numb as the tongue is mute. "God is only waiting for a chance to save you," said a priest to one who was urging the claims of justice above the mercy of God. Yes, and how often has the old chapter, sweet reminder of the days of innocence and happiness, afforded that chance to save a soul. For God fairly closes His eyes where there is a question of His Mother. He sees only what she would have Him see. Her servant, who through temptation and trial

and mayhap sin, clung to the Scapular. Her child who, though lost to much that heaven and earth hold dear, still preserved the chaplet that linked her to the fair days of purity and peace. Such are the frail straws to which the providence of God directs its designs, and 'tis an oft proven truth that Mary, the refuge of sinners, always has a share in their manifestations.

October brings to the lovers of Carmel the feast of its great St. Teresa. She commends herself to us mainly through her courage which fairly trampled on human respect and its motives. If ever there were a time when she, the reformer of religious manners and morals, needed to use her influence in behalf of a world whose standard is trailing in the dust, it is now. Want of purity of intention—an over weening desire to reconcile God and Mammon—a catering to the world and its ways, and a consequent lowering of the standard of the Cross, such are the evils of our day for the chosen servants of God. The poisoned air of the world is a subtle fluid and it runs in most unlikely places. St. Teresa found it in the cloister and she soon solidified the watery element. There is too much of the milk and water form of spirituality among us. Too much of a latter day version of the gospel, which bids a man deny himself. The counsels, as interpreted by some of the moderns, would be more unfamiliar then Greek to the school of ascetics of St. Benedict's time. Even the honey-tongued St. Bernard would be more likely to give wormwood than sweetness to some of the disciples of spirituality in our day. Much need have we of the single eye spoken of in the Imitation, which sees God in all things and all things in Him. St. Teresa will teach it to us, and will also kindle anew the spark of genuine Catholic faith, which will make no truce with a world which is the avowed enemy of God. 'Tis a bad sign to compromise with any such. Loyalty to our own cause—the cause of right, of justice, of eternity. Such is the spirit of St. Teresa, and she showed no quarter to those who sought to reconcile the way of perfection with the flesh pots of Egypt. Perfection! Are we called to it? Yes, each one in his own field—and much reason have many of us to be grateful that our own little row is in a very small garden, needing but the constancy of a little care to make it very fair in the sight of God. May the twilights of October find us very faithful to the blessed beads, each one of which will be our teacher in the science of the Saints. After all it is the science of the world; and many have taken out a high degree therein because of the sweet, simple devotion that embodies in itself the very mystery of the soul and its hidden life. "God only remaineth," says St. Teresa. I wonder if she had been sorely disappointed when she spoke or wrote those words. Hardly, since she had made Him her all, and given Him of her best. Unlike her, we have learned to say, after giving the world and creatures our all, "God only remaineth."

True wisdom will wax strong in digesting that pithy bark.

A GLIMPSE OF GLORY.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY P. A. B.

"With my white cloak folded about me,
At my hour of prayer I knelt,
'Midst the unseen throbbing angels,
In the place where His glory dwelt.
—*Mercedes.*

ON Holy Thursday we all took our turns alternately every hour at the repository. Every one was in the full dress of a Carmelite on such occasions, in other words, each friar's sombre brown habit was covered with the conventional white cloak—the mantle of Elias.

Fra Celestine's turn came an hour before midnight. Although some one went to relieve him at twelve o'clock he was oblivious of all around him. He did not awake to his situation until the bell rang for Prime—about five o'clock in the morning. Fra Celestine was not sleeping during his watch that night, although the next day, for his seeming neglect in not resisting sloth, he received a mild penance, which he bore silently.

From that time on a wonderful change was seen in our confrere. His thoughts seemed to be ever resting on celestial things. Whenever we felt any way low-spirited we went to him and he invariably cheered us by saying: "Oh! what would we not suffer if we had but a momentary vision of the happiness in reserve for the servants of Mary." Fra Celestine never mentioned what he had seen that Holy Thursday night. The secret died with him. Had he a glimpse of glory? We shall know in eternity.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, Oct., 1895. NO. 10

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE author of "Golden Sands" gives us a beautiful thought, which is worthy of meditation during this month of the angels. He says: "Our angel-guardians are appointed to collect all our kind, considerate, obliging acts, and bear them to heaven where they roll up eternal interest for us."

***

TWO beautiful Feasts of Our Blessed Lady occur this month, namely, that of Her Maternity and of Her Purity. We are ever reminded of these two great prerogatives of Mary. It is likewise fitting that some special day be set apart on which we can specially meditate on the glorious titles of the great Virgin Mother of God.

***

OUR great Saint Teresa, although skilled in the science of mystic prayer, did not disdain to practice the humbler prayer of the Holy Rosary. She not only loved to say the beads, but also recommended the practice to others. We may not be able to follow the Saint to the lofty heights of Carmel, but we can all imitate her in honoring Our Blessed Lady of the Rosary.

***

WHAT confidence does not Mary's Rosary give to her servants. It awakens our confidence in and love of Our Mother to ponder over some of the sayings of Her chosen children. Apropos of this, how beautiful it is to recall during this month those words of Father Burke, the great Dominican preacher, who was heard once to say: "I could sleep without the least fear on the crater of Mount Vesuvius if I had Our Lady's Rosary in my hand."

AMONG the many titles under which Our Blessed Lady is invoked is that of "Our Lady of Gifts," a Feast which is celebrated in some parts of France in October. "Our Lady of Gifts" is a very significant title and can well be applied to Our Blessed Mother during this month when so many devotees of the Rosary can confidently expect so many royal gifts from the Queen of Heaven.

***

IT is often the case that the man who becomes restless if the Holy Mass lasts longer than a half hour on Sundays is the same individual who patiently devotes some hours to the perusal of the mammoth Sunday paper. He is probably brother to the man who can easily afford fifty-two nickels per annum for his favorite Sunday journal, but can hardly spare as many pennies to purchase a Catholic weekly or monthly publication.

***

IN one of his conferences Father Faber remarks that "it is very hard thing for a person who does not like reading to talk without sinning." So many Catholics, alas, have a distaste for books or magazines that treat of religious subjects. You can know them by their fruits. They are at a loss for suitable topics of conversation, and therefore discuss their neighbor's faults or the worldly frivolities gleaned from the papers, subjects full of occasions for sin.

***

THE annual pilgrimages to Lourdes this year have been larger than ever, nor does Our Blessed Mother cease to hear the prayers of her devout clients. Bigots may deny and scientists try to explain the miracles happening at the Holy Grotto, nevertheless the true facts remain. There is some significance in the saying of the French railway officials who declared last month that "the trains returning from Lourdes contained a far less number of persons requiring help than in the case of trains going toward Lourdes."

***

WE can never escape the vigilance of our ever-faithful guardian angel. We, on our part, have often to be reminded of His presence. During this life we shall never know the amount of gratitude which we owe to our heavenly guide. Honor Him,

therefore, during this month which is dedicated to the Holy Angels, and enter into the spirit of Holy Church, which calls upon us after each daily Mass to invoke the Holy Archangel to defend us and to "cast into hell Satan and the other evil spirits who roam about the world seeking the ruin of souls."

***

The Carmelite Nuns, of Boston, began the foundations of their new Monastery and Chapel on August 20. They have taken recourse to St. Anthony of Padua to obtain the means necessary for the erection of the buildings. They have built a shrine of St. Anthony at their Monastery. Beneath the picture of the Saint are placed two boxes, one for petitions and one for offerings. The offerings will be used as so many St. Anthony's bricks for the new buildings. Special prayers are offered each day for the petitions placed in the box. These petitions can be sent by mail to the Rev. Mother Prioress, 61 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Roxbury, Mass.

***

The English papers are seriously discussing the question, whether foreign missions are worth all the expenditure of blood and treasure involved, or not. They claim that foreign missions are a failure and a mistake. Even if a few heathens should be converted to Christianity, is their conversion worth the trouble? We know that Protestant missions are a failure. As regards Catholic missions, the followers of St. Francis Xavier know that it is their duty to lay down their lives, if necessary, in order to obey Christ's commandment to His apostles: "Go and teach all nations." They will go on doing their duty, with or without protection of Christian nations, as they have done in the past. They know that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians."

BOOKS.

A very timely book has been printed by the Angel Guardian Press, Boston, Mass. It is the *Life of St. Anthony of Padua*, by Rev. Father Ubaldus da Reiti, O. S. F. A copy of the true likeness of the saint forms the frontispiece of the neat little volume. The "Life" is written in simple, unaffected language, and contains succinctly all the marvelous incidents which accompanied the saint in his many wanderings. We all know something about the saint, and we all love him. Those who wish to obtain this inexpensive and beautiful souvenir of the seventh centenary of St. Anthony, can do so by writing to Brother Jude, 85 Vernon street, Boston, Mass.

***

The best book for Catholic family reading, that we know of, is beyond cavil, "Goffine." We know it since our childhood, when, ever Sunday afternoon, we had to read the chapter of that particular Sunday, for the benefit of the assembled family. We rejoice to see that the English translation by Father Gerard M. Pily, O. S. B., published by Fr. Pustet & Co., of New York, has reached its 24th edition. It is called "*Explanations of the Epistles and Gospels* for the Sunday Holidays and Festivals throughout the ecclesiastical year, to which are added the lives of many saints, by Rev. Leonard Goffine." It forms a magnificent volume of nearly a thousand pages, and is full of artistic illustrations. We hope every reader of our Review will make this book a part of their household treasures. It is a treasure of heavenly things, and when children in after days forget everything else about their homes, the recollection of what they read in this excellent book, will form the most lasting of the influences of home.

***

The *New World*, of Chicago, celebrated its fourth birthday in a most becoming manner. The anniversary issue—September 7th—is a convincing evidence of its youthful vitality. Besides the artistically engraved cover, there are twenty-four pages of interesting reading matter. News of the day, a good London letter, a comprehensive illustrated description of the Catholic university by Bishop Kane, of Washington, D. C., a very sensible answer to his "critics," by Maurice F. Egan; an illustrated history of the origin and success of Columbus Club, of Chicago, and about fifty biographies, accompanied by portraits of prominent Chicago Catholics, go to make up this splendid paper. The artist, who designed the cover, indicates in the happiest way, the noble purposes of the

Catholic Press. The Religion of Light, illuminating our portion of the globe, flanked by authority and patriotism, and all under the auspices of Mary—"*Auspicio Mariae.*"

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION III.

"Well, Mick, since you fought prohibition so vigorously, I tried in vain to guess what possible remedy you would suggest for curing the drink-evil. That it is an evil, you acknowledged repeatedly, and that the government has to lend a hand, to extirpate it-you also conceded, whilst at the same time you laughed to scorn, all the measures hitherto taken for the purpose. Now, let us have your recipe."

"Most willingly, Sam. Do you recollect what I charged against the measures, taken by law?"

"Certainly. You condemned prohibition because it did not prohibit, and you accused the law of infringing on individual liberty; you declared against high license as unjust, and you defended the production of spirituous drink on the score of partial necessity, and the impossibility of preventing domestic production."

"Just so, and I moreover stated, that sensible men ought to look at a question from all sides before attempting to settle it. This, I charge, has never been done, and what would you think of a physician, who prescribed medicine before diagnosing the disease? The prohibitionists blame the saloon for everything, thus grasping the nearest opportunity on hand, without troubling themselves with the pertinent question: What brought the saloon into existence?"

"What produced the saloon in your opinion, Mick?"

"There is to my mind a multiplicity of reasons accountable for the existence of the saloon and of the drunkard. I take both together, as I have said sufficient about the saloon in regard to prohibition. The first and foremost reason is the excessive waste of energy leading to the desire, to sustain or replace it by the handiest thing present, viz: the cup. There is secondly, the state of health, the third is the abuse of treating, the fourth, the adulteration of drinks, the fifth, the mistake of punishing the offender, as it is done. Minor reasons of more partial application we pass over."

"Let me hear now, how you prove your assertions. The first, as I told you before, does not prove the necessity of drinking."

"Waiving the question of necessity, it explains drinking. Take the case of the thousands employed in iron works or glass houses, who are exposed to an excessive heat, joined to hard work, and consequently find that their customary meals do not recoup their strength sufficiently or fast enough, and hence drink beer or brandy."

"The strength they give is only a momentary and fictitious one."

"I admit this, yet it serves the intention for the time being. Nor could anything be said against the use of beer in these establishments, because beer is both food and drink, and very little intoxicating, if taken in moderate quantities, and, of course, supposing the drink to be genuine. To my mind it is positive cruelty to debar such workmen from beer. To say that they should eat more, or better, or work with less haste, is demanding impossibilities, as machines do not wait for men, and overeating, instead of doing good would do harm. To multiply the number of meals is equally impossible, because of the unremitting work of the machines."

"But you mention only one kind of work. What does that prove to the whole nation?"

"I consider it superfluous to speak of all kinds, common sense will apply the measure to others. Nor did I intend to prove that every man, without exception, needed a stimulant on the head of work. If a good number need it, it proves my position sufficiently."

"You brought in the state of health, Mick. Do you allude to the prescriptions of physicians, or do you maintain that every man should be his own doctor in the case?"

"The latter, Sam. Why should people fee a doctor to get what they know they need, and of which the doctor cannot judge, except by their own declaration. When prohibition in Kansas was red-hot, the people could get drinks only in drug stores, and

only after swearing that they received them for medicinal purposes. What was the consequence? Thousands swore they needed beer or whiskey for chronic dyspepsia, and they mostly could swear to that in truth, and the druggists did a rushing business. Then take cases of snake-bites or sunstroke, when the only remedy is whiskey applied immediately. What would become of these people if they had to run for a prescription before getting the remedy?"

"You seem to look upon beer as an infallible cure for dyspepsia."

"And so it is, when taken at stated times, and in stated quantities."

"What about treating?"

"This is an abuse which cannot be too severely condemned, and I am certain, treating has produced drunkards by the thousand. Hence I am in favor of attaching severe penalties to this vice, and I am very glad to see, that a movement has been inaugurated, to administer the pledge against it. God grant, that the habit may be abolished throughout the country, and not in the bar-rooms only, but in private homes as well."

"But would not this destroy all hospitality and conviviality?"

"Not by any means. To pledge another one at home means to urge him on to drink, whether he likes it or not, and to insist that he keep pace in drinking with the best drinker amongst them. This is criminal. But I have no objection to set refreshments before a visitor, with the invitation, 'Help yourself,' and then let him do what he likes about it."

"Well, Mick, you next mentioned the adulteration of drink as a cause of drunkenness. Now, I should think on the contrary, that the more adulterated a drink is, the more harmless it becomes, as far as intoxication is concerned."

"You would be right, if the adulteration consisted only in mixing water with the genuine stuff, but this is not the case. The most obnoxious substances are made use of, in order to cheapen the manufacture, and the health and life of thousands are jeopardized through greed. Often beer, wine or whiskey, consist of anything but the materials they ought to consist of: beer is sold, that never saw any malt, wine manufactured without a pound of grapes, whiskey is but diluted and colored alcohol, made of old shoes, sawdust, etc. In spite of all these adulterations, the stuff may be more intoxicating than the genuine article would be. Now, don't you think, Sam, that men, placing such adulterations upon the market, should be prosecuted and punished as murderers?"

"How would you contrive this, Mick?"

"In a simple way. Let a law define of what a genuine article shall consist, giving a maximum and minimum of material. Let the government appoint two or three experts in every state, to analyze officially any sample that may be sent to them. Give every man or woman the right to send samples that are suspected to one of these experts in or out of the state. And if the adulteration be proved, prosecute the owner of the brewery or distillery for murder, send him to penitentiary without the hope of a pardon, treat the journeymen brewers or distillers as accomplices in the fact, withdraw the license of the establishment, and you would be surprised how rapidly the number of intoxicated persons would decrease, even if the quantity consumed remained the same."

"By such Draconian legislation you would destroy legitimate business."

"On the contrary, I would build it up, by compelling the manufacturers to be honest. And there can be no doubt that there is a necessity for such legislation, more than for the laws passed in regard to oleomargarine, milk and similar things, because the vast majority of our people use drink in some form or the other, and have a right to the protection of their health."

"Well enough, Mick, but any measure of the government taken in this view would be construed by the people as favoring the drinking habit, and the popular mind runs in the opposite direction."

"Sam, did you never hear of golden bridges built for the enemy? When you cannot eradicate an habit altogether, it is wisdom to render it as innocuous as possible, and the measure I spoke of is one of the means towards this end."

"And what about the punishments inflicted? You took exception to them, too. How will you ever control drinking unless you punish the drunkard?"

"I did not take exception to punishment, but to the kind of punishment given now.

Our courts punish drunkenness either by fine or by imprisonment, or both. Now, I contend that these punishments not only do no good, but a good deal of harm, to innocent persons. Take the case of a married laborer, who invests his earnings in drink, and allows his wife and children to suffer want. He may have money enough left after his spree to pay the fine. Who paid it in this case? Not he, but his family, of whom, after what he spent in drink, the remainder of his means is taken, engendering upon them additional privations. Or, he has not the money to pay the fine, and goes to gaol for thirty, sixty, or ninety days. During this time he earns no wages, but he is housed and fed all right, perhaps better than he was at home, whilst his family, deprived of every source of revenue, are suffering acutely."

"You seem to forget, Mick, that the punishments are medicinal, and if in consequence of such punishment the offender for the future controls himself, the family is the gainer, so that their temporary sufferings are a blessing in disguise, since they assure to them a sure revenue for the future."

"Unfortunately, however, these punishments share the fate of prohibition, which does not prohibit. Examine the records of the police courts. How many drunkards were reclaimed by fine or prison? Do these records not show the identical names always?"

"Tell us, then, how you would punish drunkards."

"Excessive drinking is a beastly vice. Pride, avarice, falsehood, etc., are human, but impurity and drunkenness are beastly. Hence they ought to be corrected according to their nature. A dog is not cured of stealing from the pantry by chaining him to his kennel for a time, but by a sound whipping, and the same punishment I would inflict upon drunkards."

"Such a punishment is coarse, brutal and degrading."

"This is all cant, Sam. How can you brutalize or degrade a man, who, by indulging in this vice, has made a beast of himself. I am sure, if the strap or ratan would be vigorously applied to that part of a drunkard's body, which nature itself seems to have upholstered for the purpose, the correction would produce immediate and lasting fruit. Drunkards, as a rule, do not care, what becomes of wife and child, but they would mind such a personal application?"

"But what would you do in case the drunkard belonged to the other sex?"

"Exactly the same thing. If a woman unsexes herself by joining in the vices of man, she forfeits all privileges of sex. The quantity may differ according to age and sex, the quality of the punishment ought to be the same for all."

"Why, Mick, you are a perfect savage. Your proposition sounds monstrous in the ear of an American."

"I am fully aware of this, but not inclined to change my opinion in consequence. Let such a law be framed and impartially executed, and drunkards will disappear as if by magic."

"What do you think of temperance societies and similar undertakings?"

"They are very good and highly commendable if they use the means of persuasion and introduction, and no one would be more happy than I, to see them succeed so fully, that drunkenness would entirely disappear and render restricting laws superfluous. But I must confess, that I do not like the wholesale condemnation of all, who are not total abstainers, and the anathemas hurled against every one, that is not exactly of their mind in the matter. Let those who can control themselves, use what they like; let those who cannot control themselves, be persuaded and pledged to abstain altogether; and let those who cannot be persuaded, be punished for their excesses. This alone is common sense doctrine, in conformity with Catholic teaching, and frought with lasting and good results.

Don't talk your good deeds to death.

Run away when you see the devil coming.

He who wishes to save his soul should lead a regular life; he should mark out how he will employ his time and the hour for his spiritual exercises.—St. Leonard of Port Maurice.

We do not bear trials well, because we do not know how to draw spiritual consolation from them; he who would always work faithfully must bear everything cheerfully. —Blessed Egidius of Assisi.

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Mary Angela Spellissy.

Are Marriages Made in Heaven?

BERNARD DE VERE, seated in a Pullman car that was steaming into New York City, roused himself from uneasy slumber just as his fellow passengers began to gather their belongings preparatory to departure on their various ways.

"Phew! isn't this hot?" exclaimed his son, a bronzed man of thirty. Mexico couldn't hold a candle to it."

"What does the thermometer say?"

"Ninety-eight degrees, but there is no instrument can register the depressing quality of an atmosphere like this."

"I fear that I made a mistake in choosing August for our return. I perceive that the heat record given in the papers for the past few days has been exceptionally high. We shall probably feel the change more keenly, coming from the delicious climate that we have enjoyed for the past five years."

"Don't worry about it, father, we will soon be released from this sweat-box."

"Yes, and if we find the city intolerable we can run off to the shore. You know we have that Holly-Bush property to look after."

"Are there hotels near it?"

"Probably yes. I hear that a syndicate has bought the tract west of your mother's cottage. You remember that I accepted the offer of our agent for it. I think the house was bought by a retired army officer. I felt I could not occupy it after your mother's death. She took such delight in watching it built on the ruins of the old way-side inn in which the summers of her girlhood were spent. In those days it was the only house in the neighborhood, except the huts of the fishermen. I have heard her tell that she used to wade through flowers high as her head when she went down for her daily dip in the ocean. The old house was built from wreckage, and the captain's cabin from some great ship had been incorporated in the main building. In that room your mother slept and revelled in its ownership. From the quaint little windows near the roof she had before her the boundless expanse of sea and sky. An occasional sail, or a fish-hawk swooping down upon its finny prey, were the only signs of life, but the variety of the ocean and the changing lights upon it afforded her an ever enjoyable prospect. The neighboring coast bore a very bad name at one time; the residents were accused of hanging out lights that decoyed many a ship to her ruin on the treacherous sandbars. There came occasionally from the larder of the hospitable Mrs. Quirk foreign delicacies; sardines, maccaroni and olives were comparatively unknown on the tables of Americans, and Mrs. Quirk had no idea of their costliness. On one evening, when a nor' easter had kept the household prisoners for three days, Mrs. Quirk discovered that her stock of candles was exhausted. At bed-time your mother was handed a coil of red cerino by which to light herself to bed. Not until, when in Rome, she received such another, when about to descend into the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, did she realize the strangeness of that coral light in a Jersey hostelry. When she returned home she made a pilgrimage to the old place, and, although many changes had destroyed much of its primitive beauty, she persuaded me to build for ourselves a cottage near the grove which encircled the old tavern. She thought often of you in connection with her scheme and frequently spoke of the delight you would find in the ocean and in the neighboring river. The Carmelite Fathers ministered to the spiritual necessities of the Catholics of the neighborhood, and within the sound of the Angelus bell of St. Teresa's your mother loved to rest."

"New York City," shouted the conductor.

Within half an hour Mr. De Vere and son were pleasantly established in the boarding house so well known to Mrs. Bryce

and Ethna during the previous winter. A bath and well served dinner proved great tranquilizers, and it was in a genial frame of mind that the two men seated themselves in the fine old parlor to exchange a few courteous words with the mistress of the house.

"Everything looks so familiar, Mrs. Guest, that I am tempted to think my Mexican experiences must have been in a dream."

"I am glad you find yourself at home, Mr. De Vere. We are always glad to find that our old patrons remember us. Just now the house is almost empty; the heat has driven out of the city everyone who can get away."

"May I ask the name of this young lady?" inquired Jerome, handing to Mrs. Guest a photograph he had taken from the tiny table.

"O, that is a photograph of Miss Bryce. She boarded here last winter with her mother."

"I had an old friend of that name when I was a young man," said Mr. De Vere. "He became Colonel Bryce."

"Miss Bryce's father was an army officer."

"Is he dead?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bryce is a widow."

"Is she a Catholic?"

"Yes, and through Miss Ethna's devotion to her church she gave up her lover, a fine young fellow who boarded here last winter. I thought the separation would have killed them, but youth dies hard. I saw Miss Ethna to-day, she is as pretty as a picture; she brought me these lovely pond-lilies from Sea-side Holly."

Mr. De Vere started as he glanced at his son, but Jerome was immovable, he was listening with interest to Mrs. Guest's recital of all that she knew, and much that she guessed of Ethna's heart history.

The men retired to their rooms at an early hour. From the veranda outside their window they enjoyed the delightful breeze rising with the moon that flooded the Sound.

"What do you propose to do in the morning, Father?"

"Mass at seven in the French church, breakfast, and then to Wall street. By four o'clock I hope to take the train for Sea-side Holly. What will you do with yourself?"

"I want to look up a class-mate who is a doctor at the eye hospital; he is a pleasant chum and a capital companion on an outing. I may be able to induce him to join us at the sea."

Ten o'clock next morning found Jerome patiently awaiting Dr. Oscott in the spacious parlor of Good Samaritan Hospital. As he finished reading his paper he saw, entering the room, a girl of about twenty years. She was tall and slight, her light blue cotton dress fitted her daintily, her sailor hat of fine white straw shaded her face. From a thread of gold about her neck hung the Promotor's Cross, and her ungloved fingers were ringless. One hand held a bunch of exquisite red roses. Jerome De Vere thought he had never beheld so beautiful an apparition. From great blue eyes looked out a grand soul, dignity of character, grace and simplicity of expression. Dr. Oscott entered at the moment and approached the visitor: "I am happy to say, Miss, that your protege's sight is completely restored, and we are prepared to discharge him."

"That is wonderful news, doctor. Although you told me last week that you hoped for success, I was afraid to give myself up to the enjoyment of the good news.

Your profession must bring you great joy sometimes."

"Yes, occasionally we have some satisfaction."

"And, doubtless, also grave anxiety. I wish I could do something for this institution that helps so many. 'Silver and gold I have none, but that which I have I give unto thee.'" As she spoke she extended towards the doctor the exquisite roses. "Perhaps, doctor, you can find a place for these that they may breathe out their lives as you are doing, in serving the unhappy."

So impersonal was the speaker's tone that Dr. Oscott felt no embarrassment; he recognized that in him the speaker regarded his ministrations to his patients as a vocation, and considered not his personality. A word to the porter and the visitor's fragrant offering was speedily provided with a glass bowl, from which they drank copiously of the crystal lake, on which they reposed.

"Your flowers shall gladden the sight of some of our patients who have been per-

mitted to use their eyes to-day for the first time in months."

"Thank you, doctor."

Tommy was brought, and after a good-bye to the doctor, departed with the lovely apparition.

"Can you spare a moment, Dr. Oscott?" inquired Jerome, advancing from the shelter of a great pillar, behind which he had been seated.

"Why De Vere! Where did *you* fall from? This *is* a surprise."

"I do not wish to intrude too long upon your precious time."

"We have ten minutes before my clinic. Where are you stopping?"

"I am but passing through to Sea-side Holly, and called to see if you can join me there."

"That's odd. The patient just dismissed is from there."

"Indeed? Who is the guardian angel?"

"I do not know her name, she declined to give it when she brought the boy."

"When can you come to us? My father and I go down this afternoon."

"This is Wednesday. Will Saturday be agreeable to you?"

"Delightfully so."

The first Saturday in September saw Mr. De Vere and son at the Carmelite Chapel of St. Teresa. Seven o'clock Mass was well attended, although late in the season.

The large number of communicants testified to the growth of that wonderful devotion—the League of the Sacred Heart. Among those who knelt at the railing were Ethna Bryce, Mr. De Vere and Jerome. In the Post Communion of the Mass the name of Teresa was audible.

As the father and son walked from church they drank in the beauty of the morning, the meadows were aglow with bloom, golden rod blazed everywhere, "Queen Ann's Lace" waved gracefully on its wand-like stem and the rich pink of the wild sweet pea smiled up at them from the sand on which it lay.

It was Mr. De Vere's voice broke the happy silence.

"Ah! my son there is no nation has their God so near. I seemed to feel your mother's presence very sensibly after Communion. What a privilege we possess in the offering of Holy Mass for our dead. Your mother's patron Saint, that wonderful Carmelite, appears a fitting patron for the little chapel that owes its existence to your mother's zeal. She held very cheaply the jewels coveted by many women, but the house of God she delighted to adorn. I dreaded coming here, but I find the familiar surroundings have a soothing influence upon me, and the Mass this morning for your mother has taken away the loneliness that has oppressed me since her death. Why should we suffer as those who have no hope?"

"I am glad that you give me this opportunity, father, to tell you that I have often regretted my inability to supply your need of companionship. Living at college, far from home, has kept my life in another world than that enjoyed by you and my mother. Unfamiliar as I was with the scenes and companions cherished by both of you, I could not accord to you that perfect sympathy that existed between mother and you. Do you not think our coming home was a wise conclusion?"

"Yes, my son, that morning in New York brought that conviction to my mind. I found myself 'at home,' and I realized that my tribute is due to the city that contributed all the formative influences to which I owe my Christian manhood. Instead of selling the property here I propose to improve it, and provide for ourselves the home-comforts that we are prepared to enjoy after our hard work. When exhausted by our duties in the city we will find this retreat very restful. Your enjoyment of ocean bathing and the boating on the river, have led me to this decision. I find that many of our old friends are summering in their cottages in the neighborhood. My long exile among strangers has prepared me to endorse the sentiment: 'In youth we *make friends*; later on we *form acquaintances*,' and I enjoy the renewal of old associations."

It is a warm evening; the full September moon floods the placid river. From the houses scattered on the banks lights glimmer remotely.

A sail-boat lies becalmed in mid-stream. A row-boat is drawn up on the pebbly beach of the little island, from which float song and laughter.

"Come, come Ethna, we must go home, it is growing late."

"O, we are safe here, Miss Judith."

"I am not so sure of that."

"Do you wish to return, Aunt Hilda."

"No, indeed child I could linger here for hours, but I suppose Miss Judith's conclusion is more prudent. This glorious night reminds me of many such that I have spent in my son's boat, he was never more happy than when he could take me on the water."

"You'll both be coughing in the morning; you cannot expose yourself with safety in Jersey as you did in Italy, Aunt Hilda."

"Very true, Judith, but first, cannot Ethna sing us the Canadian boat song?"

"Yes, indeed, Aunt Hilda, we always sang it on our boating parties when I was at the Convent in Canada."

The soundless silence of the evening brought to the three young men in the sail-boat the words of the well known hymn. Ethna's fresh young voice, fervent in its earnestness, enunciated each word eloquently, the guitar responding to the intensity of the player:

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune as our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn;
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past."

The elder voices joining in the chorus encouraged our friends in the sail-boat. The bass and tenor added not only volume but harmony.

Ethna sang but the first verse. Although accustomed to the sociable tone that prevailed upon the Lotus river where everybody was supposed to know, at least, who everybody was, she drew the line at strangers, and these men were unknown to her. Dr. Oscott hastily consulted Jerome, and then called from his boat:

"Pardon our familiarity, but the beauty of your song is our excuse. We are becalmed here and may have to wait all night for a breeze. Can you lend us some one to carry a message to the landing?"

"I will gladly row your boat in."

"That I cannot consent to, but if you will allow me to place your party in the sail-boat and permit me to row, I shall be much obliged."

"That arrangement can be easily made," said Ethna, and with a few strokes she brought her boat along side the pretty yacht.

"Are you not Dr. Oscott?" she inquired, as he extended his hand to assist in transferring the ladies.

"I am, at your service."

"I thought I remembered your voice."

"And you are the good angel of my patient Tommy."

"Good evening, Robert."

"Why, Miss Judith, you here?"

"Yes, is it not funny to see me laying in rheumatism for you to practice on? Mrs. Acton, this is my friend, Dr. Robert Oscott."

"My friend, Mr. Jerome De Vere, ladies," said the doctor.

"Will you please present me to the other lady, Miss Judith?"

"I supposed you were acquainted."

"We have met, but I do not know her name."

"Dr. Oscott, Miss Bryce."

"Dr. Oscott has restored sight to a little friend of mine, Miss Judith."

"I hear very often of the doctor's skill, and of his tenderness to the poor patients, and I rejoice more at his kindness than even at his ability. The doctor's parents were my friends in the long ago."

"Do you object to changing boats, friends," inquired Ethna, "the men propose to row us home, we seated in their sail-boat."

"You see," explained Jerome, "we lent our row-boat to a man who promised to meet us here, but I find that there is something in this atmosphere fatal to a boatman's memory. I don't mind waiting for the wind, but I have an important engagement with my father."

"I think the arrangement a very pleasant one," said Mrs. Acton. "I sometimes fear that we are too heavy a party for Miss Bryce to row."

Very pleasantly the party proceeded homeward, the oars splashed rhythmically in the powerful hands of the doctor, whose principal recreation was taken with his boat club. A half hour brought them to the landing-stage.

TO BE CONTINUED.

He that is truly humble is so with every one. Should he make any exception of persons, his humility is vain.—St. Nilus.

El Senor de Santa Teresa.

Adapted from the German for the Carmelite Review.

By Rev. Fr. James, O. C. C.

I.

ONE afternoon in the month of February, 1621, two young men were climbing the ascent of the road leading from what was then a prosperous mining town called Pachuca, to Mexico, not far from the Indian village Xaltepec. The younger of the two was a Caballero, one of noble extraction. His features were beautiful and yet wildly passionate, and his dress was such as became his rank. The other, apparently a servant, wore a clean new suit of white linen, such as Mexican laborers used to wear in those days, and even at this day wear.

"Let us halt here," the Cabellero said, who appeared to be much fatigued from the unaccustomed pedestrian tour. "Just as you please," replied the other. "I am entirely at your disposal, since you have aided me in my escape from the dungeon. I shall do nothing but obey you." "Do not speak thus, Picadero. You are not my servant, but my friend." "Ha ha! Your friend! As long as you need me. After that such a fine Caballero will not deign to look at an escaped penitentiary bird any longer. I know that well enough, Senor Rivera."

"Content yourself, Picadero. This very evening you shall have money sufficient to play the Caballero as successfully as I, and then nobody will ever suspect in you the escaped convict. Pastrana will bring with him from Pachuca, at least, one hundred thousand gold Pesos. They will put you on your feet for ever, and you know that gold has no betraying scent."

"But if he has so much money in his possession, he will surely not travel through this ill-famous country unprotected I fear very much that we have engaged in a dangerous play."

"I have assured you before that he has but his Indian servant Luke with him, nobody else."

"I can scarcely believe it; still I suppose you ought to know."

"I assure you, I do know."

"Well—and do you intend to give me the whole booty? Do you not want some of the enormous amount which shall be yours after we have done away with him?"

"None of it, none at all. I do not need it. I have enough left even after my gay life, that will enable me to act for a while yet, the noble Caballero. If only my rival is once removed, and Catalina de Mendoza is my own, the old miser Mendoza may then know, for all I care, that he has given his daughter to a spendthrift."

"If Pastrana stands in your way, why did you not try to provoke him to a duel, and rid yourself of him as it becomes a chevalier, instead of surprising him by the assassin's pistol?"

"You cannot understand, I see, Picadero. I wish his death ascribed not to my vengeance, but to robbers. For this reason we shall attack him now that he has so much money with him. His friends are to know that he has been robbed."

"Why do you not wish to take at least half of the money?"

"I have already told you—I neither wish nor need it."

"The whole affair will end with a noose around my neck."

"Your fear is entirely unnecessary. Your escape from prison will cause astonishment, of course, but no suspicion of this murder will on that account fall on you. Or do you think that every escaped convict has a foreknowledge of meeting the next day so and so many miles from the prison with a Caballero, who has a hundred thousand Pedros in his purse? Even, supposing the deed is laid at your door? What harm? You will escape with the money, keep yourself concealed until grass grows over Pastrana's grave: then you will return as Caballero so and so to Mexico, or, better still, to Spain, and no person will recognize in you the Tobal Picadero who served fifteen years in the Mexican Presidio."

"And will not you betray me as the murderer?"

"What a question, Tobal! I shall take care. If I did, every person would at once know that I had something to..... Listen! they come! Quick, into the shrubbery there!"

The tramp of two horses was heard, and shortly the expected Caballero came riding along the stony road, and alone! Rivera

almost betrayed himself by a shout of gladness. In spite of his assurance to Tobal, he had nevertheless feared that Pastrana would be accompanied by not less than six servants. For this reason he had taken the convict along. Now, however, the work was considerably simplified. The second horse was tied to the one which Pastrana was riding, and was laden with divers small packages, apparently also with the parcel containing the money they had spoken about. The hated rival was clad in rich, well-fitting garments of the Caballeros and Haciendadoes of the country, and his appearance, as he gently restrained the fiery animal under him, was such that the eyes of many of Eve's daughters might rest upon him complacently. He rode past the spot quietly, never suspecting or noticing the wayfarers.

But scarcely was his back turned when Rivera whispered: "Now!"

Picadero fired. His victim turned suddenly and fell from his horse without a word.

Rivera rushed up to the two horses to prevent the frightened animals from running away, and tied them to the nearest tree.

"You have done it well, Tobal," said he, with an air of evident satisfaction, "but now you had better mount one of the horses and off with you. The money is yours. You have well earned it by delivering me from Pastrana's hated presence."

The murderer turned to comply with this advice. Unfortunately he had not considered Rivera's perfidy. He had scarcely advanced ten paces with the horse when the Caballero aimed at him and brought him down from the steed; he had shot him through the middle of the head.

"Poor fool," said Rivera, as he stooped over the lifeless form of his victim, to assure himself that his work was complete. Having cast a shy glance at the body of his rival, he mounted one of the steeds that carried the securely packed gold Pesos, rode off quietly and satisfied with his work, along the road leading from Pachuca to Mexico.

II.

The reason of Pastrana's coming alone was that he had noticed several fellows of rather unprepossessing appearances at the little inn of Xaltepec, whilst he rested there at noon with his servant. In order not to expose himself to the danger of an attack, he had left the inn unnoticed, and had pursued without delay his course towards Zapotlan, leaving his servant behind him to protect him from the rear. Who should have thought then, that he would, in his escape from bandits, fall into the hands of the Caballero Rivera? As soon as Lucas considered his master beyond danger, he mounted his donkey and hurried off in the direction of Zapotlan at full speed.

What was his horror when he discovered, after a short ride, Pastrana's body weltering in his own blood on the road!

He saw all at a glance; a horse missing, the money taken, Picadero's corpse—and in utter despair he gave way to his grief, and threw himself down over the body of his good master, to whom every faculty of his body and soul had been devoted. As his face came in close contact with the breast where the bullet had entered, he noticed to his great joy, that there was some breath left in him. Glancing at the Scapular his good master wore, he besought his Senora del Carmen to grant his master at least time enough to die fortified by the rites of the Church, whose devout son he had always been.

But suddenly a dread arose in his mind which turned his gladness into bitterness. Pastrana had been robbed of a large sum of money. Was it not likely, then, that everybody would point to him, Lucas, as to the robber and murderer? Pastrana still lived, but Lucas, who possessed a good deal of Indian knowledge about injuries, could not be deceived as to the fatality of the wound. Death must come very soon. The wound was absolutely fatal. After a few hours Pastrana's body would be rigid in death, and he would, perhaps, be unable to open his lips before that to testify to the innocence of his servant. Lucas also examined the body of Picadero, but life had escaped; the bullet had brought instant death, so there was no hope from him as a witness.

Should he escape and conceal himself somewhere from the hand of justice which was in that region, very lax? But how could he think of allowing his good master to die alone here in the wilderness, where

his body would only serve as food for beasts of prey?

How, he asked himself again, could he venture to bring him to Pachuca or Zapotlan, not to think even of Mexico, where everybody would accuse him of the double crime of robbery and murder?

"I cannot save him and myself, too," he soliloquized, "but my dear master shall not be deprived of Christian burial on my account." With this conclusion he laid him as well as he could across the horse from which he had fallen, and which still stood tied to the tree, mounted his own donkey, and drove off with his precious charge across the field in a northern direction.

Before daybreak he arrived at the little mining village, Cardonal, lying northwesterly from Pachuca, where he had been born, and immediately set about to prepare a bed for his master, who was still unconscious, in the little hut where his widowed mother and his sister Chloe made out a poor existence. The faithful servant was now entirely composed again, and he likewise managed to quiet the fears of his mother and sister, who at first expected that he had committed a crime.

"If it be God's will to let my master die," said the Indian in his simple childlike piety, "we must be satisfied and accept the consequences. But if he survives, he will confirm my innocence. God knows what is best for him and for us."

As he said this, he noticed the excitement that took hold of his mother and sister, and taking them by the hand, he led both to the little image of the Madonna del Carmen, before which their first childish prayers had been lisped. They united in beseeching the beloved Senora to ward off the dangers that were impending. "Redeem thy promise, sweet Mother," Chloe exclaimed, "do not let the master die until his lips have been opened to a priest, so that his soul may be prepared and my brother's innocence established." After some time spent in fervent prayer, they arose, and Chloe hesitatingly addressed the brother: "Maybe God would grant to your master the miracle of the 'Santo Cristo.'"

Lucas gazed at her in astonishment and asked hurriedly:

"What? Do you really believe in it?"

"People say so, and you know as well as I do," she replied, "that for the last six years no death has occurred in the Cardonal."

"Mere chance, Chloe, chance, and nothing else! I fear that the rule will fail this time. You had better go to Ixmiquilpan and ask the good Vicar of the Carmelites to come and serve as a witness when my master regains consciousness. Tell him also to bring the holy oils and the Viaticum. I feel confident that Nuestra Senora del Carmen will grant us this favor, because my master wears her own livery. Hurry, Chloe, there is no time to be lost."

Chloe went off to Ixmiquilpan, more in obedience to her brother than because she believed that Pastrana would die. She was convinced that the Santo Cristo would preserve the life of the wounded man.

Who is this Santo Cristo?

In the year 1545, Alonso de Villaseca, a Spanish noble and mine owner, had brought from Spain a life-size image of our crucified Saviour, which he placed in the Church of the mining village Plomo Pobre, in the Cardonal. All the mines of that district, of which Ixmiquilpan was the chief settlement and parish, belonged to this Villaseca. After his death, Guerrero, his son-in-law, became owner of the mines, and later on they passed again into other hands. For this reason the much venerated crucifix was called "El Santo Cristo del Cardonal," or "de Plomo Pobre," "de Villaseca," "de Guerrero," later on also "de Ixmiquilpan." When, in the course of time, the mines failed, most of the miners sought other quarters, so that the village and Church of the Cardonal became almost deserted, and only occasionally did the Father Vicar come from Ixmiquilpan to say Mass there. The Church soon became delapidated, and Villeseca's crucifix likewise so much covered with dust and injured otherwise, that it no longer served to inspire devotion, but rather became a scandal. When, therefore, in 1615, the stern Archbishop Juan Perez de la Serna came from Mexico to the Cardonal on a Confirmation tour, and saw the disfigured image, he left the command that it should be buried with the first person who should die in the vicinity.

But, strange to say, from that time forward no grown person was known to die in the Cardonal. Only a few infants died, whose graves were too small for the "Santo

Cristo." From this fact the conviction took root in the minds of the faithful that God did not wish the removal or destruction of the image, and that the life of every grown person was guaranteed as long as the injunction of the Archbishop was not revoked. Upon this belief the Indian girl's confidence rested, for Chloe believed firmly that Pastrana would not die as long as he remained within the precincts of the Cardonal. Nor was her confidence to be put to shame.

Days passed and weeks passed, but Pastrana did not die, although he continually lingered between life and death. Only once did he regain consciousness long enough to receive the Sacraments, and to declare before witnesses the innocence of his servant, after which he relapsed into a state of unconsciousness,

TO BE CONTINUED.

Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

BY S. X. B.

Translated for the Review

THE following occurred in August, 1892, at La Terisse, France. Three mountaineers who had been overtaken by a terrible storm, were hastening to a place of safety, when their pace was arrested by a fearful flash and crash, which, for the time, seemed to have taken their sight away. Two of them soon recovered, however, but the third one had not only been struck by lightning and severely stunned, if not killed outright, but had also received a wound in the head from a falling tree. One of his companions stayed with him whilst the other went with all speed for aid. But they were three kilometers from the parish, and some time must elapse before assistance could arrive. The poor man remained unconscious, and, save for a slight feeling of warmth, one would have pronounced him dead. For a long time all efforts to restore him seemed of no avail, but after several hours he opened his eyes. One of those present exclaimed: "Thank God! how terrible it would have been to die so suddenly, and without the priest." The devout client of Mary overheard the words, but was still unable to speak. He opened his vest and pointed to the Scapular, then drew from his pocket a Rosary, intimating that he was indebted to the Mother of God for his signal preservation.—*The Scapular! The Rosary!*

The following incident was related during a retreat given by a Jesuit Father, Rev. Pere Leblanc, at Toulouse. He was one of the actors therein one night, when, according to his usual custom, he went through the dormitories of the college to see that all the students had retired, he saw a boy kneeling beside his bed. "Why are you not in bed?" said the priest. "I left my Scapular with the porter to be mended, Father. He has not given it to me yet, and I really feel afraid to go to rest. I might die in the night without it." "Do not be afraid, to-morrow you can get it, meanwhile go to bed and try to sleep." "O! Father, I cannot. I might die this very night," said the boy, almost ready to cry. The Father, touched at the sentiments of piety evinced by the youthful client of Mary, went himself to the porter, and having got the Scapular, gave it to the boy, who kissed it devoutly before putting it on, then peacefully went to sleep. The next morning all the pupils assembled at the usual hour, except one. The Father, thinking that the delinquent was making up for his loss of sleep the night before, went himself to the bedside of the boy. Receiving no answer to his repeated call, he bent over, and perceived that the dear child of Mary had indeed died during the night. The Blessed Virgin failed not to reward the filial confidence thus manifested by taking care that he should not die without being clothed in her holy livery.

James Colpe, provost of Castlemont, diocese of Segovia, in Spain, whilst walking in the open country, was overtaken by a thunder storm and struck by lightning. His condition was truly pitiable. His clothing—*always excepting the Scapular*—was torn in shreds. He, himself, was burned and disfigured, and it was feared that his

sight was hopelessly gone. In this sad state nothing but a speedy death was to be apprehended, and indeed, according to the subsequent attestations of physicians, it was a miracle that it did not take place. Colpe, feeling himself in danger of dying without the Sacraments, cast himself upon the generosity of *Our Lady of Mount Carmel.* O! how fervently he prayed! And his confidence was rewarded. He suddenly recovered his sight, and lived for fifteen days after the occurrence, dying, as he had predicted, on a Saturday. These details are taken from the process drawn up at the mandate of the Bishop of Segovia, who directed his priests to make them known throughout for the greater honor and glory of Mary.—(Fr. Daniel, of the B. V. M. *Speculi Carmelitani. Part III. P. 616.*)

At St. Junion, in October, 1653, writes Fr. Lejeune, a surgeon, Leonard Tamin by name, received a sword-thrust in his heart deep enough to have caused his instant death. He wore the Scapular with sentiments of devotion and reverence towards Mary, and his first impulse was most fervently to implore her assistance. Wonderful to relate, he had sufficient time to receive the Sacraments, and to make his will, having lived nine hours after the accident.

For all of the above I have the authentic declaration of the Vicar who administered the Sacraments, attested by several witnesses whose veracity is unquestionable.

"One of our former pupils," writes Monsieur Blot, missionary apostolic and almoner of the Carmelites at Paris, having determined upon self-destruction, put two bullets into his brain for that purpose. Nevertheless he lived long enough to repent of his rash act, recovered his speech sufficiently to make his confession, and received the last anointing before he died. Then, with trembling hands, he opened the garment which covered his breast, and showing the Scapular, said in faltering accents: "In former years I prayed so much to Mary, that her merciful heart had compassion on me to-day." Saying these words, a glorious testimony to the efficacy of the Brown Scapular, he closed his eyes and died.

Fr. Mathias, of St. John, in his book upon the Holy Scapular, published in 1656, relates the two following facts: "It is not long since all Paris knew that a noble lord, brother-in-law of a duke and marshal of France, was wounded unto death in a duel. Lying helplessly upon the earth, without any hope of life, he cast himself unreservedly upon the mercy of God, which he asked through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, whose Scapular he had never laid aside. He begged that he might not be permitted to die without confession. And in effect his prayer was heard. He was raised up and taken to the Carmelite monastery, Fauburg Ste. Germain, not far from the scene of the duel. He had time to make a general confession, and died in sentiments of great piety, holding the precious Scapular in his hands. The examination proved that the point of the sword had entered his heart: this plainly showed that his life had been prolonged through the intercession of Mary, to whom, as a faithful wearer of the Brown Scapular, he had always entertained a devotion.

The next example is no less wonderful. The Sire de Cuge, during an engagement which took place in the year 1636, received a sword-thrust which forced the Scapular he wore deep into his body. At first he was thought to be dead, but perceiving that he still lived, they carried him to a chapel near by, and went for a priest, to whom he was soon able to make his confession. He then made his will, and died three hours afterwards, full of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, who had procured him this favor from God. The medical examiners found his heart all bruised, and the Scapular pressed deeply therein. The Duke of Savoy, Victor Amadeus, formally attested the truth of this before the Archbishop of Turin.—(Fr. Mathias of St. John. *True Devotion to the Holy Scapular. Chap. 23.* Fr. Brocard of St. Theresa. *Recueil d' instructions. P. 276.*)

Fr. Crasset, of the Society of Jesus, in his book, "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin," p. 320, relates this example:

"And now I will relate an incident, a *miracle* rather, which happened only four years ago. The Marquis de S., whose veracity and honorable character is beyond

question, gave me the details after his return from the campaign. He said he had received orders from His Highness to have all the wounded soldiers taken to the hospital, and amongst them numbers of the dead were strewn around. He observed one whose uniform was almost torn in shreds, severely wounded, scarcely breathing, but with a Scapular clasped tightly in his hand. As the Marquis drew near him, he distinguished some faintly uttered murmurs. The man seemed to be asking for a priest. He had several gaping wounds upon his body, a sabre stroke upon his head. A rifle shot had laid open his forehead, so that the brain was visible from either side. The Marquis, seeing his sad state, said it would be of no avail to take *him* to the hospital, whereupon the soldier with a great effort begged that he might be taken thither, or *some place* where he could go to confession. He said they might meet a priest *en route*, and that afterwards they could leave him by the road-side if they wished. The mournful cortege set out. They did indeed meet a priest, who received from the dying soldier a confession made with integrity and contrition, and who gave him absolution, after which he died. There were several witnesses to this marvel, each of whom gave, although separately, the very same account. If, as cannot be doubted, there is anything supernatural in the above, it must be attributed to the devotion which the dying man entertained for the Blessed Virgin, as evinced by the Scapular and Rosary so tightly clasped in his hands.

Favors Received for the New Hospice.

CANCELLED postage stamps have been received from D. McS., Canton, Mass.; Miss L. M. C., River Vale, N. J.; Miss M. F., Lansingburgh, N. Y.; Miss M. St. A., Wallaceburg, Ont.; M. S., Madison, Ind.; Very Rev. F. H., Topeka, Kas.; Ven. Sr. B., Longue Pointe, P. Q.; Ven. Sr. ——, Harbor Grace, Nfld.; A. O'C., Toronto, Ont.; J. A. S., Montreal, P. Q.; L. D., Port Dalhousie, Ont.; M. S., Pinnebog, Mich.; Mrs. D., Beverly, N. Y.; Watertown, N. Y.; Miss S. M. F., Clarksburg, Ont.; Mrs. M. O'N., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; C. O'C., Canton, Mass; we also gratefully acknowledge Scapulars received from Ven. Srs. of M., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

SCAPULAR names have been received at our monastery, Falls View, Ont., for registration, from St. Martin's Church, Whitfield, Ind.; Church of Holy Angels, St. Thomas, Ont.; Harbor Boucher, N. S.; St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles, Cal.; Goderich, Ont.; Calais, Me.; Acadia Mines, N. S.; Dresden, Kas.; Alexandria, Ont.; St. Margaret Church, Grand Mira, N. S.; Scoudonc, N. B.; West Seneca, N. Y.; Villa Maria, Pa.; Church of Seven Dolors, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Louis College, Honolulu, H. I.

At St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J., from St. Joseph's Academy, Morristown, N. J.; St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken, N. J.; Church of "Our Lady, Star of the Sea," Long Branch, N. J.

At St. John the Baptist's monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from St. Aloysius Church, Chicago, Ill.; Arcadia, Wis.; Worthington, Ia.; Dane, Wis,; Holy Trinity Church, Trinidad, Colo.; Church of the Immaculate Conception, Jacksonville, Fla.; La Crosse, Wis.; Cincinnati, O.; Normandy, St. Louis Co., Mo.

DON'T WORRY.

Pay no attention to slanderers and gossip-mongers. Keep straight on your course, and let their backbiting die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake at nights brooding over the remark of some false friend that runs through your brain like lightning? What is the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody who has more time than character? These things cannot possibly injure you, unless indeed, you take notice of them, and, in combating them, give them standing and character. If what is said about you is true set yourself right; if it is false let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee stings you would you go to the hive to destroy it? It is wisdom to say little concerning the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end if we stop to refute all the backbiting and gossiping we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that "calumniators may usually be trasted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."

Carmelite Review.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, ONT., NOVEMBER, 1895. NO. 11

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

FROM THE GERMAN, BY REV. FR. JAMES, C. C. C.

I.

AUTUMN winds are singing Nature's death song,
And her foliage dead becomes her pall;
Yellow leaflets—lifeless dreams of spring-time—
Over many lonesome graves now fall.
Sadly we are warned by Nature's last sigh
That we must die!

II.

Plaintive tones through cypress trees are whisp'ring
Cries of anguish, by some souls distressed,
Burning in the purging flames of Justice
Ere they're freed to enter Peace and Rest.
Let us join our prayers with Nature's last sighs
That they may rise!

III.

Courage! Upwards points the Christian tombstone,
To direct to heav'n our weary eyes.
Those whose ashes rest beneath the cold sod
Hold their souls in peace above the skies.
Hopeful tidings—whisper Nature's last sighs
That we shall rise!

IV.

Yea, to those whom death from us hath parted,
In whose mem'ry sad our souls now weep,
Faith doth tell us, we shall be united
After this our transient final sleep.
Nature's dying breezes whisper words sweet
That we shall meet!

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,

Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

IN the *Freeman's Journal* issued on March 29, 1879, we find the following editorial:

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP BALTES AND THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

"I have received from Alton, undoubtedly with the approbation of its pious and venerable Bishop, an *Appendix* to his 'Pastoral Instruction,' which instruction, dated January 23rd, was *promulgated* in the first days of February. According to its *terms*, no Catholic journal, published in *Rome*—or in Italy—no Catholic journal published in France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, or in the British Dominions, and very few published in America, can be read in Alton Diocese after the first days of April. The good and pious, and excellent, Bishop of Alton, Rt. Rev. Dr. Baltes, never *meant* that! But he *said* it! His *Appendix* to his *Pastoral* Instruction, *indirectly*, but not *directly*, *lifts* his interdict from Catholic journals, Italian, French, German, of Holland, Belgium, of the British possessions; but, as the Rt. Rev. Bishop Baltes, on *false information*, put the *Freeman's Journal*, *by name*, on his interdict, it is, and we will consider it, under his *ban*, till he is graciously pleased to raise it. Therefore, after *one more issue following the present*, all copies going to *Catholics* in Alton Diocese, of their dear old *Freeman's Journal*, will be *stopped!* We do not believe this pain will be given them.

"The matter in question is *not* what the excellent Bishop of Alton supposed it. We read, and *rejoice*, in No. 506, of the published 'Decrees of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore.' It said: 'It may happen that *journals* (*Folia publica*), may be written, or managed, by Catholic gentlemen, (*viris Catholicis*), that may tend, indirectly, to the *good* of the Catholic Faith. But lest what these may write, in the interest of political parties, may be attributed to the Catholic Religion, or to Catholic Authority, as is sometimes done by bad-minded adversaries, we wish it to be known, and declared, that no paper is *recognized, by us* (Bishops), as Catholic, except such as carry on their face the approbation of the Ordinary.'

"That is in complete accord with our late Holy Father's (Pius IX.) grand *Encyclical* '*Inter Multiplices.*'

"That grants to *Catholic gentlemen*—('*Catholicis viris*') all the *elbow room* they need to work! Not the Catholic Church, nor local Prelates, are responsible for journalists' *political* opinions, or *other* opinions, on *open* questions, of human dispute. Every Bishop that has taken his oath of office is bound to *hunt out*, and *guard his flock*, against *false*, *wrong*, *dangerous*, and, surely, against *heretical* doctrines, spread among his people!

"Bishop Baltes, in an incidental remark, did not intend to wound me; but he did. *Why* did he say my conduct '*so far*,' has been what a Catholic owes to a Bishop? I do not know Dr. Baltes! But I know he is a *Bishop*, in Communion and grace with the Holy Roman Church. I know I am a Catholic, and, by the grace of our Lord, and help of His Immaculate Mother, I know there are not Prelates enough in all America to exasperate me into forgetting *why* I became a Catholic, or *what* I am living for!

"That, in an abridged form, is what I said to the unhappy John Murray Forbes, on the day he published his apostacy from the Catholic Church; when he, most foolishly, said I could never stay in the Catholic Church! Foolish man!

"Only in the Catholic Church can a man say, and believe, the Christian *Credo*, be a worshipper of God, and of His Christ, and be freer than any wild ass's colt that thinks himself free, because he is without discipline!

"It is *because* I am free, that I know how to respect authority—to obey where obedience is due; to show respect, where respect is due; and to *wait*, with patience, now and then, till *authority* has time to take a second thought, and to understand what *duties* it owes its own dignity, and estimation in face of the best regulated public.

"I publish of the 'Appendix, to the Pastoral,' of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Alton, all that relates, especially, to the New York *Freeman's Journal*. I carefully omit his arguments, on other points, with other Bishops. Also his arguments with the learned Dr. Mahar, of Cleveland, and others. In fact, as a very strict Catholic, I am some little embarrassed. I am put, in my *Journal*, at a *disadvantage*. I am *condemned*, first—for Alton Diocese—and then the Bishop of Alton almost compliments me! Almost raises his interdict of my *Journal*, for the Diocese of Alton, and *argues* with me! I cannot *argue*, under an Interdict, with the interdicting Bishop! My Catholic training has been too thorough for that!

"Will it be disrespectful to the dignity

of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Alton to suggest to him whether, in the meantime, he might not leave the regulation of my personal behavior to the Venerable Bishop of Brooklyn, in whose diocese, for some years, I am domiciled?

"And, as to the general conduct of my *Journal*, would the venerable and excellent Bishop of Alton feel it *unsafe* to leave me to the direction, supervision, admonition, correction, reproof, of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, Cardinal McCloskey, in whose Diocese my paper is published; and where I have mostly lived, and still principally live.

"These venerable Prelates have known me for over thirty years, know that I am *just what I am!* Know my great faults; know I am, every now and then, a most *uncomfortable* neighbor! but they do know that I have only to have proof that Ecclesiastical authority—the authority of these Bishops,—commands me, to make me tame as a kitten, in my fiercest moods!

"I suppose these Prelates obedient to Rome. I *know* they are! Therefore, when Rome speaks, I suppose them to speak. But I do not expect Rome to speak to *me*, usually, except through one or other Prelate, to whom, by residence, or by business, I am under jurisdiction. In short: I know what I am about!

"I am a Catholic, mean to be a *man*, and *save my soul*, as a man ought to make it his first, and best honor, to do.

"I have asked of you, Rt. Rev. Bishop Baltes, to lift, remove, from my *Journal*, an Interdict, that you imposed under *false information!* Impossible! Bishop, had you known my *Journal*, that you could have interdicted it.

"I ask it, now, again! I ask it not as a grace! I ask it as a *right*! If your conscience does not move you to it—then—as you are learned in Canon-law, I *demand* of you to proceed against me, in the Court of the Metropolitan See of New York, where my paper is published! Send your Procurator! I will give him every facility, at my offices. He can have a room to himself, and the thirty-one years of my work, in the *Freeman's Journal*, to hunt over, for something *against Faith, Morals, or Catholic Discipline!* I will, before he goes into that private room, with my thirty-one years' work to hunt over, sign a document, and agree to have it attested by a Prothonotary Apostolic, that I will make no Canonical objection, in regard to a lapse of time, but will count matters of twenty, or twenty-five, or thirty years ago, as valid against me, as if they had been within the year.

"I ask you, Rt. Rev. Sir, once more, to *withdraw*, *absolutely*, from me, and my paper, the only note of Episcopal Censure that has ever been passed on me or it."

The interdiction laid on the *Freeman's Journal* by the late Bishop of Alton was afterwards revoked and atoned for privately, but not publicly.

In another article in the issue of the *Freeman's Journal*, March 1, 1879, he denies a charge which was repeated, that the late Archbishop of New York, Cardinal McCloskey, ever *officially disapproved* of the *Freeman's Journal*:

"It is *false* that the *Freeman* is, or has been, in any way *officially disapproved* by Cardinal McCloskey our Archbishop. Were he not officially to admonish, but so much as to express his *judgment* to us, in any conceivable matter of discussion, he *knows we would heed him*.

"Once only, on his first return from Rome, after being made Cardinal, he asked us to see him. With the kindness of a true father to a rough son, he complimented us on some passing good thing, and in the gentlest and most exquisite manner—recognizing how far we were right—pointed out in what, *for the present*, we went *farther* than the Pope and the Holy Roman See!

"We took it as an *admonition*, though it was given so as not to *hurt*—were we weaker than we are. And yet, though it touched a vital point in Catholic discipline, that 'instruction' for it was that, has ever since unnerved us in the discussion of the question that we had looked at in a different light."

One of the sweetest consolations of his latter life, as Mr. M. F. Egan tells us, was the affection he held for the present Most Reverend Archbishop of New York, at whose name his eyes would brighten to the last, and in whose praise he was never weary of speaking, and whose sympathy, courtesy—so gracious an attribute to the Prelate—never failed to soothe and please him.

"There is another instance of the instinct of McMaster's faith," said Archbishop Corrigan, "that, with all his positive character, so well known, there was a disposition to submit everything to the local ecclesiastical authority, and I remember one of the last letters he wrote was one asking advice and counsel on a burning question of the day."

It has also been said of McMaster *that there were times when he might have been more prudent, and when his boldness might have been tempered with discretion.*

"*Be wise as serpents*," said our Lord to His Apostles; but do not stop there: be moreover, "*simple as doves*." Now, there is a *natural* and *a supernatural prudence*, says St. Francis de Sales. We must mortify the natural prudence when it suggests to us various unnecessary considerations and precautions which keep our souls from being "*simple as doves*."

There is, again, a certain human pru-

dence, that of self, which Holy Writ calls deadly, inasmuch as it will only aid to do evil, and insidiously it is the secret spring of artifice and duplicity.

Supernatural prudence ought to be indeed practised, because it is, as it were, a spiritual salt which gives taste and savor to all other virtues, but it must be practised in such a manner, that the virtue of confidence, (I mean that which is simple and loving) may predominate, and make us abide in peace in the hands of our heavenly Father, quite *secure*.

What then is the prudence of the serpent? When the serpent is attacked, it exposes its whole body to save its head. So, in like manner ought we to act, exposing everything to danger when it is necessary, in order to preserve within us, unmolested, our Lord and His love; for He is our Head, and we are His members; and it is herein that prudence perfectly accords with simplicity. *Now, McMaster was never guided by human prudence.* He hated and detested it. He tried to act up to supernatural prudence, if he had at times the beak and the pluck of the eagle's talons.

"At the time of the Vatican Council," says Cardinal Manning, "there were some who thought that the Catholic doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope should not be defined, lest schismatics and heretics should be repelled yet further from the Church." But their reason was not good. It arose from human prudence. The reason that prevailed for the definition of the dogma in question was "that Catholics have a right to be taught by the Council what they are to believe in so weighty a matter, lest the pernicious error of the time should in the end infect simple minds and the masses of the people unawares. Hence it was that the Fathers of Lyons and of Trent deemed themselves bound to establish the doctrine of the truth, notwithstanding the offence that might be taken by schismatics and heretics. For if these seek the truth in sincerity, they will not be repelled, but, on the contrary, drawn towards us, when they see on what foundations chiefly repose the truths taught by the Catholic Church. But should any of them feel repelled by stating the truth, they are only such as seek a pretext for not joining the Catholic Church. (See Postulatum of Vat. Counc.)

This decision of the Council was an act of supernatural prudence. McMaster acted according to this kind of prudence when, as we have already stated, he proved in the *Freeman's Journal* the opportuneness of the definition of the Infallibility of the Pope in matters of faith and morals. He never worshipped the idols of human prudence—the idol of *popularity*, the idol of *novelty in doctrine*, the idol of *human respect*, the idol of the *mighty dollar*. With something of the fierceness and energy of a Moses, he beat them to pieces.

One day St. Francis de Sales exclaimed: "My God! but what does popularity mean after all? Why do so many people worship that idol? It is but a song, a shadow, an opinion, a smoke, a praise—the recollection whereof dies with its sound. It is an estimate often so false, that persons wonder at being praised for virtues whereof they know themselves to possess only the opposite vices, and being blamed for faults which they have not." There are many worshippers of this idol of *popularity*. They are those who, considering themselves learned and wise, and true, refined gentlemen, rely too much on their own opinion and judgment in religious matters. They guide themselves only by their lights, and for want of humility care not to rise higher than *human prudence*. Thus they are groveling all their life time in the likeness of their own ideas and sentiments—a littleness increditable in all that regards the great truths of our religion.

Such gentlemen are in the habit of always thinking first how a tenet, or a practice, or a fact is most presentable to the public. This habit soon and almost imperceptibly leads them to profaneness, and easily produces the spirit of liberalism and rationalism in matters of faith.

Their too delicate and fastidious taste has too much regard for the feelings of a certain class of people. We are aware that Christian charity demands of us to have due regard for the feelings of our neighbor. Charity, however, is not only not incompatible with truth, but it ever demands that the whole truth should be told well, especially when its concealment is a cause of error, or of perseverance in error and sin, in matters, too, of the greatest importance.

But McMaster, having never offered the smallest grain of incense to the idol of *popularity*, handled truth religiously and conscientiously, with simplicity, just in the way that God is pleased to give it to us through His Church. There is nothing in which he seemed to glory more than in delivering to his fellow-men the sacred truth

of religion, pure and uncorrupted. He was never ashamed of these divine truths. He rejoiced when he had to suffer for them. He had no worldly interest in view in making them known. He sought not the esteem and favor of men in proclaiming them. His only view was to promote the honor of God and the salvation of his fellow-men, and therefore he had no mind for using flattering words or for accommodating the doctrine of the Gospel to the likings of men. He used to say with St. Paul: "*We preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Gentiles foolishness.*"

Nor has McMaster ever worshipped the idol of *novelty* in Catholic doctrine.

TO BE CONTINUED.

El Senor de Santa Teresa.

Adapted from the German for the Carmelite Review.

BY REV. FR. JAMES, O. C. C.

III.

CONTINUED.

IF the earth had opened up before him, a greater fright would not have taken possession of Felipe de Rivera than when he heard the news that Pastrana was still living and lying in the hut of his servant, Lucas, at Ixmiquilpan in the Cardonal. This news was the more painful to him in as much as none other than Catalina de Mendoza, she for whose sake he had attempted the murder, was the tale-bearer to him of Pastrana's survival. She related everything to him: how Pastrana had been shot in the back on his way home from Pachuca to Mexico, and that he was robbed: also that one of the assassins had been found with a hole through his head at the scene of the tragedy, and that he had been identified as a convict, who two or three days previously had mysteriously disappeared from the prison, that this same one had been suspected of being the chief of a band of robbers: she also added that her father would try with might and main to discover the other murderers, &c.

Rivera attempted to cast suspicion upon Lucas, but learned from Catalina that Pastrana had had lucid moments, and that during one of these he had solemnly declared before witnesses the innocence of his servant.

What if Pastrana had recognized him when he turned around before he fell from the horse, after the fatal shot had been fired? And, supposing in another such a lucid spell, he would designate him as murderer and robber, the honorable Caballero Felipe de Rivera, whose family was one of the highest in rank, both in Spain and in Mexico! Jealousy, thirst of gold, everything vanished now. The preservation of his honor was now supreme, for it was the last thing that still remained. The ground seemed to burn under him, and it required all he could do to master himself, so as not to betray the shock which he had received.

He could no longer endure to stay in Mexico: he must go away, down to the Cardonal; there he could better watch over the course of events; there a favorable opportunity might even present itself of quenching entirely, under the mask of friendship, the faint spark of life that was still asserting itself so obstinately in his rival, and thus he could save honor, gold, his Dulcinea and his life.

With well-feigned enthusiasm he made to Catalina the surprising disclosure that he himself would hasten to the bedside of Pastrana, and that he would assist the weak arm of Mexican justice in reaching the criminals. What could appear more magnanimous, more noble and unselfish in the eyes of Catalina than such an offer, made, too, in spite of the fact that the object was a hated rival? She hardly knew how to express sufficiently her gratitude to, and admiration for the Caballero whose attentions she had formerly received with so much indifference.

Felipe de Rivera took his departure. He took with him one of the most renowned and skilled physicians of the city, and gave orders to send every article of luxury and ease that could in any way alleviate the sufferings of the patient, or make him forget that he was in a sick room. After the doctors had examined Pastrana's wound, they looked ominously at each other and shrugged their shoulders, declaring that human aid was of no avail here. They could only wonder how the sick man could

have lived so long, contrary to all laws of nature. Rivera felt a thrill of joy at hearing the doctors' decision, although his face was a picture of grief personified. It was sufficient for him to know that there was no hope for his, now doubly dangerous, opponent. Neither need he now do anything to hasten on dissolution, since Pastrana was in the height of a fever, unable to regain consciousness of his situation. To transport him to Mexico was out of the question; he would not be able to survive the journey. Therefore the poor Indian hut was transformed into a beautiful little cottage, furnished with every possible luxury that could be utilized, and that was brought from Mexico for the purpose, and in this cozy little cottage the patient was then placed, and every attention that could have been bestowed upon him in his own home at Mexico, was given him here.

Rivera waited and waited, but no crisis came. Pastrana remained the same; he did not grow worse; on the contrary, his condition improved somewhat.

Rivera began to lose hope, and, to add to his misfortune, he saw the sick man's eye rest upon him once, which seemed to bode no good, and he almost felt as if he had been recognized as one of the assassins; at least his bad conscience made him feel this.

Things were thus when Rivera one day heard of the miracle of the Santo Cristo of Villaseca. Chloe told him of it, and added that she, as well as everybody else in the Cardonal, were convinced that Pastrana owed his life to nothing else than the Santo Cristo. The Caballero burst out in loud laughter. "This Santo Cristo such a great physician?" he asked sneeringly. "Childish simplicity!"

Chloe looked at the scoffer, moved with fright. She had never yet heard any one speak thus of the Senor of the Cardonal. Without another word, she arose and went away.

But the idea remained with Rivera. He tried to dispel all thoughts of the crucifix, but in vain. He tried to make little of the superstition of the Indians in the circle of his friends, but his mockery died upon his lips. What, if Chloe's story were true? Rivera was indeed, a wicked man, but withal he was not an infidel; this sin was reserved for later times. But, perhaps he could bring about the death of his enemy by removing the crucifix? He must see it, at any rate, this miraculous image. Should he then shatter it into pieces? The thought—a sacrilege! Or he might bury it in one of the many graves that surrounded the dilapidated little church? Or, better perhaps, remove it to some other place? He could form no definite plan at present. The waves in his soul rolled too high. But he must see the image, then he would surely hit upon the right thing to do.

To carry out this intention he selected a very dark night, black clouds, whipped by a heavy hurricane, chased one another across the sky. With the protection which darkness and the noise of the storm afforded him, he could securely undertake any deed without danger of being heard or seen. At times the fierceness of the storm compelled him to halt on the way to grasp some permanent object, lest he might be blown over, but the fiercer it raged the better for his purpose. He found the church locked. The little windows in the bare exterior walls were set too high to enable him to reach them and make his entrance by that means; but the sacristy window yielded to a strong push, and after a few moments Rivera found himself in the sanctuary. The sanctuary lamp was extinguished and darkness was supreme. At first the intruder was unable to distinguish anything, although it seemed as if heartrending lamentations, cries and moans mingled with the noise of the storm. Bold as he was, his heart trembled; he could scarcely explain the strange sounds by referring them to the storm that raged, and he would not dare to move or step forward. A glaring streak of lightning revealed to him the crucifix, and lest he might loose it again he hastened towards the spot where he had seen it, and—was this a deception?—the countenance of the Saviour shone out in rays of a mild phosphorescent light and fastened its eyes upon the sacrilegious robber with such piercing sternness that he fell to the floor in fright. How long he lay there he knew not. His wanton spirit had left him and his usual fool-hardiness had deserted him. Suddenly it began to roar and crack from every side, pieces of wood and stones fell down with a loud crash, and the fierceness of the storm carried away, with an awful roar, part of the church roof. Rivera sprang to his feet

aghast, but what did he see?—his eyes became almost blinded with a penetrating light; the Santo Cristo was shining as the sun and made the now roofless church as bright as day light. The Caballero would not dare to stir: he gazed at the image, when lo! and behold! the body of the crucified Saviour detached itself from the cross and floated with arms extended through the church. Rivera tried to check his fright with the thought that the hurricane had torn the figure from its resting place on the cross, but—whence that wonderful light? Suddenly loud voices were heard, the door of the church was unlocked and the inhabitants of the Cardonal rushed in, greatly excited: they had been attracted by the noise of the crashing roof and by the light. Before the gaze of all, the shining image turned around, slowly floating back towards the altar until it again rested upon the cross; the brightness faded and after a few minutes the place was again shrouded in dense darkness. The amazed people threw themselves upon the ground and thanked the Lord with voices uplifted and arms extended for the manifestation of His glory through the means of the Santo Cristo in the poor Cardonal. Rivera had remained unnoticed. Under the protection of darkness he secretly left the church with feelings of deep contrition. This event happened on March 5th, 1621.

IV.

In this terrible and yet so blessed night the huts of the Cardonal shared the same fate as the church, but in spite of the rich visitors from the metropolis, nobody could be found to repair the damage that had been done: for, Mexico was then the same as it is to this day, the land of *Manana*, of the "Morrow." Why should they do to-day, what could as easily be done to-morrow?

Father Vicar, of Ixmiquilpan, entirely ignored the wonderful occurrence of the 5th of March. When he was told of lights hovering over the church at night, and processions of the dead at midnight into the church, he severely reprimanded the people. God would not work miracles without necessity, and the people of the Cardonal did not need miracles to rouse their faith; probably some band of robbers were carrying on in the church, etc. In spite, however, of all his remonstrations the people gathered in large crowds to pray before the Santo Cristo. To erect, at least, a temporary roof over the church, never entered their minds.

Felipe de Rivera's heart was pierced. He was quiet, meek and reticent, yet could find no peace. The warning look of his crucified Saviour had penetrated his soul, and day and night he saw the shining, thorn-crowned head with the stern and yet mild eyes before him. Catalina no longer occupied his thoughts. Pastrana's condition was a matter of indifference to him. He was occupied only with himself. The end of his struggle came at last when he rode to Ixmiquilpan and unloaded to the Rev. Vicar his whole burden of sin, which had weighed down his soul by his wild, unchristian life. When the words of absolution sounded upon his ears for the first time again after so many years, the Caballero, so proud before, in the exuberance of his heart, kissed the feet of the simple village priest. Pastrana now began to recover rapidly. Since the night of the 5th of March his spirits revived more and more, and his friends, tired of the long delay in the miserable village, resolved to attempt his removal to Mexico, in spite of the distance and the rough roads of that section of the country. The patient was placed in a litter, well propped up with cushions, and everything was done to avoid the slightest shock to his nerves. He made sure to replace his Scapular which was now the worse for wear and pierced by the assassin's bullet, by a new one, holding the old one between his fingers as a precious treasure.

The party had scarcely advanced more than two miles when a sudden change set in. He was evidently in death agony. The priest came just in time to give him once more the Holy Viaticum and the Plenary Indulgence, when he died with a smile upon his lips, which he kept pressed to the crucifix, and the badge of his mother lovingly wound around his fingers. All the efforts of the physicians had proved fruitless. His spirit had fled. His friends reproached themselves bitterly because they had exposed the wounded man to the hardships of a journey, but Rivera said nothing. He knew what had caused the sudden death. The virtue of the Santo Cristo had

ceased to work beyond the limits of the Cardonal.

Pastrana was buried at Mexico with great pomp, as it behooved a man of his wealth. Rivera should have been glad, now that every danger to him was removed. Joy was no longer his. Catalina, whom he so ardently desired before, was seen by him only on the occasion of the funeral. He could not bring himself to sue for her as wife, whom he had tried to gain by crime.

When Pastrana had been buried a few weeks, Rivera quietly rode down to the mining district again. He felt an irresistible force attracting him to the Santo Cristo of the Cardonal and to the Rev. Vicar of Ixmiquilpan, who had become his friend and counsellor, although he differed in opinion from him regarding the wonderful apparition in the church. He arrived at Ixmiquilpan about the middle of May. His soul had opened up more and more to a knowledge of his misspent life, and this knowledge produced in him a cutting sorrow, together with an extreme delicacy of conscience. No wonder then, if the words from his confessor, which he would have laughed to scorn a few months previously, were now soothing balm to his sore heart. He intended to stay only a short time and then to set out for the Cardonal. The Vicar tried to detain him and to shatter his belief in the vision, but his words met a deaf ear. When he saw the futility of further persuasion, he promised Rivera to go with him the next morning to the Cardonal and to celebrate Mass there, as the next day his duty would call him there at any rate, it being the Feast of Corpus Christi. The next day, therefore, they went. Rivera himself served at the altar. When they had partaken of a little refreshment after Mass they both sat down on the brick bench which was built along the outside of the church, and talked over the plans for the future of Rivera, who had told the Vicar of his intention to quit the world, and to dedicate, in a monastery of St. Francis, the remainder of his life and his property to God. Suddenly Rivera grasped the Vicar's arm and said with a trembling voice:

"Do you hear that, Father Vicar?"

"Hear what, my son?"

"Moans,—groans,—in the church! Hear! —just as it was on that terrible night."

The Vicar listened with bated breath. It was true, indeed! Blows, as if caused by a hammer, and pitiable groans, which proceeded from within the church, made their blood curdle. The Vicar jumped to his feet and placing his hand to his heart he called upon God and Our Lady for help and mercy. The sounds of the blows grew more vehement and quicker, the moanings more heartrending than ever. The Vicar made the sign of the cross, boldly put the key into the door and opened it. But no one was there. All was quiet. The Santo Cristo hung at its usual place, and appeared the same as it had during the Mass that morning, and for years before. But Rivera was so excited and pale that it was to be feared he would collapse. The Vicar, therefore, calmly led him outside and sat down with him on the brick bench.

"It was all a deception," he said quietly.

But listen! the blows were heard again, and the groans, and stranger still!—the little altar bells began to ring as if at the elevation during Mass. Rivera sank upon his knees, struck his breast and cried out: "*Miserere, miserere mei, Deus!*" He then rose up quickly and said to the Vicar:

"Let us go in again, Father; let us be the first to behold the Lord's miracle!"

The Vicar opened the door again, and behold! The church shone with a heavenly light that emanated from the Santo Cristo. Thrilled by the close proximity of God's miraculous power they approached the crucifix and what was this that now met their gaze! The image was entirely renovated. The cracks and fractures, all dust and dirt had vanished, the body resembled one of a living man, the face was full of expression and beauty, the eyes open and beaming with mildness and mercy; the whole image was covered with bright drops of sweat, which fell to the ground like dew.

"God be praised and thanked for ever more!" said Rivera, falling upon the ground and sprinkling himself with the miraculous moisture. "Let fall upon me, O my Redeemer, the dew of thy mercies! Save my poor soul! Have mercy, O Lord! have mercy upon me!"

This renovation of the Santo Cristo really occurred on the Vigil of Corpus Christi, on the 19th of May, 1621.

V.

It is not necessary to describe the deep

impression which the sudden renovation of the Senor of Cardonal made upon the people of the mining district. The Vicar's unbelief was completely overcome. Swift as the wind, the news spread over the whole country, the more so as the miraculous sweat repeatedly manifested itself. Seven times the holy image was covered with water, thrice with blood: numerous sick persons were also instantly cured of their maladies before their image. A feverish enthusiasm took possession of the people.

The Archbishop of Mexico commissioned the learned Visitor-General Juan de Agnado to go to the Cardonal to examine and establish the truth of the miracle, and with him came several priests and noblemen, most of them friends and acquaintances of Rivera, who looked upon the conversion of the frivolous and passionate Caballero as the greatest of all miracles. After a careful investigation the Visitor-General, who had himself witnessed several miracles, testified to the truth of the renovation of the crucifix. What lamentations were heard when the order of the Archbishop was made known that the image should be transferred with due solemnity to the metropolis, since the ruins of the Cardonal church could never be a becoming place for such a miraculous image. The people promised to restore the church, and to do all the work without any other compensation if only they could keep their Senor, but in vain. The command was peremptory and the Archbishop, Juan Perez de la Serna, was not a man to be trifled with; on the contrary, he was never known to revoke an order once given. The only concession he made was the doubtful promise that the image should be brought back in case the veneration due to it was not given to it in Mexico.

On July the 14th, 1621, the procession of its translation commenced. A large number of priests, several Spanish Caballeros, amongst them also Rivera, soldiers of the provisional government (the old Viceroy had died and the newly appointed one had not yet arrived) and the servants of the Archbishop formed the guard of honor. When the procession had arrived at Ixmiquilpan, it was confronted by a number of armed Indians, who opposed loudly the removal of the crucifix, and whose wild war cry threatened that they were ready to fight for the possession of their treasure. The Visitor was able to calm them in the beginning, but as soon as the strains of the *Vexilla regis prodeunt* had been taken up by the crowd and the procession began to move, the Indians, 2,000 in number, came down on them with their bows and arrows, and after a short battle succeeded in wresting from the dignitary the image, which had been enclosed in a wooden chest. They carried it off triumphantly and brought it to the Monastery of St. Augustin at Ixmiquilpan. On both sides some had been wounded in the fight, none, however, fatally. God did not wish that any one should die in a struggle that had its origin from a holy love for him.

Arrived at the monastery, the chest was opened and the image exposed in the monastery church for veneration, and behold! the sacred body was again covered with bloody sweat, of which several drops trickled to the floor. It was also noticed that the Saviour opened and closed his eyes several times, and once also moved his head from one side to the other, as if He would see with His sacred eyes the hundreds who had filled the church to its remotest corners. An exciting enthusiasm took possession of the crowd, which was only augmented when several sick persons had been instantly cured by contact with the sacred drops of blood. The monks brought every argument to bear on the Archbishop to move him to give his consent that they might retain the miraculous crucifix, but in vain. The Archbishop had once determined that it should be transferred to Mexico, and the monks therefore received from their own Provincial as well as from His Grace the strict order to see to it that the image arrived there without further molestations. On July 25th, the Feast of St. James, the patron saint of Spaniards, the Santo Cristo resumed its triumphant procession to the capitol. With tears in their eyes, and amidst loud cries of sorrow the good Indians bade farewell to their beloved Senor. His Grace exposed the image for veneration in his private chapel, and even there the miracles continued. Several times our Lord was noticed to open his eyes and mouth and again close them like one in agony of death.

Rivera could scarcely separate himself from the miraculous image. He seemed to

live now exclusively for meditation upon the sufferings of our Lord. His rich garments he doffed for a penitential garb. Half days were spent by him in quiet prayer before the Santo Cristo. One evening, shortly before he was to be admitted as a novice into the monastery, he was discovered kneeling as usual, immovable before the image, apparently oblivious of his surroundings. Upon closer examination he was found to be dead. His purified soul had been freed from its mortal case to behold in heaven face to face, Him of whose prodigies he had been a witness upon earth. He was buried with great pomp, as it was befitting one of his rank and one, who had received such great manifestations of God's love and mercy. Catalina de Mendoza took the veil in the Carmelite convent, which had been founded a few years previously by Juan Luis de Rivera, an uncle of Felipe. The image was never brought back to the Cardonal. It was not necessary, for the citizens of the capitol paid the highest honor and veneration to it.

Just before his departure for Spain, in 1626, Archbishop La Serna gave it to the Carmelites, who venerated it thereafter in their church. When, in the year 1684, the new church of the Carmelites was dedicated to Our Lady under the title of "Our Dear Lady la Antigua," the miraculous Senor was placed in the chapel of St. Teresa, annexed to the church. Before that it had been hanging on the epistle side of the main sanctuary. The present grand side chapel in honor of the Santo Cristo was built in the year 1813, and the image exposed therein upon the high altar for veneration. The new edifice being more ample than the old structure of Nuestra Senora la Antigua, it received the name "Santo Teresa la Antigua." The image itself has been known since the 17th century as "El Senor de Santa Teresa." On the 19th of May every year the feast "La Renovacion del Senor de Santa Teresa"—the renewal of the holy crucifix of St. Teresa—is celebrated with extraordinary splendor. The narrator of this has himself been present upon one of these occasions, and has been an eye witness to the great reverence and love which the Mexicans show to the image.

Good instruction is as necessary as food.

All Souls' Day in Spain.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

THERE is no Feast in the calendar of the Church, which in Spain attracts such overflowing crowds to the Church, as the "Feast of all Souls," that pathetic Feast which carries such relief and consolation to the land of "beautiful suffering." Its influence is felt even in the great marts of commerce of the Southern Provinces, in the busy hives of traffic, amidst the ceaseless hum of machinery in the monster "bodegas" of Andalusian industry, where, alas, the cold, indifferent, nominal Catholics, if not the pronounced atheists, are but too numerous. Once in the year religion conquers even their indifference and unbelief. Once a year it achieves a victory by the appeals which filial affection silently makes on this day to their hardened hearts. The unstifled voice within resounds with unusual vigor, and silences the sophistries of their godless creed. Remorse affords no rest to their troubled souls, until the portals of the Church are crossed, and the spirits of the dead are religiously mourned for. To-day their awakened conscience, as it recognizes in the dim vista of the past the familiar features of well known and dearly beloved faces, feels as if the ghosts of the departed were continually taunting it, in the words of Holy Writ, with its apathy and forgetfulness: "*Miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei!*"

Oh, yes, the names of dear ones, who have gently glided down the waters of life into the ocean of eternity, are to-day pronounced in an unmistakable manner, while the persuasive accents of entreaty are making themselves heard to the universal monitor within. Conscience is busy, even among revellers and their revels, and cannot be drowned in a whirlpool of dissipation. The spectral faces of the dead haunt the midnight dreams of the living, glaring out to them in the darkness and deep silence of the midnight hour, particularly when the mortuary bells, with their iron notes of mourning, begin to ring out from the lofty towers of the basilica, and from the humble spire of the "aldea." Their vibrating

tones awaken the deepest feelings of the heart, and recall to the memory of the living those, whose places are to-day vacant in the little family circle around the domestic hearth. The tears of grief appear and furrow the cheeks of those, whose hearts are saddened, yet hopeful, as the Rosary beads pass through the fingers of their busy hand, as the lips repeat the Angelic salutation and the prayer of petition. Thus it is, that amidst the stillness of the night, are not repeated in vain the plaintive accents which the reminiscences of the past waft from beyond the tomb:

"Have pity, O friends, on me!
You are sleeping, perchance, in sorrow
And heed not our misery."

And the plaintive cadences are listened to, and the prayer rises to every heart and lip, that the fierceness of their punishment may be mitigated and the time of expiation shortened. These are obligations which admit of no exception—the presence at Holy Mass in the morning, and the family visit to the cemetery in the evening—debts which are most religiously acknowledged and most faithfully discharged in our Peninsula.

For hours before the dawn of morning, when the celebrant commences the first of his *three* Masses of Requiem (a privilege granted by Benedict XIV. exclusively to Spain and Portugal) crowds, even of the lukewarm, are already kneeling around the draped catafalque. Beneath the subdued light of the numerous huge waxen torches, they mingle their prayers with those of the vast congregations gathering in the churches. Later on they are seen wending their way to join their "Requiescat" with the solemn dirge and hopeful strains of the "*Dies Irae*."

Truly the church, with motherly affection and with all the consoling beauty of her ceremonies, scatters the sacred balsam of consolation over the wounds of the heart and dries the tears of affliction, making this day one of the most popular Feasts. To-day the churches are most crowded by all classes, rich and poor, since all hasten to church and cemetery. Both are densely thronged. Among those who visit the cemetery, there are, alas, some who go to see and be seen, to criticize and be criticized, and to promenade through its streets and squares, forgetful of the sanctity of the spot, regardless of the modesty and decorum which ought to reign in the "city of the dead," mindless of the lesson which the sepulchral monuments so solemnly preach: "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and into dust thou shalt return."

No nation can be more mindful than the Spanish of the pathetic appeals of purgatory, the region of Divine Justice; no nation so zealously strives to realize by their charity, the joy that will illuminate familiar faces, as they send them their messages of hope. None are more prompt in paying the debts, which the sad but trustful voices of the poor souls impose upon us, than the children of the Catholic Church throughout the length and breadth of sunny Spain.

Devotion to the poor souls brings them to the Church in the early morning to offer up their suffrages: it leads them in pious pilgrimage to the cemetery in the afternoon, there to deposit their floral tributes, to renew and brighten up the decorations of the little altar, to relight the lamp of the little niche, and to keep watch before the sad but sacred mansion of the dead. For hours, before the tomb of the dear departed, or before the mural sepulchres which form immense streets and avenues in the cemeteries, the living sadly sit and silently commune with the spirits of those whom in life and death they dearly loved.

The sight which "God's Acre" presents on this day is picturesque beyond anything that a "pen and ink" description can strive to portray; particularly in the beautiful cemeteries of the large cities. The South-Eastern cemetery of the city of Barcelona vies in its beautiful and artistically laid out grounds with the Parisian Pere Lachaise or the equally splendid Greenwood cemetery of New York. Here riches are lavished with an unstinted hand on terraces and delightful parterres of the richest floral productions. Here rich and superb monuments of architecture, often, alas, pagan in their construction and unchristian in their mythological ornamentations, meet the eye, offend piety and grieve true Christian feeling. Here sculpture copied from Greek and Roman models, decorations recalling the epoch of the Pharaohs are placed over family pantheons. In fact, the "chatlets" and "torres" of the living could not be more exquisitely adorned than are these gorgeous specimens of funeral architecture. How far, however, is all this from the true Christian spirit. One millionaire vies with the other in the lavish expenditure of wealth on the adornment of the earthly tenement of his ashes, bespeaking but very little of that Christian poverty, which carried Lazarus to the bosom of Abraham. This is the one false note in the harmony of this thoroughly Catholic Feast of "All Souls."

Not to speak of the abusive waste of wealth, which was given to our rich to make them co-laborers of Providence in alleviating misery, what a deplorable proof this extravagance offers, that the chief lesson of the cemetery: "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity," is entirely lost upon the worldly pagans of this dying century.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, NOV., 1895. NO. 11

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE last encyclical letter of the Holy Father again proves the great confidence he places in the efficacy of prayer. He urges all Catholics to renewed fervor in the recitation of that "most excellent form of prayer" the Rosary, in order to obtain the help and intercession of the Mother of God to bring about the reunion of all christendom.

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IN his letter to the English people the Pope had recommended, as a means to bring about the return of England to the true fold, devotion and prayers to the Blessed Virgin. Since then the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury has written a pastoral in reply, a weak and insipid letter, inimitably analyzed by A. F. Marshall in the Boston *Pilot*. The Holy Father, in his last encyclical, takes occasion to quote another Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Anselm, who says: "What is more worthy to be believed than that thou, O Virgin, shouldst be the mother of those of whom Christ deigned to become the Father and Brother!"

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AS the chief desire of his heart is the return of the Greek church to its first allegiance, the Holy Father quotes copiously from the Greek offices of the Blessed Virgin, and from the Greek fathers, St. Cyril of Alexandria and St. Germanus of Constantinople, to prove that devotion to the Blessed Virgin is one of the strongest binding links between the mother church and its wayward child, the Greek church. He addresses the Blessed Virgin in the words of St. Germanus: "Remember the faithful of Christ who are thy servants. Oh! thou, who art the hope of all, help us. Do thou strengthen their faith and join the churches in one body."

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HE makes use of another argument, a fact, "which," he says, "is not foreign to the subject, and which is a glory to the Mother of God. No one is ignorant," he continues, "of the many beautiful paintings that have been brought from the East in various times to the West, and more particularly into Italy and to this city of Rome, and which our fathers received with the greatest piety and honorably revered, striving to excite a similar devotion and reverence in the minds of their children. In this fact we perceive the loving desires of a watchful Mother. She has wished that these images should exist amongst us as witnesses of those times when the members of the christian family were everywhere united, and as the very endearing pledges of a common inheritance. Therefore by regarding them we are moved, as by the Virgin herself, to remember in our prayers those nations whom the Catholic church so lovingly recalls to the ancient harmony and joy of her embrace."

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ONE of the pictures, brought from the East to the West, and referred to by the Holy Father, is the miraculous image of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, venerated in the mother church of the Carmelite Order in Rome. All our readers have a copy of it, as we send this image as a certificate to all our friends and subscribers. In regarding it, let them remember the lesson which the Holy Father draws from it, so that in the concluding words of the Holy Father, "the united prayers of the children of the Catholic church for our separated brethren of the East and West and for all creeds and classes may be heard before the throne of Mary, supplicating her till our last breath. *Monstra te esse Matrem.* Show thyself a mother to us."

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THE opening of the MacMahon Hall at the Catholic University of Washington, and the inauguration of the beautiful New Laval University building at Montreal last month, must afford great satisfaction to the heart of our Supreme Pontiff. The

fervent appeals which he has repeatedly addressed to the Catholic world in behalf of a more profound study of St. Thomas, the Holy Scriptures and natural sciences, are being warmly and practically answered by the United States and Canada. No wonder that he bestows his Apostolic Blessing on both universities in terms of the highest praise.

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A GREAT and good man, a pious and devout Catholic, a scientific benefactor of the whole human race, was buried last month in Paris. Louis Pasteur was accompanied to his grave by the whole French nation. His burial was not disgraced by an offensive act against the church, as was that of Victor Hugo, who, although a great writer, never did any good to anybody by his writings. Religion and science stood side by side at the tomb of the venerable christian scientist. The papers of the world, secular and religious, united in his praise. The secular papers, it is true, said as little as they could about his religious convictions; his worth was too great to be ignored, so they praised his scientific accomplishments and discoveries, while they passed over in silence the astounding fact that he was an obedient son of the Roman Catholic Church.

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A LARGE concourse of priests and bishops, headed by the highest dignitaries of the church, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Satolli, assembled last month at Washington, the capital of the United States, and publicly and solemnly professed their Catholic faith in the Real Presence of Christ in His sacrament of love. Of all the events of the month in our country surely none could have given more pleasure to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord. The world is blind to the deep significance of this movement, but every citizen of the Kingdom of God on earth, every sincere Catholic, must rejoice at such a spectacle. The priests of God meet together for the purpose of increasing devotion to Our Dear Lord in the tabernacle. Thirty-six thousand priests, all over the world, pledge themselves to spend one hour every week in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, as a work of love, in addition to their many holy duties around the altar. They resolve to excite more fervor in the worship of the Divine Prisoner of Love among their people. How the angels, who suffer no distractions or weariness in the worship of God, must have rejoiced that such a meeting should take place on earth during their month of October. Wicked men band together for the worship of satan. This new movement on the part of the Catholic priesthood, gathering together in a Holy League all that the earth holds of the best and purest of men, will more than counteract the abominable influence of Palladism and devil worship. Miss Diana Vaughan will not be the only one rescued in time.

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A VERY unusual ceremony took place in the last week of September at the convent of the Notre Dame Sisters in Cincinnati. The Archbishop of Cincinnati, assisted by several bishops and a number of priests, consecrated the new Gothic chapel of the convent, just completed at a cost of $50,000. Churches and chapels cannot be consecrated unless they are entirely free from debt. Thus the sisters built wisely and well, and were able to obtain the solemn consecration of their chapel as soon as it was ready for the Divine Presence. Another most uncommon feature was the music rendered at Mass. The sisters sang Palestrina's *Missa Papae Marcelli* at the Pontifical High Mass, following the ceremony of consecration. A sisterhood, knowing so well how to worship God according to the spirit of the church, deserves to succeed and to enjoy the possession of a consecrated chapel.

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THE month of October witnessed the greatest public act of devotion to the Blessed Virgin which has ever taken place on this continent. From the time when the beautiful image of our Blessed Mother, from the masthead of the Santa Maria, the caravel of Columbus, for the first time gladdened the eyes of the savage inhabitant of a new world, until last month, when thousands of the descendants of these savages enthusiastically crowned the image of Our Lady of Guadalupe, devotion to the Blessed Virgin has been the greatest factor of civilization in this new continent. Our readers will find detailed descriptions, too long for our limited space, in Catholic and secular papers, of the imposing ceremonies which attended the dedication of the

famous shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Three archbishops and many bishops from the United States assisted the six archbishops of Mexico in the celebration of these feasts. The miraculous picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe nearly four hundred years ago converted the pagan Aztecs to christianity, and Catholic Mexico testifies its love and gratitude to the Heavenly Queen by this glorious tribute. Our hearts join in this manifestation of love for Our Mother, and of gratitude to the Immaculate Queen, who has so signally shown her solicitude for the conversion of this new world, and under whose protection the various countries of America have been solemnly placed by the Catholic Church.

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The Italian government celebrated a jubilee a few weeks ago. The twentieth day of September last was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the taking of Rome from its lawful ruler. The country, as such, did not consider it an occasion for rejoicing—for Italy is in a bad way, so bad indeed, that the worst seems to be imminent. God's ways are not our ways. He has allowed this visitation for His own wise purposes. The cruel injustice done the Catholic world by the violent and sacrilegious robbery of the patrimony of St. Peter has outwardly hampered the independence and liberty of the Holy See, but the inward development of the church has made all the more rapid strides. Never before in the history of the church was the moral influence of the Papacy any greater, nor the devotion of the faithful to the Holy Father more loyal. The propagation of the faith was never more extensive or successful in its workings; never were the contributions for this purpose more liberal. Great progress has been made in the education of the clergy, in the formation of Catholic unions and societies, Catholic conventions and congresses. Church music and liturgy have received more careful attention. The evangelical counsels have a stronger hold on the faithful, and the vocations to religious communities are more numerous than ever. The triumph of brute force over the church was not a complete one. Rejoicings over the downfall of the Papacy were premature and short lived, and the jubilee of the enemies of the church was but a galvanized effort to make things look better than they are.

EXCHANGES.

The *Catholic Register*, of Toronto, in its issue of October 3rd, gave the full authorized translation of the last encyclical of the Holy Father on the Rosary. As far as we know, this was the first American paper which produced the encyclical in its entirety. Such enterprise ought to be encouraged. The *Register*, published in the principal city of English speaking Canada, is aiming to be the best Catholic paper in Upper Canada, and if it continues to display the enterprise and ability shown of late, there is no reason why it should not become one of the leading Catholic journals of America. It is on the right road now.

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The *Ladies' Home Journal* announces that Mrs. de Navarro (Mary Anderson) has been writing an autobiography. It deals mainly with her career on the stage. The *Journal* will publish a series of the most interesting chapters from the manuscript, which is now completed. Thus we are promised chapters on her first appearance on the stage, on her experiences of theatrical life, and notes on famous Europeans and Americans who sought her acquaintance. From any other pen, this history of a brilliant stage career might form dangerous reading to many a stage struck maiden. But one, who herself did not succumb to the dangerous fascination of a successful life on the boards, will not overdraw the delights of unusual popularity, but rather throw strong light upon the serious difficulties and dangers that beset the pathway of those who would follow in her footsteps. We feel confident that her book will have the same purifying influence which she herself had on the atmosphere surrounding the stage.

Mortify yourself every moment of the day, to atone for your sins.—Mgr. D'Orleans de Lamote.

Besides having stated times for prayer, keep the presence of God constantly before you by ejaculatory prayers.—Fenelon.

If you will not resist the first attack of the enemy, he will soon enter into your soul as conqueror and bind it with shameful fetters.—Ven. L. de Blois.

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Mary Angela Spellissy.

Are Marriages Made in Heaven?

CONTINUED.

BEFORE separating, Dr. Oscott asked permission to call on Miss Bryce; he wished to assure himself before leaving Sea-side Holly that Tommy's eyes required no further care. Ethna cordially assented.

"Your friend, Mr. De Vere, is perhaps a relative of the former owner of our cottage."

"Yes, Miss Bryce," replied Jerome, "my father built the cottage for my mother, who died soon after it was completed."

"My mother will be pleased to see you both."

"I acknowledge, Miss Bryce, that I appreciate your invitation very highly, not only because it will introduce me to Mrs. Bryce, but that in accepting it, I may visit my old home. I spent the summer in it before going to college. That is ten years ago."

"May I ask the name of your college, Mr. De Vere."

"Certainly, I am very proud of my Alma Mater. I graduated at Stonyhurst."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Aunt Hilda, "no doubt you knew my brother, Father Acton."

"Very pleasantly, he was one of my best friends."

At the end of a week Mr. De Vere and son were quite at home at Holly-Bush. Father Acton and Mr. De Vere had been class-mates at Stonyhurst and this established a bond between Aunt Hilda and that gentleman. Before Dr. Oscott returned to his professional duties he accompanied Ethna to Tommy's home. He found Tommy's mother garrulously grateful.

"May the Lord bless you, doctor, you and Miss Ethna. I know she has not money to throw away, but she paid every cent of my boy's fare to the city besides buying the little things the child needed to make him fit to be seen."

Ethna vainly tried to silence her, but, finding all efforts useless, she walked out of the cottage, thus compelling Dr. Oscott to follow her.

When Ethna left home that morning her mother seated herself with Miss Judith on the southern porch. The fragrance of the woodbine rose on the morning air: a humming bird darted in quick strokes from flower to flower. Mrs. Bryce interrupted the silence:

"Isn't Dr. Oscott handsome?"

"Humph! he's well enough; too much starch for my taste. I like his father better."

"You are so queer, Judith: the son is really very elegant, and then he dresses so well and he's so polite."

"You mean punctilious."

"Where's the difference?"

"One is genuine, the other is sham. True politeness springs from kindness, the attentions of the punctilious, are reflective, as if 'I bow to myself whilst saluting my neighbor.'"

"It's a pity that Mr. De Vere does not get Dr. Oscott to help him choose his clothes."

"There you go, Susanna, full tilt. Mr. De Vere probably objects to the fit that might delight a tailor."

"Well, what does he look like? He wears everything too large."

"You forget that he comes from a country where the man is judged for himself and not by his clothing. Take my word for it, that young man can afford to be independent. If he is not a noble fellow. I am much mistaken."

"I am pretty sure that he is a leader amongst men. He has an air of decision, allied with modesty, that convinces me of his worth."

"I don't think that their Mexican trip can have been a success. They don't show any sign of wealth."

"That is the peculiarity of the really wealthy who have good sense. Suppose he were poor, he has a profession that will very soon secure him a competence. There is a decided change among the best of our

people. They have awakened to the fact that the professions are overstocked, and many well educated men like this De Vere are choosing various lines of engineering. In this work both mind and body are developed, and the result is a great improvement on the fop who has been so long the darling of the ladies. Another advantage belongs to their occupation. In it the two classes of men, the scholar and the unlettered come to know each other: a good understanding is fostered; the son of luxury learns that an illiterate man is not of necessity an ignorant man. He may possess a knowledge acquired by practical observation, or from tradition, and may be able to apply certain principles although incapable of formulating them. A common interest unites types of classes that have been antagonistic to each other. I remember when Ernest Markland met his death through his consideration for the corps of workmen of which he had charge. They had just thrown a temporary bridge across a stream. One of the workmen sprang to cross it: Ernest called him back. 'That is my duty,' said he, 'if I go down I leave no widow nor fatherless children.' Sure enough he fell in mid-stream, and the wetting on a December day caused his death. He had grown to consider himself responsible for his men. Hardships shared together had endeared them to him. Surely he has received a martyr's reward."

"Such a man as Robert Oscott is made of different stuff. He is well enough of his kind, but conventionality has squeezed out originality. He is an infant compared to De Vere, and the one redeeming trait I see in him is that he recognizes his friend's superiority. I taught Robbie Oscott his catechism: he was a nice little boy."

"Now you're horrid, Judith."

"It is not my fault, Susanna, that I like a man to be manly: a creature prompted by noble principles and not ashamed to avow them."

"Dr. Oscott's most intimate friend did not know until I told him that Oscott was a Catholic."

"Well, there's no harm in that."

"Possibly not, but I cannot imagine a man loyal to his faith in word and deed observing such reserve. Through it one is often placed in a false position. He is a craven."

October brought beautiful days. Mr. Acton and Miss Judith had gone back to the city: the De Veres still lingered by the sea. Mr. De Vere and son now spent their evenings at Holly-Bush, well pleased that such congenial neighbors remained to them.

The feast of the Guardian Angels witnessed a gorgeous sunset that attracted the two men to the beach. There they found Mrs. Bryce and Ethna. The glories of the sky found a mirror in the beautiful breakers. Therein were reflected the delicate colors of mother of pearl, aqua marine, rose color, lavender, and over all a wonderful golden glamour such as Fortuny delighted to paint. All these came rolling in, worn on wave each with its foamy crest. In the west the new moon, attended by the evening star, was barely discernible. The sound of the De Profundis bell was wafted to them by the western wind. The men raised their hats as all gave attention to the prayer.

As Mrs. Bryce and Mr. De Vere turned homeward, Jerome invited Ethna to remain.

"Don't you feel ashamed to leave all this glory? I can find you a sheltered corner of the pavillion."

"This is indeed a lovely scene, one that makes the existence of sin and sorrow appear impossible. Life has such wonderful contrasts. Think of our Lord coming down from Thabor and confronted with a creature possessed of a devil—perfect holiness face to face with the blackness of sin."

"Horrible! This tranquil evening and its blessed influences appear to me an oasis, wherein to rest and drink in vigor for the life before us."

"Life is so mysterous. I find the vagueness of the future awful."

"We have to do but with the present, the future will bring its graces with it. Pardon me if I appear to preach; I am only saying to you what I have often to tell myself. Of course one must consider the future in regard to shaping one's career."

"Yes, a man has some control over his life: I appear to have none."

"I think you are mistaken. Here in your quiet home you have been the agent of a great good. Look at Tommy flinging those pebbles into the sea. Just think of what he was when you found him and what he is now."

"Please don't mention Tommy. I am really ashamed to hear any allusion to the small share I had in his cure."

"I often think that many of the good results of our actions are hidden from us in order that we may not suffer from vain-glory. Perhaps your life bears spiritual fruit to some soul, opening its eyes to God's truths."

"Would that I might think so," cried Ethna fervently.

"Your example has done much for me, Miss Bryce. I left New York five years ago a heart broken man. Perhaps you may find it hard to believe, but prior to that time I was an ardent, impetuous youth. Returning from Europe I fell in love with a dashing New York girl. I was fresh from college, and a fashionable woman appeared to me very charming. My idol was brilliant and a fluent talker. I was proud of the preference she showed me, and abandoned myself to the intoxication of passion. As our voyage drew to a close I ventured to speak of marriage. Imagine my feelings when my proposal was met with ridicule!

'You delicious boy,' she laughed forth, 'you belong to another century. You have really considered that I was in earnest? How Percy will laugh at this experience!'

My countenance must have shown my indignation, for she continued: 'Perhaps I have done wrong in acting towards you as all men and women act towards each other now-a-days. Indeed, I do respect your innocence. I suppose I was attracted by it as well as by your good looks and good breeding; I have found you a *rara avis;* if you knew me as I am known in our set you would appreciate the humor of this episode.'

"'Not a doubt of it,' I retorted; 'even now it dawns upon me; that I may the more fully appreciate it, I will withdraw and consider it at my leisure.' Bowing myself off I took up my position in the rigging, and there remained while the ship steamed into New York harbor. I saw the meeting between my beautiful deceiver and 'Percy,' and noted that he was a well-fed and carefully groomed animal with a sensual face. My father was among the first to come on board. His greeting was not so cheery as usual. When we were seated in the carriage he informed me of my mother's sad condition. I found her dying.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Salvation Assured Through Devotion to Mary.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY S. X. B.

"Nunquam Peribit."

"Can one be a sinner and still cherish devotion to the Blessed Virgin?"

A MEMBER of the Society of Jesus, a priest whose learning and piety are "exceeding great," as several able volumes from his pen go far to prove, thus answers this most important question.

"There are three acts, or three dominant sentiments which constitute *the essence of devotion* to the most Blessed Virgin: first, a sentiment of respect and veneration towards the Mother of God proportionate to her dignity: secondly, a sentiment of confidence in her power and in her goodness, which impels us to have recourse to her; and thirdly, a feeling of love, which corresponds to her perfections and to her goodness towards us in her character of Mother to mankind."

The imitation of Mary's perfections is rather a fruit, (one of the loveliest fruits) and the *effect* of the devotion, of which it is not the *essence*. If the *essence* of devotion to the Blessed Virgin consisted in the imitation of her virtues, wherever this imitation did not prevail the devotion could not exist. Besides, it would only be holy souls who could pretend to this devotion. The vast army of sinners would be entirely excluded, and that would be *contrary to the spirit of the Church*, which calls Mary the Refuge and Hope of sinners, and invites them to approach her with a confidence most entire.

A sinner can be devout to Mary without imitating her virtues. The *essence* of devotion to our dear Mother, therefore, must be placed in those sentiments which are shared alike by the just and the sinner, for the sinner as well as the just man can be touched by love, respect and confidence towards this divine advocate. Daily experience does not permit us to doubt the truth of this.

It is of the most supreme consequence for the salvation of those poor creatures who are wandering in the tangled paths of sin, that they do not stifle or tear from their hearts this germ of life, and that is what would result if a mistaken zeal would make devotion to Mary consist in the practice of her virtues, and refuse to admit its existence in any other way.

What would be the effect of such asseverations? The poor sinner would simply abandon his practices of devotion in honor of Mary, and lose the confidence in her merciful assistance which he still cherished in his heart. Where is the sinner who does not know and admit that he can never gain heaven unless he turns from his evil ways, and does penance for his sins?

But devotion to the Blessed Virgin is a powerful means of obtaining from God the precious grace of amendment, *a truth which should be proclaimed constantly, and throughout the whole world.*—Fr. Gallifet, S. J., (with papal approbation.)

What think you of those who, notwithstanding the sad fact that they are in a state of mortal sin, still pray to the Mother of God?

"If pious acts performed in the state of mortal sin do not *justify*, they at least dispose the performer to receive the grace of justification through the merits of the divine Mother."—(Bellarmine, cited by Benedict XIV.)

"Although the prayer of the sinner be not worthy to obtain any favor, it nevertheless obtains it, simply through the mercy of God."—(Saint Ligouri.)

"God hears the prayer of the sinner, not through justice, but out of pure mercy."—St. Thomas.

Here is something stronger still. The same St. Thomas, the prince of theologians, whose ardent love for God never leads him beyond the limits of holy doctrine, adds: "It can even be, thanks to the infinite mercy of God, that the prayer of the sinner can be heard, even though he has not the firm and productive resolution to amend his life. It must be understood, however, that this remaining in sin must not go to the point of rejecting all idea of future conversion." "*Fieri potest ut ex infinita Dei misericordia peccatoris oratio exaudiatur, etiam sine proposito efficaci ac stabili emendandæ vitæ, dummodo non tam obstinato sit animo, ut omne pœnitentiæ consilium perpetuo objicerit.*"

A striking illustration of the preceding statement has even come under our own observation. * * * And we have listened to the touching words of the Superior of a community devoted to Mary regarding sinners, who, in the imperfect dispositions described by St. Thomas, had preserved certain pious practices in honor of Mary, and were protected and assisted to a better life by this merciful Mother.—"*Devotus Mariæ nunquam peribit.*"

And St. Alphonsus Ligouri says upon the same subject: "When we say that it is impossible for a servant of Mary to be lost, we speak of those who, to the fidelity with which they honor and invoke the divine Mother, unite the desire of amendment. *That such persons should be damned I sustain to be morally impossible.* This is conceded by the holy Fathers and theologians. The devil therefore, after having successfully tempted poor sinners until they fell from grace, puts forth every effort to make them lose devotion to Mary."

We could cite innumerable testimonials upon so consoling a subject. "How indeed could a servant of Mary come to be lost. 'He is a sinner,' it may be said. Well! let him continue to implore this good Mother, but always *with the wish to obtain the grace of conversion.* If so, Mary will not forget to procure for him the light necessary to lead him from his miserable state, sorrow for his sins, and finally the grace of a happy death. Pious reader! If we feel that God has given us this love for the Queen of Heaven, this confidence in her, O! let us thank him for it. O! how enraged is the demon when he beholds a soul persevere in devotion to the Mother of God."—St. Ligouri.

"In my beneficence I wished, on account of the reverence due to the Incarnate Word, to accord this privilege to my Mother: Whoever, even though it be a sinner, has recourse to her, whoever turns with respect and devotion to seek her intercession, will never fall into the power of the devil."—(Words of Our Divine Lord to St. Catherine of Sienna.)

"Even as it is impossible for a good and loving mother, hard and repulsive as she may find the work, to withhold her ministrations from her child, the victim of leprosy, so Mary, our loving Mother, when

we have recourse to her, cannot repulse us, however horrible may be the infection exhaled by the sins which she undertakes to aid us in banishing from our souls."—(Richard de St. Laurent.)

POWER OF LITTLE THINGS.

The power of little things cannot be overestimated, and it is not only in things inanimate, but in words and deeds, that this most desirable quality of taste may be manifested. A kind action may be made graceful, a generous gift may be bestowed tactfully, by force of what might be deemed a trifle, but which sometimes is of the greatest importance. On the other hand, a careless, neglectful manner will almost rob a kindness of the pleasure it was intended to bestow and render it absolutely distasteful to the recipient.

Never sacrifice principle to please any one.

It is good to learn from the experience of others.

Pardon is the most glorious kind of revenge.

The guilt of one sin is a greater misery than the burden of a thousand crosses.

Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure; and the conquest of evil habits is the most glorious triumph.

A Similitude.—As a plant upon the earth, so a man rests upon the bosom of God; he is nourished by unfailing fountains, and draws, at his need, inexhaustible power.

One God alone, if he is against me who will save me? One soul alone, if I lose it what will become of me? One more sin might be my last; if it were I should be lost. And then?—St. Philip Neri.

For the Desponding.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which He has promised to His followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the Carmelite Review by Miss Matilda Cummings.

Dear dead! they have become
Like guardian angels to us;
And distant heaven, like home,
Through them begins to woo us;
Love that was, earthly wings
Its flight to holier places;
The dead are sacred things,
That multiply our graces.

—*Fr. Faber.*

THE month of November has come again. The month of the holy dead. How lovingly we welcome it, and what a strange peace it always brings with it. Why? Because we entirely forget ourselves, and in that alone lies the secret of peace, the real synonym for happiness. As the years pass by we are painfully conscious of the little hold we have on all that is nearest and dearest to us. Nothing is secure, and surprises are constantly robbing us of the old-time dependence we placed on things that seemed all but immortal. Then it is that the dead seem more than ever our very own. Comfort, well-springs of it are the happy possessions that come to us in the things of faith. But to the poor human heart, that clings so tenaciously to its own, that rests alas! so heavily, on an arm of flesh, the doctrine of purgatory is as a very anchor of hope where all else seems lost. How often has a death in a family been the means of bringing back souls to God. The departed are like magnets that draw to the one true center, and the rod of chastening has often proved to be that which changed the bitter waters into sweetness. At times it is hard to recognize the Hand of God in the cruel blow which made us reel under its severity. But what is the use of rebelling? Wherefore strike one's head against a wall of adamant? Is it that the will of God is so hard in its designs, or so careless of its effects on His creatures? It were blasphemy to think so; and yet such thoughts, the outcome of a first paroxysm of despairing

grief, rush in and make the night darker than even the darkness of death. Then it is that the holy dead begin at once their new mission of consolation. In appealing to us as they do so plaintively from their land of exile, they recall us to a sense of our first duty as creatures. Submission to the holy will of God is the invariable precedent to relieving the sufferings of the holy souls. We first feel our hearts going out to our Heavenly Father in a burst of childlike confidence. 'Tis the cry of the child casting itself into the arms of its father, and *then* imploring help for the beloved dead. Oh! who will be so blind as not to see the designs of God in the loss of many loved ones. He had tried so many things, it would seem, and all had failed. Nothing would draw the wayward heart but this. And so the blow fell, and the return to life and consciousness was, for the stricken survivor, but the prelude to a desolation that put out all the lights of life. But amid the darkness walk the holy dead, and their voices fall sweetly on ears that are deaf to all other sounds. "Have pity on me, at least ye, oh! my friends!" What a cry from eternity is this? Pity! Have we not given it out many a time, and oft, and it came back to us only like Dead Sea fruit. Friends! Have we not gained them but to lose them, and the loss was greater than the gain! But now from the land of reality, the only real *terra firma*, comes the voice of plaintive mourning, pleading with us for pity, because we are their friends. Ah! who could be deaf to such a cry. In life we loved them, perhaps too well. It may be that the creature love was the shadow which hid from us the Sun of Justice. Is He not a jealous God? Our poor hearts throbbing still with the pain of separation, answer the question. "He made us for Himself," says St. Augustine, and we may not, we dare not, rest elsewhere.

We never tire of lauding the praises of an unselfish character. In a world which is so highly selfish, and whose "unkindness grows with life," an unselfish soul has something almost divine in it. The holy dead make us all unselfish, and so conform us to the image of Him who "loved not Himself." What shall we do for them in the twilights of November? Love them with a holy affection which shall hourly draw us nearer to God and to them. The affections of life are quicksands, those of eternity are staffs for our journey, sails for our ship, and favorable winds that fairly waft us into port. The best of us are yearning for affection. The heart craves it as the thirsty plant craves water. Life is *such* a dreary journey that we would fain beguile its tedium with kindred spirits, who would make us forget the rugged road.

Is it entirely wise to forget it? Was it *meant* that we *should* lose sight of it altogether? Ah! no. "Life can never be wholly happy, because it is not heaven, nor ever wholly unhappy, because it is the way thither." That is the mistake we make. We want an earthly paradise, forgetting that the angel with the drawn sword guards its gate. Peace is the nearest approach to heaven which we can ever have in life. Communion with the holy dead will bring it to us in the twilights of November. Not an idle dreaming, but a brave, prayerful strife against nature, which, forgetting self, will stretch out the helping hand of faith and love to the beloved dead. The sanctuary is their trysting place in November. There before the altar of God let us meet them daily. Let them not wait for the Mass of Obligation,—but in the sweet silence of the early morning, when the chosen few who are mourning the lost of heart and home gather around the altar, let us too be found pleading the cause of our darling dead.

Let the constant sigh of our hearts for them be, "My Jesus, mercy!" Let a chain of indulgences unite us with them, and the Holy Rosary bring their memory to us in sweet and submissive tears. How many such fall in November. Ah! let each one be an act of loving submission to the holy will of God.

Amiable eternity, St. Francis de Sales calls it in that sweetly unique way of his. The holy dead have begun to taste of its sweetness. It will also be ours through the dear mercy of Him in whom we hope and who will not let us be confounded forever.

IMMACULATE Virgin, chosen from all eternity by the great and all-holy Father, who consecrated you with your holy and well-beloved son, and the Holy Spirit the Comforter, in you is the fullness of every good.—ST. FRANCIS.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND DRESS REFORM.

"What do you think of the question of woman's rights, Mick? I, for my part, am inclined to side with the women, as I do not think it right, that man should lord over woman."

"Do you believe in the Bible, Sam?"

"What a question? Of course I do."

"In this case I cannot understand, that the question should exist for you at all. The Bible has settled it long ago."

"I suppose you refer to Adam and Eve, but what was convenient at that time, will be hardly so now. We are progressing, you know, and it would be a very one-sided progress indeed, if woman did not share in it."

"Has woman's nature changed since Mother Eve's time?"

"It has not, but her surroundings have changed, and you know what the pagan poet said: "*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.*" Times change, and in them we are changed."

"Good enough, Sam, if this quotation applies to accidental, that is, mere external changes. But if made to apply to essential changes, I deny the allegation as false. There has not been, nor ever will be, an essential change in human nature, nor consequently in the relation of man and woman."

"I confess I do not understand your argument. What are essential changes?"

"Essential changes would involve a change of woman as we see her in Eve, into a being stronger in mind and body than this Mother of all the living, and with a different scope in life. Now, Eve was made to be a helpmate to man, and in consequence of her fall was told by Almighty God that she should be under the power of man, and man should rule over her. Hence God did not give her an independent position as an equal in everything to man, but appointed her to assist man under his direction. This is the natural position of woman, and every other relation to man is unnatural. Nature fits her for this, but not for independence."

"How so? Are there not thousands of women, who, to use a common phrase, 'paddle their own canoe,' and do so very successfully, and have we not seen women rulers of great nations, like Isabella of Spain, Queen Elizabeth, and Victoria in England, Maria Theresa in Austria, Catherine in Russia? Have not these women proved to a demonstration, that also woman is perfectly capable of managing her own affairs in as good a style as man?"

"These 'proofs' do not prove anything. A monarch is mostly a ruler in name rather than in part. It is the high officials of the crown or state, that are the real rulers, and monarchs are often praised or blamed for things, of which they are entirely innocent. But even if such were not the case, it would be only an exception, and an exception proves the rule. And as to the thousands of women who, under stress of necessity earn their own living, we can only say, that if a woman is able to work, she is able to earn the wages of work, but this does not by any means prove, that it is her vocation to do so. On the contrary, all such women by such employment unsex themselves to a certain extent, they are less womanly than they should be, or are intended to be."

"How in the world can you blame a poor woman, that avails herself of any chance to earn an honest penny, and by this support herself and her children."

"I do not blame her. I only state a fact, and the fact remains under all circumstances."

"But, according to your idea, Mick, women would be bound to spend their life in idleness."

"Not at all, Sam, not at all. I did not speak of every kind of work, but only of the work which, according to his natural fitness, is allotted to man, whilst woman is unfit for it by nature,"

"For instance?"

"For instance all the works, that require great physical or mental strength and endurance. Woman is inferior to man in this, and therefore incapacitated for such pursuits."

"The records of our schools, however, prove that girls are mostly ahead of the boys, in their studies."

"This is only true in elementary studies, and also there only up to a certain age. Girls develop faster in mind and body than

boys, but they have not the broad, solid foundation, nor the endurance of boys. And hence they are ahead in the beginning, but soon fall back and cannot recover the lost ground."

"I'm afraid you lose sight of the fact that our universities and technical colleges have turned out a number of women who, as physicians, lawyers, and even engineers, made their mark."

"Well, Sam, what about the proportions? How many have succeeded in comparison to those that failed. Thousands took lessons in painting, how many first-class artists do they count? Thousands devoted themselves to music, have they got a single classical composer amongst them? Where are the women that wrote standard works of science, or excelled as explorers, inventors, engineers and the like? Now and then you hear of one, but either she does not stand the test, or she is a freak of nature, an exception which proves the rule, as I said before."

"But cannot you say the very same thing of thousands of our young men?"

"Yes, as far as the fact is concerned, but not as far as natural fitness goes. We only speak of the success depending on nature."

"Well, what work would you give to woman according to her nature?"

"Speaking of womankind as a unit, the vocation of woman is motherhood. This of necessity keeps her at home, whilst man's work mostly takes him away from home. Hence woman is by nature adapted to all kinds of domestic work, for which man is scarcely ever fit. This is her realm: Cooking, washing, sewing, mending, nursing children, etc."

"According to your idea, a woman should not be educated at all, but only trained in domestic drudgery. But do you think, Mick, that a husband could find pleasure and happiness in the society of a woman whose intellect is a perfect blank, and who in consequence would forever remain a stranger to his thoughts and aspirations."

"My words imply nothing of the kind. Just as a man may be a first-class merchant or mechanic, though he studies matters not in relation to his immediate vocation, so a woman may receive a good solid education, and yet answer perfectly the purpose of her being. The fault lies not in the fact, that women are educated, but in the patent fact, that they are miseducated, that is to say, that they study matters which are of no practical good to them, and neglect the domestic education which is of paramount importance."

"However, you seem to forget, that the girls who are highly educated, are, as a rule, daughters of people rich enough to allow their children a life of ease without compelling them to work."

"This argument counts for nothing. Even granting your supposition, they ought to be educated for house-wifery, first, because no one can direct servants, who does not understand the work at least as well as the servants, secondly, because we often hear of reverses of fortune, and many a woman, born with a silver spoon in her mouth, had to work for her living, and besides, no amount of riches excuses a woman from obedience to the divine command, to work. Moreover it is not true, that only the daughters of rich parents are thus educated. The public high schools are an allurement for hundreds of girls, that cannot expect anything but to become the wives of mechanics or merchants in moderate circumstances, who cannot afford to keep servants, but must look to their wives for domestic work."

"So, you intimate, that girls thus educated, make but indifferent wives and mothers?"

"Precisely, and more. It is from their ranks that the emancipated women recruit themselves. They feel themselves superior to domestic work, and unfit for it, hence they become dissatisfied, morose, and ready to embrace any scheme calculated to raise them out of this sphere, which appears to them low, beneath their dignity, a life of a slave."

"You will, however, acknowledge, that even women have rights, that must be protected, viz: property, dowry, the education of their children."

"These rights are protected, fully protected, I might almost say too fully protected. If our laws discriminate, it is not against, but in favor of women, and they go farther in this than the laws of any other country I know of. Therefore the right of ballot, for which some women are clamoring so noisily, could hardly give them a substantial and equitable benefit, which they do not now enjoy, and the admission of their

claims could but work disaster to the commonwealth. As a western bishop in declaring against these claims, pithily remarked: The women have ruined our Constitutions, making us a nation of dyspeptics, they need not ruin our government likewise. Let them attend fully and well to those domestic duties for which nature intended and qualified them, and their domestic influence will make itself sufficiently felt also in politics. Woman's influence for good and evil is enormous, because she is the principal educator of future legislators, and they will be, what their mother make of them. The influence of these emancipated blue stockings is decidedly for evil, and the sooner they are checked, the better."

"Considering the stand you take in this question, Mick, I suppose you are not very much in favor of dress reform either, and I would not be surprised to learn, that you expect the women to get their fashions from men."

"You are mistaken there. I am in favor of dress reform, because a reform is badly needed. Only, I mean, a reform somewhat different than the one you have in your eye."

"What reform can you possibly mean outside of the apparel which advanced women are striving to introduce now."

"Well, according to my old-fashioned notions, dress, amongst other purposes, is worn to hide the figure, and the modern dresses are worn for the purpose of bringing out the figure fully. Thus they are in themselves immodest, and calculated to excite the passions of man. As to full dress, it is positively indecent, and no plea of habit or social position can avail in favor of it. Besides, there is a certain natural taste in arranging embroidery and coloring a dress. But the fashions of these latter years are senseless, ugly beyond description, ridiculous to the utmost."

"Hence you are an enemy of bloomers, of course?"

"I do not care whether women wear bloomers or not. I do not look upon them as more indecent than the present mode of dressing. In general, I do not care what women wear, as long as modesty and natural taste are not outraged by it. I would even look upon bloomers as a positive improvement, if women adopting them would at the same time discard corsets and assume blouses instead of tight-fitting dresses. In my opinion, the women of Southeastern Europe show more natural taste and sense of fitness in their dress than your 'civilized woman,' who for anything appears like a fantastically dressed Christmas doll."

"Why, you are a perfect Titan, Mick. You had better look out for yourself."

"No danger. If woman wishes to enjoy the real esteem of earnest and sincere men, if she wishes to wield a controlling and far-reaching influence in the circle, within which nature has placed her, if she wishes to earn the gratitude of mankind for the beneficent influence she exercises, let her be a woman, a whole-souled woman, but a woman only, contented with her station, discharging her duty faithfully, and not making herself a source of trouble and financial ruin to her father or husband by her extravagant and idolatrous worship of her body. She then will be not a sham queen, but a real queen within her realm, and the influence she now seeks on crooked roads, will fall to her naturally in a legitimate manner."

SEVENTY STROKES.

A Thought for November.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY P. A. B.

"The nun in the cloister heard it,
And the monk in his quiet cell:
They prayed with a holy fervor
At the sound of St. Mungo's bell."
—*Anna T. Sadlier.*

A BEAUTIFUL evening in the fall of 188— found us enjoying a brisk walk on one of the highest and most picturesque points on the main ridge of the beautiful Alleghanies. Our homeward route lay mostly along the old pike road, now well-nigh deserted, but which away back to colonial days had been one of the busiest of the great national thoroughfares.

Our conversation was confined to monosyllables. We both had kindred thoughts which gave us plenty of food for meditation. Were we not treading the same ground, which, long before the Liberty bell sent forth its joyous peal, had resounded to the martial tread of veteran troops, and were we not passing through hills which had re-echoed with the voices of Washington and his escort! Alas! as some one has said, "All things human admit of change and vicissitude." Those gallant brigades are no more. They have made their last

march and fallen into line with the "great majority."

The sun was setting—at least for us—but for those in the valley below it had passed from view five and twenty minutes since. To-day that luminous orb had shone for the last time on many an earthly pilgrim whose dawn would be in eternity! A small cloud for a moment veiled the dying sun. It was darkened on one Friday dear to Christians—perhaps to-day too was freighted with hours of agony for some poor dying soul. The wind which whistles o'er the hill-tops suggests such things.

The leaves were rapidly falling. Ah! awful thought, too well do we recall the words of Carmel's daughter, St. Teresa, who tells us that "souls who are falling daily into hell are like unto the leaves which fall in autumn."

Our meditation was suddenly broken by the tolling of a bell in the valley. It was not the Angelus bell: no, it was what is vulgarly called the "death bell."

It is, indeed, a beautiful custom, that of tolling the church bell whenever some poor mortal is summoned before its Judge. It reminds us how much that poor soul stands in urgent need of our immediate prayers. That is what is meant by St. Mungo's bell, (sometimes known as the *De profundis* bell) of which the poetess so pathetically sings.

This evening the bell, which we heard, resounded far and near. Down in the village the blacksmith laid his hammer aside and stood still in order to count the strokes, and over at the postoffice a sudden silence came over the chattering crowd, which daily came together at mail time.

"Seventy strokes!" shouted in the small boy who, at school, was usually at the head of the arithmetic class.

"It's poor old Mr. ———," said everyone in chorus.

"Well, God rest his soul, a great privilege to die on the eve of Saturday," said good old Mr. K., who had great faith in the Sabbatine Privilege.

Seventy strokes! They had fallen on other ears beyond the little hamlet. The sound was heard by the pious Benedictine Sister, who whispered a devout *De Profundis* as she noiselessly paced the convent cloister. It was heard too by the brown-cowled monks in the monastery perched high on yonder hill. It was the hour of prayer in that same monastic home. The friars were chanting the divine office. Yes, they were indeed singing the psalms of that royal singer, who tells us that the span of human life shall be of years "four score and ten," signified to-day by seventy strokes!

That evening (and every evening) the monks chanted a *Requiem aternam* for their dead benefactors and the "deceased members of our confraternity." Thus the septuagenarian who died that day was well remembered. More than that. Like himself the monks will die too. But communities as a rule do not die, so the consoling thought remains, that as long as such a religious body exists, so too shall we be remembered at God's altar. If this fact were better appreciated I am sure people would not be so slow in attaching themselves to one of the many pious confraternities in the Church, especially to the Scapular Confraternity, which is so jealous of the memory of its deceased members.

* * * * * *

Seventy strokes! Often since have I thought of that quiet autumnal evening. But I have recalled that solemn tolling under different circumstances.

During the summer just passed an engineer was approaching a crossing. No danger seemed to be ahead, and the throttle was pulled wide open. At the same time two fiery horses pulling a fire truck were dashing towards the same crossing. There was a wild clanging of bells, and waving of signals. 'Twas too late. Several young healthy firemen were hurled in every direction and frightfully mangled. They gave promise of having seventy strokes or more sounded at their death. But, alas, for human calculation, half that number would suffice to toll their requiem.

Another reflection presents itself. Far away from the quiet of the mountain in one of our large cities, above the din of the divers noises, is heard the fire gong. Everyone instinctively knows that sound. People stop and listen. They know the number of the box. And here comes in a practical query. Why is it that people are so deaf to other sounds, sounds that do not appeal to their curiosity, but sounds which remind them of more solemn things—say of death—or which call upon them to pray for the poor suffering souls?

We are not only deaf, but we are at times likewise blind. How many, on beholding a funeral procession, think of the reality? During this month of suffering souls, Holy Church will often try to attract our attention by arraying her ministers in vestments of sombre hue. Perhaps we will fall victims to a sort of spiritual color-blindness, and not see—and consequently not think of the poor souls who cry out to us for help. Don't close your eyes. If you do, God will allow others to treat you in the same manner.

Seventy strokes! Humanly speaking, that represents a large number. Most of us would like to live to the ripe old age of seventy years. It means 840 months, 25,550 days, 6,132,000 hours, 367,920,000 minutes, 22,075,200,000 seconds, and nearly that many pulsations of your heart. That is a long time. But, seriously, what is it after all? In the eyes of God the life of man is no more than that of a sand-fly, which lives but twenty-four hours.

Seventy strokes! How many of the suffering souls were deceived in their hopes for a long life? Will seventy strokes toll your requiem? Perhaps a smaller number. How many?

Carmelite Review.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, ONT., DECEMBER, 1895. NO. 12

YULETIDE THOUGHTS.

BY REV. FR. JAMES, O. C. C.

SWEET Yuletide! Days of love divine!
What hallowed joys dost Thou bestow!
Incarnate Mercy—gift of Thine
Hath set our grateful hearts aglow.

When Adam's guilt our birthright lost
But Sin remained, seed of the grave.
Redemption then a Man-God cost
And Him to-day the Virgin gave.

This Babe, who loved, nor e'er could hate
Aught else but sin, let us adore;
Who, at life's close shall expiate
Whate'er our guilt was heretofore.

In Him the High Priest we adore
Who on our Altars gives His Blood;
The Prophet, aye, and even more,
King, thorncrowned, of the Holy Rood.

O holy Infant! grant our age
A knowledge of Thy Spirit true,
Yes! make us humble, poor, and sage,
That thus we may be born anew.

Our youth inspire to be pure,
Our families keep in bonds of love,
To nations grant Thy peace secure
All mankind lead to heaven above.

And then all joy our hearts shall fill,
And all shall praise Thee loud and long,
Who hear Thy voice and have good will
As promised us by Angels' song.

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,

Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

THERE are certain men, *viri Catholici*, as Pius IX called them. "Their minds," says Cardinal Manning, "are weary of old truths, old terms, old phrases, old modes of teaching, old prayers, old devotions. They need the stimulus of novelty, new colors, new forms, new ways of stating old doctrines. It is with doctrines as with fashions: they must be always changing. Critics and authors, professors and preachers, often have a craving for originality. To be like their forefathers is to be commonplace; to strike out new lines, new ways of putting old truths, makes a reputation. It is only the Church that can revise the sacred terminology of faith. She alone 'can bring forth things old and new.' All other innovations are departures from the beaten path, which is safe because beaten, and beaten because it is the way of our forefathers in the faith. What is true in theology is more evidently true in the interpretation of the sacred Scripture. The love of novelty is always at work to find new meanings: and criticism is impatient of restraint. We live in an age of unlimited intellectual liberty. Those men read without scruple or hesitation books and writings which fall under the rules of the Index. The habit of intellectual independence is easily formed. We are surrounded by both Gnostics and Agnostics: by those who out of their own consciousness are wiser than the Church, and by others who measure what can be known by what they know. Catholics would not consciously listen to either of these schools of error: and yet they are continually and unconsciously taking in their erroneous premises and principles, and assumptions in their daily contact with the world. As to false theology and false interpretation of Scripture, they would be upon their guard; but they are off their guard in philosophy, and readily open their ears and their intellect to the aberrations of modern metaphysics. They think that as in philosophy there is no heresy, so there need be no fear. But a false philosophy undermines faith, and one philosophical error, like a rotten beam, will loosen the whole superstructure of theology. These *viri Catholici* have, of all men, need to be upon their guard, for they are the guides and teachers of the faithful. It is dangerous to receive and to propagate the least intellectual error. We have need to live in great watchfulness against what is glorified as 'modern thought.' The thought of the modern world is setting steadily away from God. The love of novelty is one of its signs."

Such men do not enjoy true liberty of spirit. They are under the influence of the spirit of novelty. They suffer themselves to be guided by it. They are the dupes of human prudence. But McMaster was always afraid and suspicious of novelties in doctrine, or practice, or devotion. He knew that theology, or the science of God, is a divine tradition, running down from the beginning, ever expanding, and rising in its unity and symmetry to perfection. It is built up, indeed, of things old and new: but the new are, as Vincent of Lerins said, *non nova, sed nove*. The coins of the Roman, the Byzantine, the British Empire have new and various images and superscriptions, but the gold is all one. So the definitions of the truth may be new, but the truth is old. It is the restless sea of human intellect casting up mire and darkness that forces the Church to make new dykes and to guard the faith with new definitions.

Our journalist always remembered, that, whenever the interests of truth are involved, Catholicity is essentially intolerant. "*One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God.*" (Ephes. iv.)

He defended and adopted with perfect confidence every practice which the Church recommends, and obeyed her regulations with filial submission. He listened to no

murmuring against the severity of the law, to no restless inquiries into the motive for it, to no censorious reflections upon whether it is opportune: to none of those phrases which are heard from the lips of rebels only: "It is a piece of tyranny, downright despotism—altogether arbitrary." He believed in absolute obedience to the letter as well as the spirit of the law. In this spirit he observed all the duties imposed upon a Catholic, and out of this grew his long and constant agitation for pure wax candles for the altar and pure olive oil for the sanctuary lamp. Not only was he an advocate for the faithful performance of obligatory acts, but he was urgent in recommending the practice of all minor devotions that could tend in the remotest way to aid us in seeking our eternal good, which, from the hour of his conversion, he never failed to remember as the first and most important duty of every Christian's life.

In 1849 he adopted for the *Freeman's Journal* a heading typical of the course it was from then to take. The generous impulses of the Revolution of 1848 had spent their forces, and the monster that it was, throwing off its pleasant mask, revealed its hideous features in all their deformities. It showed itself as the implacable enemy of society and religion, and Pius IX., who had nobly thrown himself into the forefront of the battle for what seemed the people's liberties, had drawn back when he perceived that the wily plotters, hitherto unknown at the first successes, showed themselves to be mere iconoclasts, destroyers, or, as their latest name well described them, Nihilists—Nothingists. At the head of the paper was placed a cut representing the Fisherman standing erect in his bark, tossed on a raging sea, but with a light space, upon which a cross was gleaming, showing on the wrack of clouds overhead. Upon this cross the tempest-tortured mariner fixed his eyes, confident of success in the end, howsoever wild might be the evils of the present hour. By this symbol McMaster intended to convey that thereafter he was indissolubly joined to the bark of Peter: to fight the battles of the Holy Pontiff: to advance the standards of the faith, and never to flinch in the struggle, whosoever the opponent might be, whether Cæsar, schismatic, or mob. He signed and sealed himself as the special champion of Roman orthodoxy.

It will be unnecessary to bring up more instances of his great attachment to Divine truth, and to the infallible teaching thereof. They are scattered all through the files of the *Freeman's Journal*, not merely in later years, but twenty, thirty, forty years ago. Take them up at any time, and you find that voice resounding through them. It was not transient, but permanent. He had the *donum scientiæ*, the gift of science or knowledge which sees God in all things, and all things in God. This gift prevented him from following the spirit of novelty. With St. Cyril, of Alexandria, he used to say:

"As the members are united to the head, so ought we to be united to our Head, the Roman Pontiff, and to the Apostolic Chair, from which we should seek to learn what to believe, what to think, and what to hold."

If some, then, have said of McMaster, that there were times when he might have been more prudent, and when his boldness might have been tempered with discretion, they must have meant to say that if they had been in his place, they would have consulted human prudence a little more—that idol before which McMaster never bent his knee.

There are two other idols which Mr. McMaster never worshipped—the idol of human respect, and the idol of the mighty dollar.

We read in Holy Scripture that the Bishop of Pergamus, though quite orthodox himself, did not use energetically enough the sword of the Word of God, with which he was armed to oppose certain false, pernicious principles of his time and country, and warn the Christians against following them. Hence it happened that those erroneous principles spread more rapidly and infected even many of the Christians. For this neglect, and the evil consequences thereof, the Bishop is severely reprimanded by Our Lord, who threatens him and his flock with everlasting punishment, if they do not repent. (Apoc. ii. 12-16.

This Bishop must have been greatly under the influence of human respect. He, no doubt, thought that if he preached against the erroneous principles of his time, and if he told his priests to do the same, he might create great difficulties for him-

self; that a certain class of men might reproach him with imprudence, and the like. He thought of the displeasure which he might incur with his fellow-men, but the displeasure which he caused to Our Lord by the neglect of his duty, and of which his conscience must have reminded him, he excused with considerations suggested by human prudence. But God threatens him with eternal damnation, if he any longer neglects his duty. There are many Catholic editors who, from the words of Pius IX. and Leo XIII., know that it is the duty to defend Catholic truth against the erroneous principles of our times, (although their duty in this matter is not so great as that of bishops and priests) but neglect this obligation out of human motives. They say, for instance, we have to make a living. If we come out boldly in defence of certain Catholic truths, that very many people, even Catholics, that is, liberal-minded Catholics, do not like to hear, they will say that we are imprudent; they will withdraw their subscription; we cannot afford to profess our faith at the sacrifice of money; it does not pay.

Had our journalist listened to such human considerations in defending Catholic truths, would he be as great as he is before God and his Church, before Catholics, and even before a Protestant public? Let none, therefore, say that McMaster might have occasionally been more worldly prudent. He had a lively faith, and this lively faith made him detest the suggestions of human prudence. How many times had he not to sacrifice numbers of subscribers for having wounded their feelings by heralding too boldly for them Catholic truth. He hesitated at no sacrifice to embrace the faith, to please God, and to gain the love and the peace of a good conscience. This is supernatural prudence united with Christian simplicity. To McMaster may be applied in some measure, and in all humility what the Pharisees said to Our Lord: "McMaster. we know that thou art a true speaker, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man; for thou dost not regard the person of men." Matt. xxii. 16.

As such a journalist, McMaster was known to the public for forty years. Whilst he was alive we seldom ever saw suspicious doctrines and insidious errors appear in bold print in Catholic papers and periodicals, probably because the writers, as well as the publishers of them, feared to be crushed under the sledge-hammer blows of McMaster's orthodox criticisms. * But not long after his death it was noticeable that most pernicious errors condemned by Pius IX., by the Vatican Council, and by Leo XIII., appeared in bold print in Catholic periodicals. Alas! McMaster, the great champion of faith, was dead! His fiery invective, his searching, scathing criticism, was no longer to be feared!

Mr. McMaster has also sometimes been accused "of losing his temper, and *of using sharp expressions that did not become a gentleman.*" A good, affectionate son will not allow any one to insult, without any reason whatever, his good mother, to injure her character, to deny her rights, and to interfere with her discipline and her family affairs. He would, were any one to do this, boldly declare his manhood, and assert it in the defence of his mother, in terms more forcible than agreeable. Now, McMaster was always a most faithful, and most affectionate son of his Mother—the Roman Catholic Church. Whatever concerned this Mother, concerned also our journalist. Her doctrine, her rights, her discipline, always found an intrepid defender in him. In like manner, he was the courageous champion of the rights of parents, of governments lawfully established, and of right principles in the administration of justice. When a principle, a truth, was in question, he defended it, and, if necessary, with a free lance. Who will blame him for his rough sincerity? Has not Our Lord Jesus Christ, have not his Apostles and the Fathers of the Church used the keen, cutting edge of truth in combating hypocrisy, sophistry and false principles?

* We recall to mind a late criticism of a Protestant work by a Catholic critic and editor of a celebrated Catholic periodical. The Catholic Reviewer pointed out more than one heresy in the work, in which the Episcopalian author declares the Blessed Mary ever Virgin to have had other children besides Our Lord. To our horror, the critic recommended the insulting work to be read by Catholics. He should have said to be burned by Catholics.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The excesses of our youth are drafts on old age payable about thirty years after date.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

"Did you read the newspaper reports about the now famous divorce suit of Mrs. Windy?"

"No, Sam, I did not, because, on principle, I never read such news."

"That's very strange. It is just such matters that make a dull paper interesting, and I would never look at a paper that did not contain such and similar news."

"Maybe. Our opinion of what a newspaper ought and ought not to bring evidently differs."

"It seems so, Mick. But, pray, tell me what objection you have to our newspapers. A paper, that brings no news, does not deserve its name, I should think."

"Well, Sam, you are always boiling cabbage and turnips in the same pot. A paper can fill its columns with news without making itself a scavenger, and picking up all the dirt afloat. It is not news in general, but such news I object to."

"Good enough, but I am afraid that with your restrictions, editors would find it a very hard work to collect material enough to fill their papers."

"Not at all. There are Catholic publications of every description appearing in almost every state of the Union, not one of which dabbles in dirt, and yet they manage to fill their pages with readable and interesting matter."

"But they bring a lot of church news, which are interesting only to members of the church, and would be tedious to any other reader."

"You seem never to have read a Catholic paper, else you would have found that the papers commanding the largest circulation, are all political or scientific papers, which do not publish church news. Official organs of the authorities of the Catholic Church bring them, but other papers are independent, and are Catholic only in as far as they judge of the times and measures from a Catholic standpoint. The realm of their usefulness, however, is just as wide as that of any other publication."

"Thus, it appears to me, that you object only to news, which you consider objectionable. But you forget that other people have as much right as you to form their own standard, and experience proves, that our papers without these news could not exist, because these news are the very thing the subscribers expect to find in them, and for my part I think that it is the vocation of the press to keep the readers posted on everything occurring."

"This is a very great and serious mistake, that you, and others with you, make. *The vocation of the press is to educate*, to take the place of the school for adults, and the daily items only furnish, as it were, the text, on which to expatiate. Such education of necessity will comprise religion, morality, politics, arts and sciences, thus encompassing the whole man and all his environments."

"Just so, Mick. And for this very purpose they are bound to take cognizance also of the shady side of life."

"Yes, but not in the way they do. What would you say if a man entirely uneducated, and therefore ignorant even of rudimentary knowledge, would open a school and undertake to teach branches, of which he knows nothing. But how many editors, reporters and correspondents often write of matters of which they are just as ignorant. And if thus the blind lead the blind, both will fall into the ditch."

"To what do you refer?"

"Principally the vapid editorials on religious and moral questions. The newspapers, without intending it, have done more to destroy religion than all the avowed agnostics and infidels, because they ventured upon ground unknown to them, and rendered an atmosphere murky, which, but for them, had been clear."

"You cannot expect a newspaper editor to be a theologian."

"Certainly not, but for that reason I can expect him, not to write on theological matters without consulting or engaging the co-operation of men that are theologians. Take, for instance, the reports on Catholic teachings or celebrations, and the amount of misleading nonsense, that is sent into the world, is simply astounding."

"Well, Mick, often party spirit dictates these utterances."

"I hope not, Sam, otherwise such papers would deserve unfeigned contempt, and must be held responsible in full for all the baneful consequences of their tirades. I

prefer to ascribe it to ignorance, and blame them only for their forwardness in tackling such matters. Some of the leading papers, I rejoice to say, are careful to have Catholic matters elucidated by competent Catholic writers, and thus escape the danger of misrepresenting Catholic opinion, when they wish to represent it."

"But you cannot expect everbody to adopt your Catholic opinion."

"Nor do I expect it. I speak of matters Catholic. Every Protestant denomination has the same right to see its tenets and practices represented fairly, that is, with objective truth. Leave it then to the reader, to draw his conclusion. Truth it is, that is demanded of a paper."

"And yet you object to the publication of truth, if it is distasteful to you."

"Yes, I do, because the statements you refer to, though true, cannot possibly do any good to any reader, but work incalculable harm to many. Why should all the filth of domestic tragedies be aired in a paper: why should lecherous reports be published in full, and divorces, elopements, murder and suicide keep a prominent place in a paper? If such news would only be mentioned in a few words, accompanied by a moral, to disgust readers with the fact, there would be no objection. But as the reports read, they are an incitement to go and do likewise. Do not the newspapers themselves testify to that effect, when they bring the news of unripe boys and girls, who, in their admiration of one of those newspaper heroes of crime, are influenced by their reading to commit the most heinous crimes? And if, as it often happens, illustrations positively indecent are added to the text, the consequences are dire and deplorable."

"Such cases, Mick, are few, and you believe in the majority."

"There may be few, that go and do likewise, but there are a great many who pamper their mind and fire their imagination with this dirt, so that their intellectual life gradually becomes a regular cesspool. This dulls all the higher and nobler instincts, and kills them by degrees, changing the readers from men into brutes, that covet nothing higher than what caters to the desires of their flesh. Would you call that a desirable education of the masses?"

"'Hm.—I suppose you are equally against novels."

"Certainly. The novels, as they are, are destructive of public morality. The sense of right and wrong is perverted, crimes are apotheodised, virtue appears as an old-fashioned weakness, that does not pay, and a religious liberalism or indifferentism is engendered. It is a great misfortune, that novels ever came into existence."

"What else would you substitute?"

"Something sensible, like history. Or, if we are bound to have stories, let them be such, that they are calculated to improve the reader, not to destroy his morality. A man that writes such stories deserves the thanks of mankind."

"Well, let us pass this question. But, no matter what objections you may bring regarding questions of religion or morality, they will not apply to politics, because in this the papers certainly know, what they are about."

"They know it only too well, Sam. Look at our papers at the time of an election. The private lives of the candidates running for office, are raked up from their boyhood. Anything apt to besmirch their character is flaunted, even their good actions are misrepresented and distorted, the intentions of their own party lauded to the skies at the expense of truth, the intentions of the other party misrepresented, and all possible tricks resorted to, to capture votes and defeat the adversary. Is this just: is it honorable: is it the vocation of the political press, to mislead?"

"It is not, but what can we do. In a republic we claim the right to examine into the conduct of our officials, and put them aside if they are found unsuitable."

"No doubt, but this examination must confine itself to their official conduct or usefulness. The actions of their private life have nothing to do with it, and to spy around, investigating their family life or the indiscretions of by-gone years, and air them with the greater pleasure, the more damaging they are, this is not liberty, it is license. Also an office-holder has an indisputable right to his character and his privacy."

"He has, certainly, but the people do not mind such aspersions of character, because they look upon them only as electioneering dodges. Hence no harm is done."

"I beg to differ from you. Such charges often lead to domestic quarrels, divorces, etc., and in general educate the public to look with disdain and contempt upon its officers whom it ought to honor, at least as long as they hold the office."

"Have you any charges against the press in regard to arts and sciences!"

"Yes. Look at our illustrated periodicals. I grant, matters improved a good deal within the last twenty years, but still there are too many which by preference reproduce paintings and statuary offensive by nudity."

"Mick, you are as old-fashioned as you can be. The reproduction of the most beautiful work of the creator is also the height of art, and the most beautiful is the human body."

"Granting this, I maintain that the argument based upon it is a sophism. If your argument were true, I do not see what valid reason could be alleged against persons appearing in public in a nude state. You certainly can admire the creator's handiwork much better in the original than in a copy. Reverse the argument, and you must say, that if the original be considered improper and outrageous, the same thing holds good of the reproduction. And what is said of painting or sculpture, applies with equal force to music, theater, poetry, etc."

"Mick, you are inexorable. But supposing all your charges founded, where is the remedy?"

"The remedy lies in both the press and the people. Any respectable editor can change the tone of his paper, gradually abolish the objectionable features and substitute matter that will educate his readers in the right groove. On the part of the reader it only takes a number of determined men to throw the objectionable paper out and tell the editor the reason for their so doing, and self-interest will soon compel the paper to accommodate itself to a more refined and virtuous taste."

"And the sum of it all?"

"The sum of it all is that the press in general has hitherto been more an agent for evil than for good. It is called to spread light, instruction and sound principles. Instead, however, of coming up to this standard, it has catered to depraved tastes, and thus, whilst it could have been a blessing, has become a curse."

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Mary Angela Spellissy.

Are Marriages Made in Heaven?

CONTINUED.

THE sadness of our approaching bereavement distracted me for a time from the dull ache that succeeded Glorvina's raillery. Not only had she dashed from me all illusion regarding herself, but I found myself deprived of trust in all women. My mother, whom I knew to be true and loving, was taken from me, and life appeared a colorless blank. My father attributed my depression to the same cause as his own sorrow. For my sake he roused himself, and, like a true Christian, sought consolation in fidelity to duty, especially in attendance at Holy Mass, and in the frequentation of the Sacraments. He surprised me one day by proposing that we should visit a silver mine in Mexico, in which he had an interest. I was delighted with so congenial a change. Our visit of pleasure led to five years of hard work for which my studies in civil and mechanical engineering had well fitted me. I had many hours of solitude. Seclusion from the world gave me time for thought: the vanity of earthly goods and the wisdom of those who, placing transitory things at their true value, use them as a means to carry out the designs of the Great Creator were borne in upon me whilst I lived close to God's wonders in nature which, unlike man, never resist the will of the Master."

"That thought has often been with me, Mr. De Vere, during the past year. I too have come nearer to God through sorrow."

"Your noble use of your experience, Miss Bryce, has put new life into me. Quite accidentally I learned something of your history. On the evening of my return to New York I found your beautiful photograph in Mrs. Guest's parlor, and on the following morning was present, unseen, in the parlor

of the Good Samaritan during your interview with Dr. Oscott, when you called to take charge of Tommy. In conversation with Mrs. Guest I obtained the key to your beautiful life."

Ethna looked up with a startled expression. As the full significance of Jerome's sentence dawned upon her, then, as all the agony of that eventful winter returned to her memory, she buried her face in her hands.

Jerome continued: "Many a glorious night, as I lay in my hammock under the starry sky of Mexico, memory renewed the feverish joys of those few days and the bitter awakening. At first I was inclined to blame the education that reared me in ignorance of the deceitfulness of the worldly, but with reflection came clearness of vision, and I discovered that vanity made me an easy victim to the first unscrupulous flatterer. At college, study was my great delight, not simply through my thirst for useful knowledge, but because I was ambitious of the distinction to which the learned attain. My spiritual obligations were neglected; I reversed the order of God's law and ignored the end of life whilst allowing the transitory means to absorb me exclusively; thus I fell an easy prey to the passion of love. Reflection proved to me that true love I knew nothing of. Companionship with my father, and the revelation afforded me by his frequent allusions to my mother, renewed my remembrance of my childhood and of the holy happy home in which it was passed. I saw that husband and wife could safely enjoy the delights of earthly love, only when each saw in the other a companion on the way to heaven, and when, sustained by the same sacraments, developing their God-given individuality, ever mindful that all human acquirements are but agencies through which to accomplish the will of the Divine Creator, and that when man has done his best he is but an unprofitable servant. This is christian love in which the man and woman love each the other in the God who created them, strengthened by the example of their common Redeemer: sanctified by the Holy Spirit the Comforter they live in love, in joy and peace. If the fret of human nature, which is imperfect even in the best of creatures, sometimes interrupts their happiness, a speedy recourse to the spiritual aids which religion so bountifully supplies to her children renews their happiness. They mutually sustain each the other. The old Irish legend tells us that Adam gazing first on Eve exclaimed in rapture, 'My share of the creation.' Contrast Christian with profane love; the latter turns men and women into demons capable of murdering the object of their passion, if their jealousy is aroused or their passion thwarted. Is that love? If so, it is love of self."

Jerome paused. Ethna raised her head, and looking him frankly in the face she said:

"Your words put very strongly before me my own position. They give me new strength and put the matter in a new light. I too have known sorrow through unwisdom."

"There is a general similarity in our experiences that prompts me to hope that it may prove the foundation of a life-long friendship. I have told my story in the hope that your knowledge of it should win your trust."

"Rest assured, Mr. De Vere, that from the first moment we met I recognized in you one who would prove ever loyal to the right. Gentleness and vigor are a rare combination, but I find you blessed in their possession."

"Will you be my wife, Ethna?"

"I will, Jerome."

Blissful foretaste of the joys of heaven, when souls yet untarnished by the vileness of sin are revealed to each other.

When Ethna and Jerome looked abroad they were surprised to find that the brilliant sunset had been succeeded by the luminous grey of the gloaming. The breakers came rolling in, deeply blue bordered with snowy foam. As they turned homeward the breeze freshened giving new vigor to the blood.

When they arrived at the cottage Jerome declined the cordial invitation of Mrs. Bryce to remain. He shrank from the lamp-lit parlor, and craved to be alone with his new found joy.

When Mr. De Vere entered his son's room before retiring, Jerome unfolded to his father the history of his love.

"Perhaps I have spoken prematurely; I know that we are not wealthy and that your liberality has left me untrammeled

from all consideration regarding ways and means, but I suppose my professional experience will secure me a position commanding a salary on which I can maintain a suitable establishment."

"I congratulate you from my heart, dear boy. I see in Ethna the promise of a happy life for you. Like your dear mother, she 'seeks first the things of God and His kingdom.' I can trust confidently that all things else shall be added. I have been silent regarding our affairs which were in a transitory state. The ore I sent to Swansea proved very rich when assayed. I have received this moment a cablegram offering one million for the mine, giving to you and me the privilege of one-fourth of the stock. An English syndicate is the bidder and invites you to retain control."

Not until early morning did father and son separate, and in that interview Jerome's heart glowed with gratitude to his father, whose maxim had ever been "A good name is better than riches."

When Ethna received Jerome next morning she held out to him a letter with foreign stamp. On opening he read:

EDINBURGH, Scotland,
Sept. 20th, 1866.

My Dear Young Friend:

You are much in my thoughts these days, and I feel borne to tell you that my son Archie is about to marry. When I look at your bonnie face, which I keep locked in my desk, I feel afraid that the wife he has chosen will not be to me the loving daughter that you would have been, but I have made my bed and must e'en lie in it. Do not think too hardly of an old man whose one fault was ambition for his son.

Ever with esteem.
Sincerely your friend,
MALCOLM STUART.

"This morning's mail brought it," said Ethna.

"Blessed be God that your 'sweet face' is to be my companion, bonnie: but can I see your mother?"

Not many words were needed to secure the consent of Mrs. Bryce. Ethna prudently reserved the full history of her mother's attitude towards their marriage. Truth to tell. Mrs. Bryce considered the De Veres only 'nice men,' until Jerome informed her of the offer of the mine. From that moment she glowed with favor for both father and son, and flew to letter-writing, which she descanted on the superior qualities of her future son-in-law, whom she declared she had known to be a genius the moment she set eyes upon him.

"Some people believe their own lies."

The feast of the Immaculate Conception saw the berries red upon the holly-bush at Mrs. Bryce's door, and the bride wore a scarlet spray from it among her bridal flowers. At the nuptial Mass Miss Judith and Aunt Hilda were among the guests.

After breakfast the bride and groom departed for Mexico. Mrs. Acton and Mrs. Bryce returned with Miss Judith to the city. Mr. De Vere sailed for England soon after the wedding.

In the spring Miss Judith gave up business, and in the company of Aunt Hilda and Mrs. Bryce visited Ireland.

Ethna's mother learned, even though late in life, that it is well to judge one's fellows by their character rather than by their clothing.

POSTSCRIPT.—In the package left to me by Mrs. De Vere I found the following newspaper clipping. December 1866 was written upon it: "On the morning of the 3rd instant a horrible tragedy was enacted in our city. Mrs. Percy Van Fossen shot her husband and in the same instant turned the murderous weapon against her own breast. The miserable husband and wife had been for some time living at variance, their wretched quarrels being a subject of regret to their friends, who are of the first families of New York. Mrs. Van Fossen will be remembered as the dashing belle Miss Glorvina Rittenhouse, the queen of society in the winter of 1860."

From papers in Aunt Hilda's portfolio I learned that the names of Jerome and Ethna were well known in Mexico. Close to the mine lay the beautiful town which they had built. In their wisdom they provided for the spiritual and intellectual welfare of their people, as well as for their physical necessities. The church was flanked by the handsome school on the north, and the hospital on the south. The free library, and in it the lecture hall and rooms for the meetings of the various societies, complete the group of imposing buildings that ornament the beautiful Plaza. In all Mexico Maximilian and the unfortunate Carlotta found no settlement more to their taste. Jerome and Ethna recognized that they were but stewards of their wealth, and the friends of their humble brothers and sisters in Christ.

This instalment concludes the legacy of Aunt Hilda's Portfolio. I would that it had fallen to abler hands to edit the contents.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by Miss Matilda Cummings.

ADVENT days in all their charm of expectancy have come again. The year draws towards its close, and the past looms up through the dark days before Christmas with a very tender memory like all things that are no longer our own. To the spiritually minded, this season of Advent is a singularly dear one. Life is but a series of watching and waiting. The years are full of incompleteness, and the heart is constantly going out wistfully and yearningly to something in store, or turning back less hopefully to a past, which has buried all it holds dear. During these Advent days we find much comfort and an abiding peace in the thought of our Blessed Lady in her days of waiting and watching for the tiny blossom of the root of Jesse. No subject of meditation is sweeter or more fascinating than this. The thought of her, "fairest of all visions," with her eyes closed to all material things, gazing so longingly and lovingly within—what a lesson it teaches us whose eyes are forever straining without. Advent days are a very fitting time for a survey of the department of the interior. To many it is but an undiscovered country, a veritable dark continent, where the light of faith is all but quenched. To the thinking soul these Advent days are full of food for reflection. For what are we waiting and watching? Judging from the vast majority of the people around us, there are very few whose sole object in life, paramount to all others, is keeping our Blessed Lady company in her watch for the Desired of Nations. And yet it is a very command to us all: "Watch!"

How blinded we are by the world's glare, how deafened by its noise, and how weakened by its spirit, more fatal to us than a deadly poison. No wonder that our Blessed Lord inveighed against it as His worst enemy, and therefore ours. Because of it have we no time in these days of rapid transit to "come aside and rest awhile." Happy we if even a few moments of twilight reflection are ours in the course of a busy day. Work claims as its own the six days of the week; the seventh is a sacrifice to pleasure—not to rest. Rest! It would seem that since the days of Eden it is unknown. At best there is very little of it on earth. Peace is the most we dare hope for; but our Blessed Lady knew it in its fulness, because she found it in God, "Poor Jesus Christ!" exclaimed St. Alphonsus. Do we not know in our own small way what it is to re-echo His cry of repairing love? Poor world! we might say, that knows no God. Science and intellect, and art and culture, each in turn has its votaries. How devoted they are, these days of progress well attest. But where is the proportion when one comes to consider the interests of God upon earth. Our Blessed Lady teaches us *the* great lesson of life. That we are the creatures of God. That our sole end and aim is to serve Him; and the nearer we come to imitate her, the closer will be our attention to the one thing necessary. How it would simplify things for us to reduce all the complex questions of life to this very simple truth. "One thing alone is necessary." The better part may in our own measure *be* ours. It is for us to say how large or small our share shall be. Let us think much and deeply of our Blessed Lady during these Advent days. What a well-spring of comfort she is to us, one and all. Things go awry with us so often. Difficulties pile up, and threads become entangled, and our poor little store of courage is well-nigh exhausted. *Then* is the time to think of our dear Mother during those long happy months of expectation. Her peace was like to that of God before the creation of angels or men. One central idea held her soul captive. God alone was her soul's desire, and as the instinct of true womanhood grew within her, how the mother's love yearned for the sight of her child. He was her all, so should He be ours. She will teach us to make Him so. In our own poor, weak measure, let that be the object of our striving, of our waiting and watching. The creature fails us so

often. Why hang our weight upon a shadow? The world cares nothing for us. Neither did it for our Blessed Lady as she walked the streets of inhospitable Bethlehem. We feel very keenly the many slights and rebuffs that come to us sometimes in a very shower. Let us think of Bethlehem and be silent. Silence is the first power in the world. It is the greatest help to sanctity. To bear in silence the wear and tear of every day life, to be silent under wounded feelings; to be silent when everything goes wrong, and even God seems far off. What a world of sanctity lies in it all. Let the twilights of Advent find us keeping our Dear Lady sweet company in her silent, prayerful watching. She waited for God. He did not disappoint her. Let us, too, wait. He will come to us and give us our heart's desires even as He gave her hers. Only, let His will be ours. She proclaimed herself His handmaid. Behold how royally He exalted her. Advent days should give us her lonely spirit. We are waiting and watching for the Babe of Bethlehem.

The little ones only may draw near to Him. Childlike hearts are beloved alike of God and man. Simplicity is the highest grace and the last attained. The simple heart seeks and finds God, and in God only is there rest.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly: to live happily is to live wisely.

Sometimes the man steals money: other times, and more frequently, money steals the man.

Each man can learn something from his neighbor: at least he can learn to have patience with him, to live and let live.

True pleasure is only found in the union of what charms the heart as well as the senses, and leaves behind no regret.

No man has one bad habit and no more. The old proverb runs: "Where the wolf gets one lamb he looks for another."

Be just; neither excuse nor accuse your poor soul without due reflection, lest by excusing it without reason you render it insolent, or by lightly accusing it you weaken its courage and make it timid.—St. Francis de Sales.

CHRISTMAS, 1895. "IN MEMORIAM."

For the Carmelite Review.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

Ring out, sweet bells, in joyous tone,
Far o'er the snow-clad earth,
And tell once more in silvery strains,
Glad tidings of His birth!

Ring out unto the wintry sky
Sweet bells, but ah! the tone
Of sadness in your music breathes
And echoes in my own.

Loved voices that so often soothed
My spirit, now are still,
And yet in Christmas memories,
They seem once more to thrill.

A garb of snowy white enfolds
Their holy place of rest,
But ah! there is a deeper grade
For each within my breast.

They haunt the lonely darksome hours,
A white-robed spirit band,
And in my dreams again I see
Those forms of God's blest land.

What are these strains so soft and low
That murmur through the night?
Are they sweet whispers to my soul
From the far land of light?

And their dear voices even now,
Chanting the angel's hymn?
Are their glad spirits robed in light
Far o'er the shadows dim?

Why should we weep this Christmas-tide?
List to the song of peace.
Are not our dear one's tear-drops dried
There were all sorrows cease?

Ring out, sweet bells, in joyous tone
Clear to the starry sky.
Sing, O ye angel bands of peace,
"Glory to God on high!"

Cleverness is serviceable for everything, sufficient for nothing.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
IN HONOR OF
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
AND IN THE INTEREST OF
THE BROWN SCAPULAR.
With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, Dec., 1895. NO. 12

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

THE present number of the REVIEW closes its third year. Our friends will surely pardon us for feeling gratified at our success in the past, and for aspiring to the highest in the future. The kind words of praise we have received from prelates, and priests and people, have proved to us conclusively that our efforts, feeble though they were in the beginning, would not be misdirected. There are many other "pious" magazines in the field, and the want of a new one may have seemed problematical to many a critic, but we have found, that a periodical devoted to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, needs only to be brought to the knowledge of a devout wearer of her Scapular, in order to obtain his name as a subscriber. If our subscription list is not as large as that of older contemporaries, it is only because our financial resources were too limited to engage agents, or to offer premiums. We began with nothing, and placed our periodical at so low a figure, that only a large subscription list would pay more than expenses. We placed our trust in Our Lady, whose special protection has been the privilege of the Carmelite Order throughout the centuries. It is in her name, and in her honor, that we begin our fourth year, with the firm conviction that the CARMELITE REVIEW is on the road to success, and that it will keep on growing better, month after month, until it is worthy of the Queen.

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UNTIL now, we have put all the proceeds of this monthly into greater improvements. We shall continue to do so for a while longer, and only regret that we cannot yet realize our ambition. We gave 200 pages of reading matter the first year, 296 the second year, and we close this year with 330 pages. The coming year will probably see another increase, until we are able to furnish 64 pages every month.

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WE have taken cognizance of the wish of so many of our readers to adopt a less highly calendered paper, and hope it will be found an improvement. The arangement of the reading matter will also be changed, in order to obtain greater uniformity. Other improvements will be added during the year, and at the close of our fourth year, the good friends, who have followed us from the start, will rejoice with us at the growth of our cherished little monthly.

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HERE are some of the features of the coming year:

The Life of McMaster, by Very Rev. Mark S. Gross, will be continued and brought to its close. The most interesting portion treating of the character and inner life of this great journalist will be published in the coming chapters.

The Graduates, by Mary Angela Spellissy. This work of fiction is, by far the best production we have so far received from the writer of Aunt Hilda's Portfolio. It treats of American girls, and illustrates every feature of Catholic life in America at the present day. We are happy in being able to present our readers with this original and fascinating tale. It is a serial story, and will be continued through the greater part of the year.

A *Youth's Department* will be one of the desired features of the new year. When we abandoned the *Children's Corner* a year ago, we found, to our regret, that many of our readers were disappointed. We have therefore made arrangements with the former editor of the Children's Corner, who has, during the last year, edified our readers by her charming *Twilight Talks*, to take charge of the Youth's Department.

The writer of *American Foibles*, has promised us another series of his original and timely articles. They will not be in the same form as hitherto, but will be equally strong and to the point.

The *Very Rev. Dean Harris*, whose his-

torical articles in the past year, have been embodied in his great work on "The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula," has kindly promised, as a result of his thorough historical researches, and a tribute to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, to write the history of the first Carmelite in America for the pages of our REVIEW. How he can find time, in the midst of his manifold duties, to do this, we do not know—but we have learned to rely on his indefatigable powers. We also know that his articles will furnish the most brilliant pages of our coming year.

Our *Spanish Correspondent*, whose charming, poetic, and enthusiastic descriptions of Catholic customs and manners in Spain, the country of St. Teresa, have elicited so much praise, will continue his letters, written exclusively for the CARMELITE REVIEW. We call attention to the beautiful description of Montserrat in this number.

Now, that the *Hospice of Mount Carmel* is approaching completion, a monthly chapter on the progress of the work, its importance and advantages, may be expected.

There are many other treats in store for our readers, which will be announced during the course of the year.

We hope that our readers will not forget the interests of the REVIEW during the merry days of Christmas, which, we hope, will be to them days of undiluted joy and happiness. How kind it would be to send us names of friends, to whom they would wish to present a year's subscription to our monthly. It would be a nice Christmas gift to their friends, and would be an act of devotion to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

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IT would be of great help to us, if those of our readers, who desire the bound volume of the past year, would kindly notify us during this month. The price will be the same as heretofore. The volume bound costs $1.50. Those who return, prepaid, all the numbers of the past year, in good condition, can have them bound for the little sum of fifty cents. We will mail them the bound volume at our expense.

AVARICE, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AS WE have no traveling agent in Ontario at present, our subscribers in London, St. Thomas, St. Catharines, and other cities, are requested to remit their subscription to us directly.

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SUBSCRIBERS in Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N. Y., may, for the sake of convenience, pay their subscriptions to Mrs. Ch. Adams, 223 Third street, Niagara Falls, N. Y., as this lady has kindly agreed to act as our agent.

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WE warmly congratulate the Cardinal-Elect Satolli on the high and well-merited favor bestowed on him by the Holy Father. It is another proof of the unity of the Catholic Church, that all the Catholic papers of the country, without exception, offer their sincere congratulations to the Apostolic Delegate. Time has proved the wisdom of Our Holy Father in the selection of his delegate. It is equally consoling to witness the gratification expressed by the secular press at the elevation to the Cardinalate of one, who is in such pronounced sympathy with all that is good in our American institutions. We can only regret that his new dignity will probably bring about his return to Rome. But, we rejoice in having one who has learned to know America so well, a member of the Sacred College, a possible future Pope.

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WE do not quite understand the great sympathy which seems to reign between the Cuban insurgents and many of our Catholic editors. Is it because these editors are loyal citizens of the United States that they wish its government to recognize the Cuban rebellion? How indignant they are, when they have to refute, for the thousandth time, the calumny against Pius IX., that the Holy See recognized the Southern Confederacy. Or, is it because they are loyal children of the Church? Would it be such a great blessing to the Catholic Church to have Cuba in the hands of Freemason adventurers, who have been the curse of all the Latin-American republics? What is meat for one, may be poison for another. The majority of intelligent Cubans would be satisfied with

Home Rule, and Spain will find it to her own best interests to grant it, as Great Britain did to Canada.

***

In the diocese of Cleveland a new Apostolate has been formed. It is called the "Apostolate of St. Francis de Sales," and its object is to establish permanent mission work for the instruction and conversion of non-Catholics. Bishop Horstmann has not only approved this practical idea of Father Elliott, the Paulist, but has acted upon it, and commissioned two of his priests to devote themselves entirely to the work of the Apostolate in his diocese. It is nothing new in the Church, not even in this country. Our first missionaries were all Apostles to the Gentiles. But is a new departure in the Church as it now exists in the United States, and in as far as its operations are confined to a so-called civilized people. It will be a more difficult work, to convert these children of a false civilization, than it was to convert the untutored savages, children of Nature. But God's blessing is all sufficient, and we pray that these new Apostles may have it in abundance.

PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

On the last page of the last number of the *Globe*, its able editor, W. H. Thorne, manifests a desire to lay down, for a while at least, the fearless pen which has gained him so many admirers and friends. We shall miss him. No other writer can or will apply the highest standards of Christian faith and feeling to the godless production of modern literature in the same apostolic manner as this heroic son of the Church. Let us hope, that his silence will not be a prolonged one. And although he may not be the editor of the *New Monthly Globe*, let him be its chief contributor. It would be a *Globe* without its soul, if it were to be a *Globe* without its Thorne.

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The *Catholic News* has now reached its tenth anniversary. It appears weekly, and has now ten pages. The presswork, too, is better than it was some time ago—and cheap as it is, at one dollar a year, it is truly what it calls itself—a paper for Catholic news. Its budget of news is more comprehensive and fresher than that of any other weekly Catholic paper that we know.

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The *Catholic Reading Circle Review* published a double number for September and October, containing the best summary of the proceedings at both Catholic summer schools. The November number is the first number of its seventh year, and with its rich contents gives fair promise of the treasures to be found in the volume of this excellent monthly.

BOOKS.

Little Manual of the Sodality of the Child Jesus, by Benziger Bros., New York. Cloth, 25 cts.

A book for boys, who have not yet made their First Communion. Boys are naturally gregarious, and to gather them in Sodalities is to make the best use of this tendency.

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Popular Instructions on Marriage, by Very Rev. Girardey, C.SS.R. Cloth, 50 cts. Benziger Bros., New York.

An excellent book on this timely subject. It is especially useful at missions to keep alive the instructions of the missionaries. It contains chapters on the duties of parents, and an excellent Rule of Life for the Young.

***

An Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, revised by Rt. Rev. M. F. Hawley, D.D. Published by Doyle & Whipple, Boston, Mass.

A small volume, in the best typographical dress. This book contains a good and sufficiently full explanation of the beautiful ceremonies accompanying the august mysteries of our Aetar. It is a book to put into the hands of our non-Catholic friends. It also gives the rules of outward behavior at Mass and Vespers, and a form for Spiritual Communion.

***

Golden Sands, translated by Ella McMahon. Publishers: H. L. Kilmer & Co., Philadelphia. Cloth, 60 cents.

Who has not read, or at least heard of these spiritual counsels, so full of charm

and unction? In this edition they are presented in a form befitting them in all ways. The book is printed on the best paper; it is well bound, with a tasteful cover, illuminated in gold, and it is illustrated by a good artist. In this shape it makes a most desirable Christmas gift, especially for the young.

***

Suffering Souls, a Purgatorian Manual. Fr. Pustet, New York. Cloth, 75 cents.

We are sorry that this book reached us too late for our November issue. We would have wished to see it in the hands of all our readers, for we are sure they are all filled with devotion for the Poor Souls. It is the best prayer book we have seen so far, for those, who are anxious to do as much as they can for the departed. It explains the heroic act of charity, and contains, besides, the indulgenced prayers and litanies, the Office of the Dead, and a method of hearing Mass for the Poor Souls.

***

The Sacramentals of the Holy Catholic Church, by Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D. Benziger Bros., New York. Cloth, 50 cts.

This is a book for the millions. It should be in the hands of every Catholic who understands English. It is a clear, succinct exposition of all the blessings of the Church, and their effects, and explains all devotions connected with them. Thus we find in the article on the *Brown Scapular*, a full account of this devotion, and a correct statement of its conditions and privileges, including the latest decisions of the Holy See. Many a question would be spared us if this book were as popular as it deserves to be.

***

The Catholic Almanac of Ontario, published by the Sisters of the Precious Blood. Toronto. Paper, 25 cents.

Our Canadian Almanac has also improved. We look for its bright appearance every year in its red, white and gold garb, and were glad to see that this feature was not changed. It is copiously illustrated, and contains interesting articles on the Manitoba School Question, by F. A. Anglin; on the Catholic Members of Parliament, by J. D. Woode; on the Religious Orders in Ontario, and on Father Stafford. There is a touching story by Mrs. Sadlier, and a poem by Joseph Sadlier. The commendable feature of facing each month of the calendar with an article in reference to its feasts has been retained. The month of August was left to the inspired brush of Murillo. The directory of the clergy, the parishes, and the Catholic societies of Canada, is complete and brought up to date.

***

Petronilla and Other Stories, by Eleanor C. Donnelly. Benziger Bros., New York. Cloth, $1.00.

This collection of stories is a precious contribution to our American Catholic literature. They are all stories of souls. Pure and good souls, who are brought into God's Kingdom on earth, and erring souls, who are brought to repentance by severe lessons. The *Lost Prima Donna* ought to be read by many a foolish maiden, who aspires to fame and glory by exhibiting accomplishments which have reality only in her own imagination. The *Fatal Diamonds* teach another much-needed lesson. The book is elegantly bound in blue and white, with gold lettering, and is fit to be made a Christmas gift to a princess.

***

Studies in the New Testament, by Rev. James H. O'Donnell, (price $1.00) published by The Rosary Publication Co., Lexington Ave., New York.

Although this work, the result of much care and painstaking, is primarily intended for higher schools and colleges, its simple and catechetical form makes it suitable to the vast number of our people, who are but slightly acquainted with the Scriptures. The author succeeds admirably in lessening the labor required to obtain a fair knowledge of the New Testament. The most untutored mind grasp its contents, and in a short time become acquainted with the doctrines, the persons and the events of the New Testament. The biblical student will welcome the helpful synopsis of each gospel and epistle which accompanies every chapter.

***

The Catholic Home Annual for 1896. Benziger Bros., New York. Paper, 25 cts.

We extend a hearty welcome to this charming annual visitor. It is more handsome than ever. The cover is new, and

illustrates the loveliest home our sinful earth ever contained—the Holy Home of Nazareth. The insert pictures on heavy paper are in the best style of photo-engraving. There are stories to suit everybody, by M. F. Egan, Mrs. Sadlier, Marion A. Taggart, Mary C. Crowley and others. The Rev. H. F. Fairbanks describes a visit to Jerusalem in the footsteps of the Blessed Virgin. It is not his object to follow her everywhere, or we would have had the increased pleasure of a visit to Nazareth and Carmel. We are not superstitious, and therefore assure the publishers, that the 13th year of the *Home Annual* is going to be the luckiest one up to date.

Our Spanish Correspondence.

On the Heights of Montserrat.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

O H, glorious Montserrat! Thy summit is at length visible, just as the sun scatters over thee the gorgeous rays of its morning brilliancy and envelopes thee in all the enchantment of a matchless landscape.

To-day is an era in our life, since the vow of many years is at length realized. When we gaze with wonder at the beauty of thy gorgeous temple we are impelled to exclaim, Oh, Israel, *quam magna est domus Dei!* How great is the house of God!

After the prayers of many years, on this glorious festival of the Nativity of Our Queen we prostrate ourselves in her "Camerin" before the dark-hued statue of the beautiful "Moreneta"—the Immaculate Mother—the "Pearl of Cataluna." We gaze with awe and reverence upon that face, which recalls to our mind the pathetic words of Newman, speaking of "the eternal, unearthly beauty, dangerous to look upon, but like the morning star, bright and musical, breathing piety, telling of heaven, infusing peace." Oh! Mary, thou harbinger of the day, thou art the guide of this pilgrim host, which fills to-day your spacious hospices, your vast "patio" and beautiful cloisters. Year by year the pilgrimages to Montserrat are becoming more numerous, more enthusiastic, equalling the "Lourdes" of our neighbors.

Having taken a cursory glance at the interior of Montserrat's peerless fane, and having some time at our disposal before the august ceremonies of the day commence, we will betake ourselves to the picturesque surroundings of the monastery to take a birds-eye view of the matchless Alpine scenery that stretches out at our feet.

The first object to meet our eye is the mountain of Montserrat itself, rising majestically before us like a colossal crown, whose bounds appear to penetrate the heavens, which bend down, grey and azure, to meet this hallowed spot of mother earth. Such is the original and striking effect produced by these monoliths of marble which form the mountain.

The extended chain of mountain ranges around us branches out like so many gigantic roots, or forms part of the Pyrenean heights, making them an impenetrable barrier between France and Spain. Amongst them all not one has attained the world-wide celebrity of glorious Montserrat. Some are higher, some steeper, but no other is so famous, so well trodden as this one, whose name is so dear to Spanish hearts. No matter in what clime a Spanish heart may throb, the "Virgin of Montserrat" has for it an enchantment which words cannot express, nor pencil picture.

Its situation is not in the very centre of Cataluna, it is more towards the southeast. It is about three hours journey by rail from Barcelona. It stretches over a territory about four leagues in circumference. No other "Pico" of the Pyrenees either approaches or equals it. Even the highest is not so rough, nor were the others so inapproachable in the past. All the surrounding heights humble themselves before the ruggedness of Montserrat. Not so rugged, however, not to have its oases of luxuriant vegetation. Trees are here and there in isolated groups, whilst dense brushwood hides its cyclopean rocks, and shelters flocks of partridges and myriads of hares and rabbits. Pines sustain in their numerous arms the fan which forms its headgear; stately poplars display their silvery leaves as they tower above unfathomable abysses, whilst the majestic oaks show their whit-

ened trunks, barkless and carved with tourists' names.

Let us ascend the heights. It is a clear bright day. On our way to the summit we visit the shrines of St. Lucia, St. Cecilia, St. Dimas, St. Miguel de los Reyes and St. John, and reach at last the shrine of St. Jeronimo. Here we again take a look around us. Those mountains in the blue Mediterranean, which are so surprisingly distinct, are the mountains of the Balearic Isles, two hundred miles a way. And looking at Montserrat itself, this glorious monastery of the sons of St. Benedict, from the cave of St. Ignatius at Manresa, this home of saints seems to stand out against the line of crimson light that bounds the horizon as an uninhabitable and inaccessible spot. And such it well nigh had been in former centuries. Save by unwearied exertions and days and nights of fatiguing travel along the "corkscrew" route, its portals could not be entered. But all this is now changed. Its prayerful precincts have been invaded by the progress of the nineteenth century.

In the days of the primitive church, when the deserts were peopled by Anchorites, the rugged rock of Montserrat bore joy and consolation to the hearts of hundreds of recluses who loved this earthly purgatory of penance. St. Jerome, Miguel de los Reyes, St. Ignatius and hosts of others whose names fill the pages of the martyrology here sang the praises of their Creator. Before the whistle and smoke of the locomotive had changed the medieval programme of pilgrimages, it took the pilgrim throng five hours to ascend the winding road, even in a well equipped omnibus, drawn by eight mules, artistically caparisoned, or in the modern "tartana" a covered cart. The five hours then needed are now reduced to a little over half an hour by the railroad "con cremelera," a cable line running up the mountain from a junction on the main line between Barcelona and Zaragoza. The difficulties of the past are no longer the theme of the pilgrims, nor the dream of the visitor of by-gone days. Montserrat is now as easily reached as any of the famous resorts of the Peninsula. Although many an idler and curious unbeliever now makes use of these modern facilities, they have also vastly increased the throng of pilgrims and the spirit of devotion. The pilgrim of former days, who would now revisit the shrine, would experience great satisfaction at the complete transformation a few years have brought about. The hospices have vastly enlarged their dimensions and hospitality is unstinted and generous. In the kitchen the Father "Dispensero" redoubles his solicitude at the arrival of fresh crowds of visitors. From the capacious hearths wreaths of smoke ascend to provide, from kitchen and larder, for all the bodily wants of the pilgrims. Along the extensive corridors are numerous and well ventilated rooms, so that whole families can enjoy a week's sojourn in its noiseless cloisters, without any other charge than that prompted by their own gratitude to these heroic religious sons of St. Benedict. Their inimitable kitchen, with all its modern conveniences, is at the disposal of the visitors who may wish to enjoy the life of home at the monastery, and who do not care to dine at the public restaurant.

But the great bells of the monastery are ringing, and the heights and valleys are filled with their melodious sound. We must hasten to descend. As we reach the church we find it already ablaze with thousands of gigantic waxen tapers and its hundred lamps—gifts of kings and nobles, of towns and cities. The altar is luminous with its rich gold and silver plate, its vases and candelabra of matchless value. Everything is hung with ferns and festooned with sweet-scented mountain flowers in the prettiest combination of colors.

His Lordship Dr. Jaime Catala, Bishop of Barcelona, in glittering vestments, is the celebrant of the Solemn Pontifical Mass. The most distinguished members of the diocesan chapter of Barcelona occupy seats within the sanctuary, with hundreds of the Sons of St. Benedict, having at their head their distinguished abbot, Dr. Ruera, with mitre and crozier, besides many priests from the surrounding districts.

At the gospel the Very Rev. Celestino Matao, S. J., rector of the "Casa Residencia," of Tarragona, mounts the pulpit. His celebrity as the foremost pulpit orator of Cataluna attracts towards him all eyes, and for nigh an hour the beautiful diction, faultless imagery and tender pathos of this illustrious son of St. Ignatius is listened to, with increasing interest and religious silence, by the closely packed audience.

The crowd is composed of every grade of society, civil, religious and military, and gathered from all parts of Spain, and from many other European nations.

At the termination of the high mass the procession, which is the great object of interest for the thousands, who for the first time have ascended the holy mount, is now formed. To me it will be one of the dearest recollections of my pilgrim visit, that I had the honor of taking a place in this procession, carrying a large waxen taper in my hand, on this great festival of our lady. In the long lines were to be seen side by side with the poor and humble, representatives of the most aristocratic nobility of Spain, men whose escutcheons recall the days of the Crusades and the sanguinary strife between the cross and the crescent, together with men who had acquired renown in war, in science, in the arts and in literature. The black and blue uniforms of the army and navy, with all the insignia of high military rank: the classic toga of the advocate and the gown of the judge, the black and white habits of the religious orders, the various costumes of the people, all combine to form a brilliant parade.

Slowly then we pace the aisle and cloisters, past the hospices and out into the grounds of the monastery, accompanying the statue of the one whom we call the "Ever watchful Patroness of our Faith and the advocate of our native land." As it passes along the "patio" and emerges into the open air along the spacious terrace that fronts the church the spectacle is one of unique grandeur.

> "Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen
> To follow half on which the eye dilates."

as the distinguished prelates pause and a halt is made. Some twenty youths of the country, beautifully dressed in white linen and scarlet cinctures, as lithe and agile as antelopes, commence and execute the most graceful of measured dances. Each carries a baton about a yard long and an inch wide, and for nearly half an hour, to the music of the monastery band, they perform with admirable ease and inimitable grace a most fascinating dance, similiar to that witnessed at the "Corpus Christi" procession at Sevilla, recalling the biblical dances before the "ark of the covenant."

At the termination of this truly interesting performance the bells peal forth their sweet notes, rockets hiss in mid-air and scatter rainbows of sparks through the ethereal space, and the sons of every province of Spain implore the blessings of Maria Santissima in the sweet language of Cervantes. Others join in who have traveled hither from the banks of the Seine, the peaks of the Tyrol and the slopes of the Apennines, while the light brown curls and blue eyes of the Tenton show that Imperial Germany sent its children. All, all are there on their knees, as the Immaculate mother's statue repasses them on its return to the Basilica. The majestic tones of the organ sound forth their enchanting melody, joined by the hundred voices of the choir.

At the beginning of the Litany the children of the choir leave the altar and disappear by one of the side-doors, slowly ascending to the upper galleries. Gradually their voices grow weaker, till at length, when they reach the galleries, their voices again slowly swell forth in harmony, as if heaven were responding to the petitions of the priest at the altar below.

At the conclusion of the litany the entire community returns, each with a lighted taper, to sing the "Salve" in such heavenly harmony, as to repay a journey to Montserrat for its own sake.

With this the ceremonies in church are brought to a close. The vast concourse of people disperses, forming family groups. Some betake themselves to the various sanctuaries which dot the mountain side, others spread the snowy table cloths, unpack their baskets, uncover the viands, and dedicate themselves to the unbridled joy which the family reunion at a Spanish "merienda" or picnic, licenses and patronizes. Here on the slopes of the time honored mount in view of Mary's historic sanctuary they manifest the joy and delight with which their hearts are filled on this glorious day.

Finally all hasten to say with deep felt gratitude: "Adios, Adios" to the loving mother whose miraculous statue is here enthroned, and so zealously guarded by the monks of Montserrat. "Viva! viva! Maria Santissima!"

Never excuse a wrong action by saying that some one else does the same thing.

OUR IRISH LETTER.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY A. F. FARRINGTON, O. C. C., D. D.

"And see the rivers how they run,
Through weeds and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift and sometimes slow:
Wave succeeding wave they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life in endless sleep."

THE tourist season is over. The breath of the declining year is now upon us. The fern is growing brown, the trees have grown from green to golden in the mellow sunlight, and all nature seems to begin to slumber. The pleasure seekers are now home and comparing notes on the places of historic or scenic beauty which they have seen and enjoyed. In every part of Ireland, American, Australian, English and Scotch visitors were to be met with, even in the most remote portions of this beautiful and lovely island. They seemed to take a deep interest in all they saw, and were highly pleased with their visit.

Clonmacnoise, on the far-famed Shannon, was one of the places that attracted a good deal of attention this year, and justly so, for it is most interesting in its architectural remains. Their situation is unique, on a sandy knoll overlooking the winding river Shannon as it flows among marshy meadows of apparently unlimited extent. The view from this place of ancient piety and learning is truly magnificent. The ecclesiastics of ancient Ireland seem to have been gifted with an extraordinary amount of appreciation for the beautiful and unique in nature. The wilder and more beautiful a place was the more it seems to have attracted them. Cashel's solitary rock, Glendalough's deep gloomy vale and this barren sandhill overlooking the most peculiar scenery in all the island, were the places in which they reared their most cherished fanes and most beautiful buildings, and a more strange and weird spot than Clonmacnoise could hardly be found.

Clonmacnoise was founded by Saint Kiernan, who died in 549. It was thus a place famed in history before many of the great events which are read of in story were known or enacted. It was from its cathedral that the wife of Turgesius the Dane issued her orders. It is not rich in ancient crosses. There are only two of them to be seen there at present, and they are not so large or well carved as many that remain here and there over the island.

The inscribed stones that have been discovered are very few, and are properly stored away in a vault, under lock and key, and so are safe from the vandalism of those who would destroy anything that they could not understand. The inscriptions are in Irish, but very difficult to understand, even by the most learned. It seems a little absurd to have tombstones erected near the round towers with inscriptions in English, though these towers were in existence before the Tower of London was built or even when London itself was only a village.

One of the great curiosities of this historic spot, after its churches, is the ruined Castle of Hugh de Lacy, which stands on a hill about two hundred yards from the cemetery. It is known as the Prior's House, but it was evidently built for a castle. It covers half an acre and is surrounded by a fosse of forty feet in depth, and must have been impregnable. Everything about it is colossal. The walls are six feet thick, and so fast are the stones embedded in grouting that a hammer and chisel are necessary to detach any of them.

There are also two round towers that are most interesting. One wants about twenty feet at the top, which must have been destroyed by lightning. The other is as perfect as when built, more than 1000 years ago. No more perfect or beautiful piece of architecture, as a tower, was ever built. It seems to be absolute perfection. The most modern artisan in stone could not find an imperfection in it. It is built of cut stone. The seven churches of Clonmacnoise once seen can never be forgotten.

IF humble souls are contradicted, they remain calm: if they are calumniated, they suffer with patience: if they are little esteemed, neglected, or forgotten, they think it is what they deserve: if they are weighed down with occupations, they perform them cheerfully.—ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

DEATH OF THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

N the morning hours of the first day of November, at the Convent of the Carmelites in Madrid, amidst the sighs and prayers of a bereaved community. His Eminence, the Metropolitan of Seville, Cardinal Sanoz y Forres, passed away to join the army of Blessed, to become one of All Saints, whose feast was being celebrated by the Church on earth, at the moment of his death.

The Sons and Daughters of Our Immaculate Queen of Carmel had no warmer friend, no more sympathizing supporter, than the late Cardinal. Again and again, in his pastoral visits to Jerez de la Frontera, he proved this not only by his words, but by his repeated visits to the Rev. Community, and his deep interest in their success.

Oft and oft His Eminence, since he came to rule over the ancient sea of St. Isidore, had delegated some of the most delicate and difficult missions connected with the management of his vast diocese to the illustrious head of the Carmelite Order in Spain. So justly did he value the prudence and discretion of the Very Rev. Father Anastasius Borras, that all who know the Superior of the Spanish Province, felt satisfied that the dear "Purpurado" could have made no more judicious selection. These missions were always carried out with such zeal for God's honor and glory, and such success that they merited the grateful approval and lasting friendship of him whose death the entire Peninsula mourns.

The Vatican, too, whose intermediary he had been with the Spanish Episcopacy, deplores his loss and joins in sympathy with the afflicted nation.

His Emminence was born on the 21st of March, 1829, in Gandia, province of Valencia, beneath the shadow of the castle of St. Francis Borgia, and was elevated some 15 years ago to the Episcopal sea of Oveido in the Asturias, where he expended a princely fortune in the restoration of the ancient sanctuary of Covodonga. Then he became Archbishop of Valladolid, and at the death of the Carmelite Cardinal Archbishop Lluch of Seville, he was appointed his successor and created a Cardinal.

R. I. P.

A MYSTIC NUMBER.

For the Carmelite Review.

"A kindly act is a kernel sown,
That will grow to a goodly tree,
Shedding its fruit when time has flown
Down the gulf of eternity."

—*J. Boyle O'Reilly.*

"That empty cell there reminds me of one good fellow whom I shall never forget," said the warden as he escorted us past the long tiers in the great penitentiary.

"Who was he?" I asked.

"That's a question I can never answer," said the warden. "His real name was a mystery. He came here under an assumed name, and as a prisoner was always known as 'No. 99.' Strange coincidence, is'nt it? Every school boy knows the number '9' is rather mystical. Multiply it as you will and add the product and you'll always have 'nines.'"

"Yes," went on the warden, "No. 99" was a good fellow. "He was innocent, and undoubtedly suffering a life penalty for some one else. Technical points condemned him. It seemed impossible to prove his innocence. What is more, he himself didn't want to be free. He seemed to offer himself for some one else's sin. He was a religious, gentle, amiable and cultured man. He belonged to your denomination —(Catholic). Of course I gave him all possible liberty. His time was mostly taken up in the infirmary. His days were one chain of kind acts. Every one loved him. His presence was like a welcome ray of sunshine. Many a one who is now leading a reformed and better life in the world owes it all to the kindly advice of 'No. 99.' Many a poor fellow he prepared for eternity and disposed to receive the ministrations of your clergy. There wasn't a Catholic who died here without having on him one of those religious—O what do you call it—('Scapular,' I suggested). Yes, that's it, and they owed it to 'No. 99.' Don't suppose his services were all lost to the world because he passed his days here. No, Father, his work was great and lasting. Poor fellow, his cell is vacant now, and he is free—in heaven. I am sure 'No. 99' will ever remain a mystic number, but I'll never forget him."

The warden's story is a fact.

P. A. B.

Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

Translated for the Review

BY S. X. B.

DURING the attack directed by General Foster upon Goldsborough in North Carolina, a young soldier, struck by a bullet, was left for dead upon the battlefield. Unable to speak he still retained consciousness, and heard the ambulance, with the men who had come to take away the wounded. "Holy Mother of God," was his inward prayer, "I am in mortal sin, do not let me die without a priest." As if in answer to his prayer, the men came quite up to him, but then, perceiving that he was almost dead, "O! there is no use even to lift him up, he would be dead before we could get him off the ground." And off they went, leaving the unfortunate man who had heard their unfeeling decision. Seeing himself thus abandoned by men, he addressed himself still more imploringly to Our Lord, and entreated Him not to let him die in his sins. The men had already gone some distance, when one of them, more humane, perhaps, than the rest, exclaimed: "We must go back. It is too inhuman to let a comrade die without even attempting to save him." They succeeded in placing him in the ambulance, and took him, with the rest, to the camp where many brave men lay wrestling with their agony. When all the wounded were gathered they were taken to the military hospital at Newburn, where the Sisters of Mercy were in attendance. The physician declared that our hero, who was in an unconscious state, might die at any moment, and one of the Sisters placed herself by his cot, that she might dispose him to prepare for death should he revive.

After some time he opened his eyes, and then seemed to search for something, and to seem very pleased when he had found it. Bending over to see what gave him such satisfaction, and to say a few kind words, she saw that he held fast to a Scapular in his hands. "Blessed be the Mother of God," said he, "she has heard my prayer, that I might not die in my sins. And now, Sister, please, bring me a priest, for my time is growing very short."

The Chaplain of the hospital came and administered the last Sacraments, which he received with the greatest fervor and emotion.

After the Sister had helped him to make his thanksgiving, he opened his heart to her, and told her of the careless, wandering life he had led. But his mother had implanted in his heart a devotion to the Mother of God in his childhood, and he had been enrolled in the Confraternity of the Scapular. So when he enlisted he had provided himself with an additional pair as a necessary part of his equipment. And certainly his confidence was rewarded. The Holy Sacraments had given him a little strength for several hours, but soon he sank into an unconscious state, and before the next day-dawn he gave back his soul to the Lord. Another verification of the words: "No child of Mary will ever suffer eternal fire."—Published in the little work "*Le salut assure par la devotion a Marie.*"

A certain man who had violated the principles of honor, dreading the justice which threatened to overtake him, determined upon taking his life, and even made known his intention to Fr. Millenot, of the Society of Jesus. "At least," said the zealous missioner, "you will first do something for me. Let me give you the Scapular, and promise me that you will never lay it off." "I promise you, Father," said the man, "how could I refuse one who has been so kind to me?" And as he left, wearing the livery of Our Lady, the good Father smiled as he inwardly said: "*My friend, I have you now. Try as you may to take your life, you will not succeed.*" The poor man, still haunted by the temptation, and a victim to despair, went indeed to the Seine, and threw himself into its waters. Much against his will, he was rescued. A second attempt was equally fruitless, and although he could not swim, his third effort to drown himself met with no better success.

A severe illness followed, during which he was converted, and was a devout and grateful client of Mary during the remainder of his life. Fr. Millenot loved to

relate this incident, and to recall the promise of the Blessed Virgin. "*In quo quis morietur æternum non patietur incendium.*"

In 1640, upon the frontiers of Lorraine, a detachment of infantry having been surprised by a company of light horse from the enemy, the Captain ordered that no quarter should be given to those who had thus fallen into his hands. One of these latter had received several severe wounds already, and when, to finish the work, a soldier gave him several thrusts with his bayonet, and even beat him upon the head, the suffering hero said with a coolness which astonished them: "Try as you will, you cannot take away my life. I am a child of Mary. I wear her Scapular, and she will not let me die without confession." "Why did you not speak before? We would have given you your life. But, make an Act of Contrition, and be content, for there is certainly no priest to be had." To these kind words, spoken by one of the cavaliers, the soldier replied: "I still hope that God will grant me this favor," and in truth, although sadly mutilated, he still had sufficient strength to drag himself along the road to Metz. A priest led thither by Providence passed that way. He made his confession to him, and received the absolution—final pledge of Mary's protection—for which his soul had so ardently longed—then full of faith and hope he died at the feet of the priest.—(Fr. Lejeune, oratorian: Fr. Jerome, the Fathers de la Colombiere and Theophile Raynaud, Jesuits; Fr. Brocard of St. Theresa, Carmelite: L'abbe de Sambuay, Canon at Paris.)

A Lieutenant of Cavalry at Lorraine, who wore the Scapular, was stricken with a pestilence which carried away numberless victims. He was deaf to all the advice and entreaties of anxious friends, who urged him to go to confession before he died. Our Lord waited with patience, and every opportunity was given him to make his peace with God.

The unhappy man could neither live nor die, and not wishing to be converted, he tore the Scapular from his neck, threw it away, and died in the most utter despair.—Fr. Mathias of St. John. "*True Devotion.*" Ch. xxiii.

It was related that a man, who was to all appearances at the very point of death, and who had most obstinately refused to make his peace with God, still lingered on to the surprise of all. The physician had given him up, and at each visit expected to find him dead. One day, when those who attended the invalid were changing his linen, they inadvertently drew off the Scapular as well. The unfortunate man instantly fell back, and, with all his sins, went to appear before his terrible Judge. They knew then to what cause they should attribute the prolongation of a life, which, according to all human calculations, should have ended long before.

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At the Marine Hospital at Toulon, an officer, who had led a very dissipated life, was daily expected to die. Full of the ideas of Voltaire, he would not hear of confession, the very name of religion would make him furious. In vain did the zealous Chaplain of the house, and the good Sisters, who had been most devoted in their ministrations, redouble their efforts and prayers. Nothing seemed to move him. Meanwhile the malady made frightful progress, and the prayers went on with even greater fervor than before. One of the Sisters proposed to put a Blessed Scapular upon him, but scarcely had he been touched by the holy habit of Mary, than, awakening from semi-unconsciousness, he cried out in a terrible voice: "Take it off; take it off! Do you think I will not be in hell soon enough? Why have you brought it's fire to burn me here?" His words were interrupted by frightful convulsions. They took off the Scapular, and he fell into the same lethargic state. Some hours later on they tried to put it on again, but he tore it off with fearful blasphemies, and died in his impenitent state.—P. Huguet, *La Devotion a Marie en examples, tome II, p. 62*

TO BE CONTINUED.

Self-sufficiency proceeds from independence.

Suspicion is the sure road to misunderstanding.

The most innocent pleasures are the sweetest, the most affecting, and the most lasting.

THE GARDEN OF LILIES.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY M. B.

WHAT a cold night it was! How the wind whistled past the street corners, and the snow was beginning to fall, driving in people's faces, and making them hurry along faster to their homes. As they passed one another they wished each other "A happy Christmas," for it was Christmas eve. A little girl—a small ragged creature—crept shivering into the porch of a church, from which the bells were ringing for evening devotions. It was a beautiful old church, with its stained glass windows, carved pillars, and stone arches. It was very large and dark and sombre, for it was only lighted by a few lamps which shone before the different shrines. Before the high altar there was a large silver lamp, more beautiful than all the others. It was the gift of a prince who had obtained a great favor. Its long silver chains hung from the ceiling, and its crimson rays shone down into the church. The little girl crept into a dark corner behind a pillar near the altar. The organ filled the church with its splendid strains, and the sweet voices of children singing were heard. Soon this lovely music stopped for a while and the calmness of the church overcame the poor little beggar girl and she fell asleep. When she awoke there was no sound in the church. The devotions were over, the people all gone and the church closed for the night. The man who closed the doors had not noticed a small dark figure curled up on a seat and had gone away to his home. So she was locked into the great church, but she did not mind. It was warmer in there than outside in the streets, and she had no home. She raised her head and looked up at the altar, and her eyes rested on the beautiful silver lamp, from which bright rays were streaming. How bright they looked! They seemed to the little girl like paths of light coming down to her. She watched them for a long time and at last they did really seem to become bright paths, not coming down from the lamp, but from heaven. She saw an angel come down towards her, and as he came nearer she saw that he was smiling at her. He took her by the hand and led her along the bright path. They seemed to be no longer in the dark church, but in a beautiful garden. All around them lilies were growing—tall, pure lilies, which seemed to have little faces that smiled at the little girl as she passed. Each lily held some bright drops—some of them had only one or two, others a great many—which glistened like diamonds, only far brighter, for they were heavenly jewels. Soon sweet voices filled the air, rising and falling soft and clear. The sounds seemed to come from the lilies from all around and the beggar girl looking up in the angel's face exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful! Angel, is this heaven?" "This, my child," said the angel," is the garden of pure thoughts, and noble deeds. There is a lily there for everyone on earth. Whenever a pure or kind thought comes into their minds, or whenever they do a noble deed, a jewel springs up in their flower. Then when they die these jewels form a crown for them of great beauty. But sometimes the lily dies, for they cannot live without these lovely jewels, which are to them what the dew is to earthly flowers. This, my child," he continued, "is your lily. See what a number of jewels it contains." "But," said the little girl, "I never did anything to deserve such beautiful things." "Oh, yes," said the angel, "you did. Do you remember every morning you used to bring a little bunch of the flowers which you were going to sell to the poor little cripple who was so lonely, with nothing to cheer him all the day?" "It was only because I pitied him," said the child, "it was not a noble deed." "Pity," answered the angel, "is a lovely thing. This jewel," he continued, "sprung up when you ran almost under the horse's feet to save the little child from being killed. It is a very bright one. So you see, little one, that you have a great many jewels, but I cannot tell you about them all, now, for I have other lilies to show you. This one," he said, touching a tall lily whose jewels almost dazzled the little girl, "belongs to the little cripple. His jewels are for his patience. He will soon be coming to receive his crown. This lily," said the angel, "was almost dead. It belonged to someone who rarely thought of God, and who never

tried to win a heavenly crown. At last one cold night he found a poor little baby lying in the snow. Something seemed to soften his heart and he carried it home and had it taken care of. You see his lily has only one drop, but I think some more will come very soon. Now, my child," the angel said, "I must leave you, but before I go you must look at this lovely flower and jewel." He led her to a splendid lily with one lovely bright drop, which sent its rays in all directions. "Oh!" said the child, "how beautiful that is!" "Yes," the angel answered, "it is the reward of forgiveness. It was very hard to win, but see how bright it is." He then led her to a high arched gate, and stooping down he kissed her and said, "Good-bye, my child, for a little while. You will soon be coming again." He placed a lily in her hands and was gone.

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It was Christmas morning. The bells were ringing, and people, old and young, rich and poor, were coming to Mass, and to receive Holy Communion. Soon a number of people gathered round a little figure, which lay on a seat. It was a little girl, with a sweet expression on her face, but she was so still that they knew she was dead. In her hands was a lily, a tall, white lily. "Poor little girl," said a lady, as she was going to take her in her arms, "she must have died of cold and hunger. But where could she have got a lily in wintertime?" "How happy she looks," whispered the others. Just then the sun burst out in all his splendor, and streaming down through a window, it encircled the head of the little beggar girl and gave her a golden crown.

MONA.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY F. A. B.

"The flowers of earth, as if one golden bell,
The Ave's of an endless Rosary tell."

The poet here reminds me of another kind of flower which bloomed for a short while here, and is now in heaven praising the Queen of Angels.

This flower was none other than a sweet-faced child whom her Italian father called Mona, after a Holy Bishop of Milan, St. Monas.

I came to hear of little Mona through what seemed an error, in a list of names and figures which went through my hands. A subscription was being raised to erect a chapel in a certain locality, in honor of the Blessed Virgin. In the list of contributors the secretary had written, "from an anonymous friend,—60 cents." I thought, perhaps, the secretary couldn't decipher the sender's caligraphy, and had cut the Gordian knot by writing the convenient word, "anonymous."

I ransacked the waste-paper basket, and was rewarded by finding a card which partly solved the mystery, but I didn't find the sender's full name, at least not then. I have since.

Mona was a beautiful, most amiable child. Before her fatal illness her mother got her a little money-bank, and Mona put all her spare pennies into it, saying, "Some day I am going to do something for the Blessed Virgin." But the money was left untouched, for the Mother of God took Mona to herself. Mona's mother thought it almost a sacrilege to use that money for any common purpose, so she sent it as a help to raise a new temple in honor of Mary, which I have mentioned. The money was accompanied by a little card, the same which I found in the waste basket. It read:

"From departed Mona's bank."

The necessity lies on all who confess their sins to resolve against them with earnestness. Confession is not a process of rubbing out old scores and running up new ones. The penitent must be really penitent, or he can not be absolved. It is a part of real penitence to sin no more. Moreover, this resolution must be firm, such as is likely to stand the brunt of trials and difficulties in serving God. It must be effectual; not a vague determination in general. The penitent must propose to himself to procure means to improve and use them. He must resolve to surround himself with safeguards against a relapse into his sins, also to avoid the occasions of them. Without a total aversion for mortal sin, which is the death of the soul, it is plain there can be no true conversion to God, who is the life of the soul.—*Catholic Youth.*